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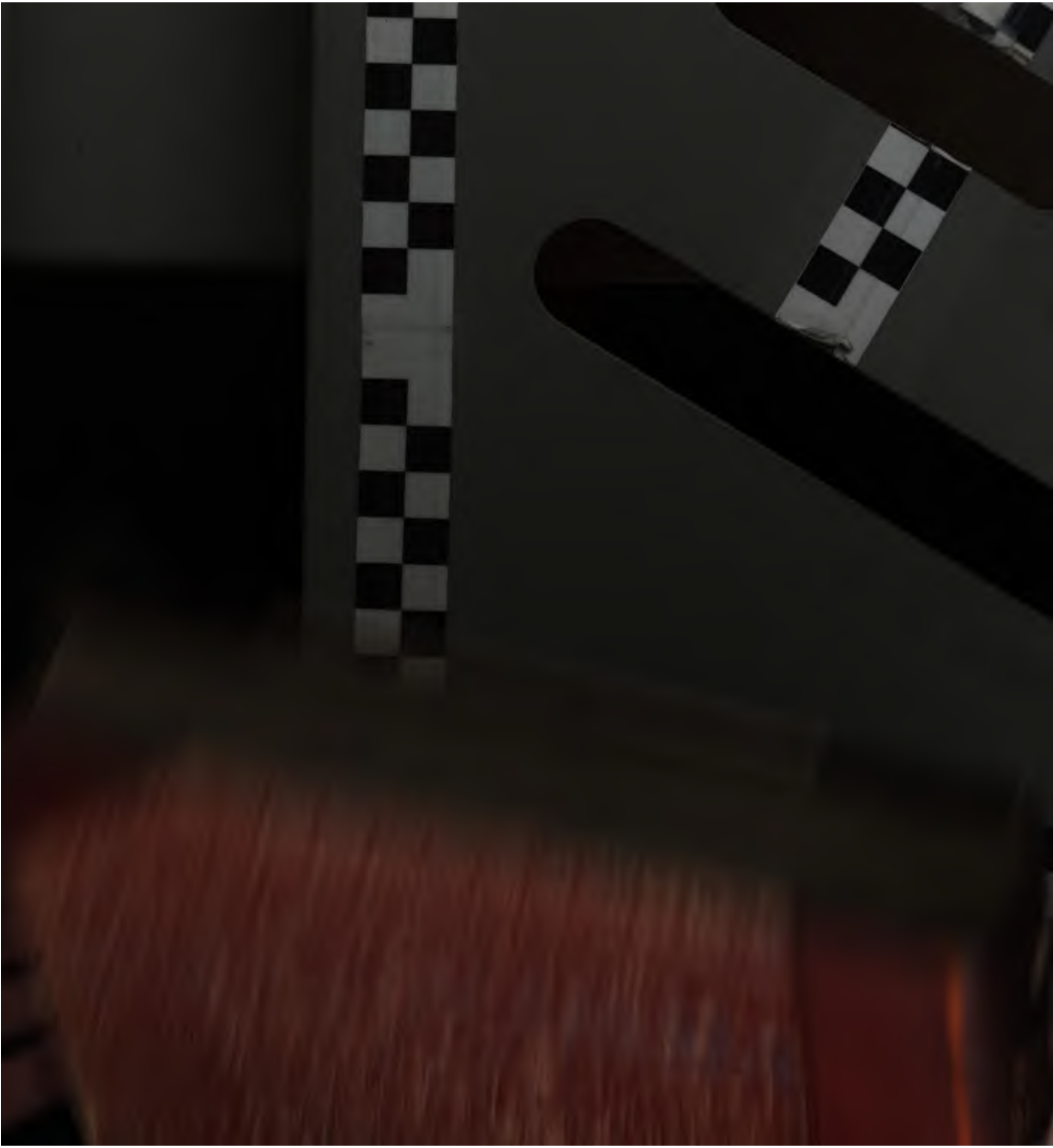
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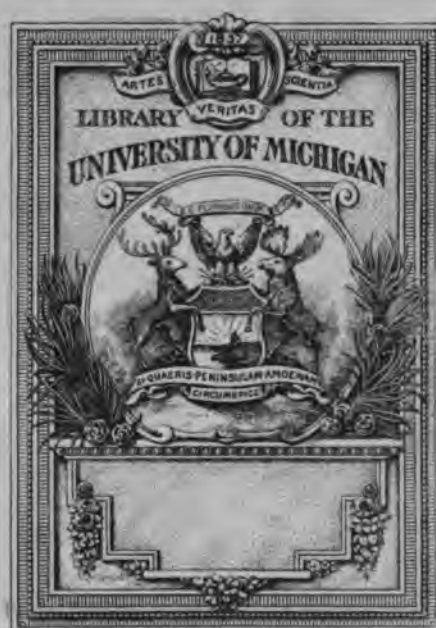
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MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

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*BENJ. FRANKLIN: Pencil Sketch by West.*

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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## SULLIVAN'S GREAT MARCH INTO THE INDIAN COUNTRY

### III.

#### CHAPTER VII—*Concluded*

##### IN THE GENESEE VALLEY AND ABOUT FACE

HAVING nothing but very rude sketch-maps of the country, General Sullivan could not fully trust his own or the guides' estimates of distance, but thinking he was near the great Genesee Castle, he, to secure correct information, ordered Lieutenant Boyd to take four or five riflemen and go forward, reconnoiter and report. Boyd was a noted Indian fighter who had also been in Arnold's expedition to Quebec.

Instead of strictly obeying orders, he set out with over twenty-five men, all anxious to brave the dangers of scouting. His adventures, though tragic and the cause of more loss of life than had occurred even at Newtown, in the decisive battle, became the salvation of the army.

In the night of September 12 he passed Butler's right flank and reached an Indian town at daybreak. He sent back four of his men to report to Sullivan. Soon, in the early morning light, four mounted Indians were seen. Boyd's men fired on them, but only one was killed. The two, that escaped on their horses, at once informed their fellows, and a large party of Iroquois determined to capture Boyd, whose fame had reached them. They approached warily the small squad of Americans, practicing the same old Indian game of deception by which they had so often led white men to destruction. By appearing within view, firing their guns and quickly retreating they were able to lure Boyd's party inside the lines of the British ambushade.

The Lieutenant and his party soon found themselves surrounded by probably eight hundred Indians and Tories. Taking their position

within a thick cluster of trees, they sold their lives dearly and slew more than their own number of enemies. Fifteen of the American party were shot to death, but Boyd and his sergeant Parker were captured alive, taken to the Indian town and put to death, after being tortured, with unspeakable cruelties.

This skirmish and the movements of the British forces necessary to compass the result were, however, the means of utterly destroying Butler's plans. As soon as he heard the firing on his right, the Tory leader, still in lively memory of the Newtown battle, supposed that Sullivan had again out-flanked him. To meet and resist this supposed attacking force, he moved out nearly his whole array of whites and Indians, and those left behind soon became demoralized.

Meanwhile Sullivan having first posted a line of sentries on the further side of the lake's outlet at the base of the hill, kept his pioneers busy in rebuilding the bridge. He ordered his men to hold themselves instantly ready to move swiftly toward the Indian town. He knew nothing of the ambuscade ahead, but was as usual ready for any emergencies.

The surveyors with their compasses and the chain-bearers under Lieutenant Benjamin Lodge, who had measured the entire line of march from Easton to the Genesee river, were so eager to get to work that they went forward beyond the line of pickets to measure the road to be taken. Thomas Grant, and four chain bearers, were about a mile and a half away from the bridge, when they were fired upon by some Indians in ambush. Unarmed as they were, they started to run, leaving their compasses and chains behind them. They were chased nearly a quarter of a mile by the Indians, the foremost of whom, tomahawk in hand, was shot by the sentinel farthest out on the line.

By this time the bridge was finished and Sullivan had his men ready for a charge across and up the hill. Butler finding his plans totally frustrated, and seeing Hand's brigade moving forward, retreated. On the evening of the same day he tried to make a line of battle and oppose the invaders, but as soon as his men saw the American commander moving his troops for a flank attack they fled. Sullivan marched through the tall grass, and burned the town of twenty-five houses. The next day he kept his two thousand men busy during six hours in destroying the crops.

The great Genesee Castle, or chief town of the Senecas opposite, or

on the flat fronting what is now the village of Cuylersville, was reached about sunset on September 14. Here were one hundred and twenty-eight houses built of heavy timber covered with bark, many of them very large and fine. It was the headquarters of the famous chief Little Beard. They found the mutilated bodies of Lieutenant Boyd and Sergeant Parker, and these they buried with military honors. In 1780, Boyd's sword was recaptured from a party of Indians in the Wyoming valley. Many years afterwards (in September, 1841), when cities occupied the sites of Indian villages, and Sullivan's road through the wilderness had become the highway of civilization, the bones of these two heroes were exhumed and with solemn ceremonies buried on Revolution Hill, in Mount Hope Cemetery, in Rochester. At Groveland, the place of their ambuscade, a monument to Boyd and Parker was erected in 1901.

Resting at night, the whole army began early in the morning of September 15 with fire, axe and sword to reduce the houses, fruit, vegetables and grain to ashes. Twenty thousand bushels of corn were destroyed. A white captive mother and widow, who had been taken and her husband slain at Nanticoke, Pa., was rescued at this place. She married Captain Roswell Franklin and was one of the party that afterwards settled Aurora on Cayuga Lake, where stands Wells College. Indeed, on the site of nearly every one of the old Indian castles or towns now flourishes some famous institution of learning.

It was not possible for Sullivan's army, without supplies, to proceed further westward. It was feared also that the British might have learned of the weak garrison left at Honeoye, and made an attack. Furthermore, the chief object of the expedition had already been accomplished. So on the afternoon of that same day, the order to "about face" and return home was given, to the great joy of the troops. Many of the New Hampshire men carried home ears of corn, twenty inches long, as souvenirs of the expedition and to show the amazing fertility of the soil in the Seneca country.

On the return march all cornfields met with were leveled to the ground, and whatever was combustible was given to the flames. Arriving at Honeoye at noon on the 17th, everything was found safe, but in reforming the line of pack horses, it was found necessary to kill a number of the poor animals to prevent their being taken by the enemy. The camp, at night, on the 18th was beside Canandaigua Lake. On the next day's march, before reaching Geneva, the whole army was made happy by



an express rider from Philadelphia and Tioga, who brought a package of letters and newspapers. These contained two items of welcome news. One was that Spain had joined the alliance against Great Britain. The other was that at Kanawaholla (Elmira), full meat rations and other good things were awaiting the ragged and hungry troops.

At dusk on the 19th they "tented on the old camp ground" at Kanadesaga (Geneva).

Here a great council, lasting nearly all day, was held with the Oneidas, who came to plead that the Cayugas, living on the eastern shore of Lake Cayuga should not be punished by having their houses and corn crops burned, because they were relatives of the Oneidas, who were friends and anxious for peace. But the decision was arrived at that the Cayugas must be still further punished and no treaty be made with them. So Major Parr's rifle corps, with five hundred men, Colonel Smith with two hundred men, and Colonel Gansevoort with one hundred men were sent out to destroy the towns of the Cayugas, Tuscaroras and other Indians. The Oneidas were at first highly displeased at Sullivan's order, but when fresh scalps of white settlers were found in the houses at Cayuga Castle, they were convinced of the justice of his course.

It was by these detachments of Gansevoort and Butler, that the Indian towns of Skoy-Yase, now Waterloo, Gewawga, now Union Springs, Cayuga Castle, now Cayuga, N. Y., and two other towns near it, Chonodote, now Aurora, or in all, five principal towns and a number of scattering houses, two hundred acres of corn and many orchards, one of which had in it fifteen hundred fruit trees, were destroyed. The army camped on the hill north of Ludlowville. Then passing through long stretches of dark woods to the foot of Cayuga Lake, they crossed to the westward, passed at the base of the plateau on which Cornell University, at Ithaca, is situated, and found that Dearborn had burned Coreorganel, rejoined the main army at Kanawaholla, near Elmira, September 28.

Colonel Dearborn's expedition, sent out on the 21st of September, destroyed in one day's march of seventeen miles four towns and many cornfields and gardens. On the next day his men burned more villages, and passed through a very rough and brushy country. On the 23d he encamped on Prospect Hill in Ithaca—he himself over forty years afterwards identifying the site. On the 24th Dearborn and his men reached Coreorganel. This was one of the chief towns of the Southern or Tus-

carora Indians, who had been driven from South Carolina and Virginia, and had joined the Iroquois confederacy. Situated on the banks of the creek, or inlet, which at Ithaca discharges its waters into Cayuga Lake, this town consisted of twenty-five long houses. The water was then deep enough to allow canoes to pass from the town to the lake at any time, and besides was well stocked with fish. All around were the orchards and gardens, so large and so rich that Dearborn and his two hundred men were kept busy from nine o'clock in the morning until sunset in their work of destruction.

Striking to the southwestward on the 25th, the New Hampshire men by a hard march reached Queen Catherine's town, about four o'clock in the afternoon. Finding that Sullivan had gone ahead, Dearborn encamped his force on the edge of the great swamp. His part in carrying out the orders of Congress, Washington and Sullivan, had been well performed, for he had destroyed six towns. It is noteworthy that the Indians long afterwards called Sullivan the Town-Destroyer.

The main army left camp on the 21st, passing through Kendaia and reached Queen Catherine's town at noon on the next day, having traversed the whole line of Seneca Lake. Not finding Butler's and Dearborn's detachments, Sullivan pressed forward, passing through the great Bear Swamp. A wonderful change had come over the place. From being like the valley of the shadow of death, it was now as still waters and green pastures. The dry weather of the past four weeks had made all the difference. The men in the freshness of the morning were able to cross these lowlands with hardly a wetting of their feet. With song and jest, they pulled the light brass guns through and urged on their skinny horses. They could hardly believe that this was the same dismal morass through which they had floundered in the darkness a month before. They encamped for the night along the Newtown Creek, in eager and happy anticipation of the fun and feasting of the morrow.

At Horseheads an incident took place that gave the pretty village of the future its historic name. Looking on a map of New York, so peppered over with names borrowed from the classical dictionary, it is refreshing to find a few that have in them the flavor of local history, as have Painted Post and Horseheads.

Being now near the end of his toilsome journey, and having less need of pack horses, Sullivan ordered a number of the beasts, in poorest

condition, to be shot. This was in mercy to the miserable beasts. With their backs made raw by their heavy packs, the buzzards swooped down on them to eat them alive. Several score of the horses were thus put out of pain by bullets. Within a few weeks after the event their bleaching bones and skulls lay on the old maize fields. Quickly in the wake of Sullivan's army of vengeance, sometimes even before the ashes of the American camp fires were cool, followed the Indians. These once bold warriors now saw their homes and food swept off the face of the earth, and themselves paupers and beggars for British alms. At this place of skeletons, the Indians collected the skulls and arranged them in lines by the side of the trail, piled them up and fastened them on trees, and otherwise made an unusual and conspicuous display of equine relics. The neighborhood thus received the name of the "valley of horseheads" even before the town was settled. Painted Post marks the spot where stood a highly decorated memorial column, reared either in honor of a dead Indian chief, son of Catherine Montour, or to serve as a news bulletin, or to stand like the column of Pasquin in old Rome. Indeed, in the primitive landscape of the Indians' world, these posts or painted trees were quite common along the great trails. After the battle of Newtown our men discovered one on which were pictured twelve Indians stuck through with arrows. It announced, as clearly as an illustrated newspaper, that a battle had been fought and lost, and that at least twelve Iroquois had been slain.

Reaching the junction of Newtown Creek, where Elmira now stands, Sullivan and his veterans were delighted to find a palisaded fort, through a porthole of which showed a three-pounder cannon, which barked out a salute in welcome to the returning heroes, while near by grazed a herd of one hundred fat cattle. Within were abundant stores of provisions and liquors. The little Coehorn, or "grasshopper," kicked itself over most joyfully no fewer than thirteen times in response to the salute from the fort. Then the men threw off their knapsacks and began to enjoy nearly five days of rest, revelling in beefsteaks and happy in the thought of soon seeing home again.

The Cayuga Lake expeditions along Cayuga Lake were too late for the first feasting and fun, but the men participated in the rest and improved rations. Colonel Dearborn reached the rendezvous at Elmira one day, and Colonel Butler three days after the great barbecue, at which we must now glance.

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE HOMEWARD MARCH

THE time had now come for rejoicing, and every one in the whole army was in the mood for it. Besides success in overcoming the savages, and the joy of soon reaching "God's country" again, two fresh items of news filled the camp with pleasurable feelings and called for celebration. One was that Spain had become an ally of the United States against Great Britain; the other was that the Continental Congress had ordered an increase of pay to both the officers and men of the American army.

So on the 25th of September, in the beautiful valley of the Chemung river where a fair city was later to rise, a pavilion of evergreens was built under which the officers sat down to a feast.

Our Revolutionary fathers were evidently not afraid of the number thirteen, and had no superstitions concerning it. Colonel Adam Hubley and Colonel Jenkins describe the bower of greenery cut from the forest, within which thirteen candles were kept burning and thirteen toasts were drunk, while without thirteen fires were kept burning at night and thirteen cannon fired. The infantry soldiers drawn out in one long line, fired a *feu-de-joie*, which General Sullivan declared was "like a Hallelujah." Five bullocks were roasted whole and every soldier had plenty of meat.

The work of destruction of Indian towns in the neighborhood did not cease, but something was saved to be eaten. Colonel Van Cortlandt, after devastating cornfields nine miles distant, returned with nine boat loads of corn and vegetables. Another party went ten miles up the Tioga River, destroying ten acres of corn in fields enclosed by fences which had evidently been built by white men, while the same work of devastation on three hundred acres of corn was done in another direction by Colonel DuBois aided by three hundred men.

Fort Reed was demolished on the 29th of September, and the march began at Tioga Point, which was reached on the first of October. There amid the colors of the autumnal forests the ragged army and the well-groomed garrison met with every demonstration of mutual delight. Salvoes of cannon and the drum and fife music of Proctor's regimental band prolonged the joys. Another scene of feasting ensued, which was concluded by a grand buck dance in imitation of the Indians and led by

the Oneidas. It was a scene that would have made the most dignified laugh, and it elicited roars from the spectators, for our heroes were a ragged lot. The Continentals after advancing through brush and bramble, wading swamp and morass, climbing over rocks and hauling cannon through mire and over swamps, had few suits of clothes in perfect order. The soldiers had their heads and queues liberally treated to lard and flour, which was the correct thing in those days, but the dancers had smeared their faces with paint like Indians, and the riflemen, dressed in fringed buckskin, which had in many cases been torn to tatters, seemed as they leaped and yelled in the firelight as much like devils as the red Indians themselves.

Colonel Shreve, who had been left behind in charge of the fort, had done his duty well, taking care of the large number of sick and disabled, keeping up the discipline of his command and getting all things in readiness for the wounded men that were expected and received after the battle at Newtown. Five of those hurt at Newtown died of their wounds, making eight dead through battle casualties. The total loss in the campaign was forty, or less than one per cent. of the force, a most remarkable record.

On the 3d of October the fort at Tioga Point was demolished and the stores, baggage and artillery were put on the boats to be sent to Wyoming. The Oneida Indians were rewarded and bidden farewell, as they set out homeward. The whole army, beginning its march on the 4th, reached Wyoming on the 7th. Most of the regiments rejoined Washington's army and in due time participated in the honors and glories of Yorktown.

Let us, in closing, glance at the organization of the Continental expedition of 1779, the greatest and most successful of Washington's flank movements against the British and their allies.

The army consisted of four brigades, containing the soldiers of New York, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. After the general commanding and his staff of twenty-three officers, were the First (New Jersey) Brigade, General William Maxwell commanding, consisting of the 1st (Colonel Matthias Ogden); 2d (Colonel Israel Shreve); 3d (Colonel Elias Dayton); and Colonel Oliver Spencer's New Jersey regiments; the Second (New Hampshire) Brigade, General Enoch Poor commanding, consisted of the 1st (Colonel Joseph Cilley); 2d (Colonel George

Reid); and 3d (Colonel Henry Dearborn); New Hampshire and 6th Massachusetts (Alden's) regiment under Major Daniel Whiting; the Third (Pennsylvania) Brigade, General Edward Hand commanding, consisted of the 4th (Colonel William Butler); and 11th (Colonel Adam Hubley); Pennsylvania regiments, the German battalion (Major Daniel Burchardt); the artillery regiment (Colonel Thomas Proctor); Morgan's riflemen (Major Parr); one independent rifle company (Captain Anthony Selin); Wyoming militia (Captain John Franklin); and the Independent Wyoming company (Captain Simeon Spalding). The Fourth Brigade, General James Clinton commanding, consisted of the 2d (Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt); 3d (Colonel Peter Gansevoort); 4th (Colonel Frederic Weissenfels); and 5th New York (Colonel Lewis DuBois), regiments and the New York Artillery detachment (Captain Isaiah Wool).

Every descendant of these patriots ought to know what kind of an army Sullivan commanded. For the most part they were the picked veterans of the American Continental army, numbering in all nearly five thousand.

Whatever later critics of Sullivan may have written—and there have not been wanting closet historians to detract from his just fame—it is certain that Congress and Washington considered the great expedition which he commanded, a splendid success. At Easton on October 15, a thanksgiving service, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, was held and on the Sunday following the sermons made fitting allusions to the campaign. Already in Congress, October 14, Elbridge Gerry made a motion which was seconded by Mr. Morris and carried.

“The thanks of Congress are voted to his Excellency, General Washington, for directing and to Major General Sullivan and the brave officers and soldiers under his command, for effectually executing an important expedition against such of the Indian nations, as, encouraged by the councils, and conducted by the officers of his Britannic Majesty, had perfidiously waged an unprovoked and cruel war against these United States, laid waste many of their defenseless towns, and with savage barbarity, slaughtered the inhabitants thereof.”

The emphatic commendation of Washington was expressed in General Orders, dated at West Point, October 17: “The whole of the

soldiery engaged in the expedition, merit and have the commander-in-chief's warmest acknowledgments for their important services."

Sullivan's expedition shattered the Iroquois confederacy as a military unit. The Six Nations never again took the field in a formidable body, though in small parties they continued to disturb the frontier. Nevertheless it is clearly seen, in the historical perspective of the Revolution, that from that time the Indian ceased to be a political or military factor of importance.

In the grand strategy of Washington, the success of Sullivan was a necessity and then a triumph. It was the one constant aim of the British to sever New England and the other colonies, and by enlisting the united Iroquois they could, with a few hundred whites, keep up a continual attack on the rear of the Continental army, and thus hinder Washington from energetic military operations. It was his purpose during the whole war to checkmate this strategy, and he succeeded. One powerful element contributing to his final triumph was the success of Sullivan in utterly destroying the Indians' base of supplies. From this time, with his rear and flanks undisturbed, he could concentrate his full efforts on facing the foe. When the scene of war shifted to the South, Yorktown was the logical result, but Sullivan's campaign was no mean factor in securing the complete coöperation of the Americans with their French allies.

As Sullivan's expedition is studied in all its details, and its effects are seen in true historic perspective, and consciousness of its value deepens, this feeling has found expression in the monuments erected by the State of New York on the battlefield, in the inscribed stones and bronze tablets (probably already twenty in number) placed by the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution, or by historical societies at famous places along the route of the great march of 1779.

Indeed, it is not much to hope that the whole of "Sullivan's road," from Easton to Geneseo, from Schenectady to Athens, and even the line of Brodhead's path, will be marked not only by the geographical names and local legends that recall the past, but by works of true art and monumental lore that will educate the youth and keep green the memory of the fathers.

W. E. GRIFFIS.

ITHACA, N. Y.

## THE TWO STONEWALLS—THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE REBELLION

**I**N 1864 the Southern Confederacy managed to secure the building of two turretted iron-clad men-of-war at Bordeaux, France; but on representations made by the United States Government to the French authorities, the builder was forced to sell them. One went to Prussia, and the second it was claimed had similarly been disposed of to Denmark.

In fact, she was taken to Copenhagen, where she lay for several months, until the person in charge of her, acting under the authority both of her builder and the C. S. A., executed a sort of "lightning change act," and took her back to France under Danish colors, although she had never belonged to a Danish owner. On arriving off the coast of Brittany, she received by preconcerted agreement, from the English steamer *City of Richmond* (of the old Inman line), a crew, and armament of artillery and munitions of war. The Confederate flag was raised, she was named the *Stonewall*, and sailed for Corunna, Spain, under command of Thomas J. Page, a former officer of the United States Navy.

Commodore T. T. Craven, U. S. N. (the same who afterwards died so heroically at the battle of Mobile Bay), in the steam frigate *Niagara*, and Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral) Henry Walke, in the steam sloop *Sacramento*, soon followed the *Stonewall* to Corunna and Ferrol. After two abortive attempts to leave the port, she finally got to sea on February 24, 1864, escorted by the Spanish frigate *Concepcion*. The sea was very smooth and in other respects favorable for a display of her fighting qualities. Commodore Craven considered that under these circumstances the odds against him would be too great, and an engagement probably result in the destruction of the *Niagara*. He therefore deemed it prudent not to give her battle, and the *Concepcion* returned without her. He reported officially to the Navy Department that the *Stonewall* was much more formidable than any of our Monitors, having besides her heavy battery a long spur or ram projecting from her bow, and being capable of great speed. In smooth water and on an open sea she would be, according to the report, more than a match for three such vessels as the *Niagara*; though in rough weather, conditions might be more equal.



On the 26th the ram arrived at Lisbon, and the two Union vessels the next day. They were assigned an anchorage near Fort Belem, as there was much anxiety lest a conflict be precipitated between them in the neutral harbor. At 3 P. M., February 28, the ram went to sea again; and a few hours later Commodore Craven decided to change his anchorage to a more convenient one nearer the city. The tide was running out at the time, and the *Niagara's* prow was turned toward the sea. As soon as she got under way, three shots were fired at her, in rapid succession, from the Belem fort. The vessel at once dropped or lowered her colors, but the guns were again fired at her, when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted at the peak; and after she had turned toward the city she was once more fired upon. In all, she was three times struck, but without serious damage, and without returning the shots. The facts were duly reported to the American Minister at Lisbon, who at once demanded satisfaction from the Portuguese Government. The explanation given was that the fort's commander supposed the *Niagara* was going to sea to fight the ram, in violation of the usual requirement that twenty-four hours shall elapse before one belligerent can follow another out of a neutral port. For his action, after tedious delay, full reparation was made by Portugal—the officers responsible dismissed, our flag saluted, and at the same time the Stars and Stripes raised over the Portuguese ensign on the picturesque Tower of Belem, a relic of the Moorish occupation during the tenth or eleventh century.

It remains merely, before tracing the history of the *Stonewall* on this side of the Atlantic, to refer to the dissatisfaction and disappointment occasioned by the failure of Craven to attack her. This finally received expression through a general court-martial at Washington in November, 1864, headed by Admiral Farragut, when the accused was found guilty of "having failed to use any exertions or make any effort whatever to overtake and capture or destroy the vessel" (the *Stonewall*). He was sentenced to two years' suspension from duty, on "leave pay." These proceedings were subsequently returned to the court for a reconsideration of the finding; but the court declined to reconsider, and Secretary Welles, in a general order, set forth the facts, set aside the findings, and restored Craven to duty. It would serve no useful purpose, at this distant date, to discuss the merits of a controversy which then agitated the Navy from one sea to another. It will be more to my purpose to show how the gage of battle was, at another time and by another wooden vessel of the Navy, fairly thrown before the ram, and on that occasion by the latter abjectly refused.

In the winter of 1865 the East Gulf blockading squadron, with its wings chiefly extending along the coast line of Florida, was emerging from a contest with whose horrors the field of sanguinary conflict can scarcely compare. Officers and crews of its several vessels had been scourged by yellow fever, till about twelve per cent. had perished, and a large part of the survivors were suffering from the prostration incident to convalescence. The sky above seemed brass; the sea, showing its milky blue above the coral reefs, could be well pictured as the abode of an enchantress luring to destruction; and the waving cocoa-nut palms of the distant keys exhaled a pestilence which it was well-nigh fatal to inspire. At this time I was one of the medical officers of the "*Powhatan*" the flagship of the squadron; a large wooden, bark-rigged, side-wheel steamer carrying the usual heavy battery of a sloop-of-war of the United States and a full complement of sailors and marines. It was with a feeling of exhilarating pleasure that we received orders to proceed to Havana for the purpose of engaging the *Stonewall*, of whose departure from Europe and destination in America we had been promptly informed. We lost no time in steaming out of Key West and on the 14th of February dropped anchor immediately alongside the rebel ram, but two days arrived from Portugal, via Teneriffe and Nassau. The chief officer of the *Powhatan* was Commodore Reed Werden. There we lay, in Havana harbor, side by side, separated only by the invisible power of the Spanish authorities.

Since then I have had opportunity of examining many of the ironclads of Austria, England, France, Italy, Russia, and Turkey; and I still think, as I then thought, that the *Stonewall* presented more of the features of a yacht than any armored vessel that could venture on the open sea.

She was fresh with paint, and with her yards exactly squared she looked as taut and trim as any man-of-war afloat. Unlike in other respects the clumsily constructed rams of the Confederacy, which were usually wooden hulls covered with extemporized iron rails, she also differed in that her officers and crew were well uniformed. In the morning, at sunrise, a brand-new Confederate flag was thrown out to the breeze at the same moment with our own, and the dip of the setting sun was the signal for a similar roll and salute, as the two flags were simultaneously lowered. Neither, to the outward view, appeared to be at all conscious of the presence of the other; but each, fearful of a surprise, watched the other incessantly, with shotted guns and boilers charged with steam.

In pursuance of our orders to attack the enemy as soon as she aban-

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doned her position in a neutral harbor, we steamed out of Havana on the following day, and then, taking a position three leagues beyond the Morro Castle, we ran to and fro on a line parallel with the coast, its extremities equidistant from the mouth of the harbor, and sufficiently long to insure accurate observation of the ram and impossibility of its escape without our knowledge. Upon this line we travelled backward and forward for full two weeks.

To say that our officers and men were more than anxious to meet the enemy on those smooth seas and in that season of Gulf weather, would be short of the actual truth. We were all informed of the affair of the *Niagara*, and felt impatient for an opportunity to wipe away even the semblance of a reproach on account of the course taken by Commodore Craven. It was well understood among the officers that it were better for her and the country, better for the prestige of the flag, that the hull of our wooden ship should be sunk, if need be, then and there into the blue waters of the Gulf, than that any opportunity of an engagement should be lost. So the *Powhatan* steamed outside the harbor, and day after day, in smooth water and rough, challenged her adversary to come forth in armor and strike if she chose at her old wooden ribs. It is one thing to say and another to do; but the only part that she had to do was done, and I need not add, I suppose, for the benefit of those who know what naval warfare is and has been, that the most dangerous ship is that whose officers and men are intent on the destruction of the enemy, and careless of themselves and their own craft. No better proof of this can be adduced than the magnificent fight in the Austro-Prussian-Italian war of 1866, when Klint, the brave commander of a wooden Austrian frigate, rushed upon a squadron of Italian ironclads, sinking one, and crippling several others. "Wooden walls," said Farragut, "are sufficient, if there are hearts of steel behind them." I am quite sure that the ram would have met with a very warm reception if she had ventured outside; and what is more, I am sure her officers knew it. We had not failed to meet them when we visited the cafés in Havana; and though there had been no direct communication, they had learned enough to know the temper of officers and crew. Among the several plans which were suggested at the time, was one which met with some favor, inasmuch as it looked to an attack upon the most vulnerable portion of the ram; and this, on account of her armored sides and turrets, was her exposed deck. It was proposed to unship one of our heaviest guns, run upon the ram with full steam, and as soon as the collision occurred, to drop from our

higher deck, immediately upon hers, which was much lower, the extraordinary missile intended for destruction by quite a different method of usage. The immense momentum acquired by the falling mass of iron might have completely broken the ram in parts, and in any event would have proved as much of a surprise as a catastrophe to her crew.

Why did not the ram venture forth? The only reasonable answer would impute a lack of courage to her officers. I am inclined to think this was the real state of affairs at first, for the spectacle presented by an American man-of-war persistently waiting for her through all weathers, day after day and night after night, was well calculated to assure her that no child's play was contemplated, and that when she left her safe berth she would be given an opportunity of fighting to her heart's content. Later, however, another and a more serious reason took form, and finally resulted in the historic fact that when the *Stonewall* left the harbor, she did so under the flag of the United States. This latter fact was the unmistakable symptoms of the collapse of the Confederacy, and the drying up of those sources of supply which are more important to the requirements of war than even brave hearts and willing hands.

The rapid progress of events after Sherman's March to the Sea, including the fall of Richmond and the flight of Davis, declared more loudly than words that the Confederacy was doomed. As rats are said to leave a sinking ship, so the officers and crew of the *Stonewall* hastened to desert her. They awoke one morning to find that while waiting to summon up courage and risk all in one last effort to distinguish themselves and their craft in an action which might have proved historic, and in any event would have always been tinged with the halo of romance that surrounds the last desperate struggle in a lost cause, they were without a country, a flag, or a name, and in dangerous nearness to being pirates. From this danger they hastened to save themselves by turning their vessel over to the Havana authorities, on May 19, 1865.

On receiving news of the Confederate surrender, we demanded that the vessel be at once turned over to our Consul at Havana, maintaining that she had only entered the harbor to save herself from our vessels. The person who made the transfer to the Spanish authorities could convey no title in an armed and hostile vessel to a neutral State. The officers and crew were pirates, no less, and the vessel belonged to the United States. This claim was acknowledged by Spain, and in July notice was given that the ram was at our disposal, but on account of yellow fever at

Havana we asked that she be not turned over to us until Fall. In October, Commodore Alexander Murray, with the *Rhode Island*, was ordered to Havana, and Commander John C. Febiger went out with a crew to bring her to Washington, where they arrived in November, and where the *Stonewall* remained idle at the Navy Yard until the Spring of 1867, when the representatives of the Tycoon of Japan proposed to buy her, and did so, for over \$400,000. Japan took the risk of getting her to its own waters, and Lieutenant George H. Brown, of our Navy, was handsomely paid for getting her safely there, under the Japanese flag, on April 24, 1868.

He has kindly sent me the story of her arrival at Yokohama. After she had been bought by the Japanese representatives, a revolution occurred there, and of course the *Stonewall's* crew knew nothing of it until later. On going ashore to report his arrival to the American Minister, Lieutenant Brown learned that there was then no Japanese Government which our country at that time recognized. He returned to the vessel at four P. M., with an old friend who spoke Japanese, and was surprised to find her surrounded by twenty large Japanese boats, while aboard of her were eighty Japanese of high rank, each with two swords and claiming to be in possession. "I must confess," he wrote me, "it did have very much that appearance."

Through his friend as interpreter he asked an explanation, and was told that the vessel had been bought by Japan, and that the officers had orders from the Mikado to take possession of her on her arrival, and that they were merely obeying orders. He discussed the matter for some time, and while not denying that she did belong to Japan, explained that as \$100,000 of her price was still due, the legal transfer must be made through the American Minister, and until that time he was in command; to which they replied, "What has your country to do with a vessel flying our flag?" Finally, satisfied that he could not convince them, Brown called his first officer, directed him to arm himself and a trustworthy man, get an American flag, put it under his coat, get to the poop, and haul down the Japanese flag, simultaneously raising the American in its stead, and shoot anyone interfering. They managed to do all this without attracting the attention of any of the Japanese; who were then informed that as they were on the deck of an American man-of-war, they must leave at once, or be thrown overboard, and that if necessary the other two American ships in the harbor would be required to assist. When they

saw the American flag flying, and guarded by two resolute men, they were amazed, and demanded an explanation; for which they were referred to the American Minister, and notified that if any of them remained aboard at sunset, he must be prepared to swim or drown. They left; the Minister approved of the act, as did afterwards Congress and Secretary Seward. Brown stayed at Yokohama, with eight of his seamen, in charge of the *Stonewall*, until May, 1869, when our Government recognized that of the Mikado, the amount due was paid, and the ram formally turned over to her new owners. From the Japanese Legation at Washington I have received the particulars of her subsequent career: Her name was changed to "Azuma" which means "The East," and she went to sea in March, 1869, to Hakodadi, to attack the Tycoon's forces, had several fights with their vessels, was uniformly successful, and was in active service as late as 1881, judging from which facts we should be disposed to conclude she was one of the best investments the Japanese could have made. Here we leave her, her subsequent career unknown. By this time she has doubtless been turned into scrap iron, or relegated to some obscure berth as a hulk—and with her vanishes the last vestige of the naval strength of the Southern Confederacy.

JAMES NEVIN HYDE, M.D.  
(late U. S. N.)

CHICAGO.

[Read before the Illinois Loyal Legion.]



## THE CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS OF TRYON'S INVASION OF NORWALK

**I**F historical accuracy should ever become a bugbear to the historian, it is safe to say that an attempt to reach the truth regarding Tryon's invasion of Norwalk will do much towards bringing about this result. Even official and other contemporary records, as well as the contradictory statements of historians, involve the story of this event in a mesh of apparently hopeless confusion.

Beginning with historians of Connecticut, who have undertaken to give us an account of this event, we turn first in chronological order to Barber's *Historical Collections*, published in 1838, a book in which our grandfathers reposed a confidence second only to that in their Bibles. Barber begins by telling us that "on the 11th of July, 1779, Norwalk was burnt by the British and Tories, under Gov. Tryon." He then adopts as his own the statement of a Mr. Betts, "an aged and respectable inhabitant of this town," who says that Norwalk was burned by Tryon on the 12th of July, and that "little opposition was made to the British, excepting by a company of Continental soldiers, about fifty in number, commanded by Captain Stephen Betts, who was soon, however, obliged to flee from the overwhelming force of Tryon, with a loss of four of his men killed." Barber then misquotes Tryon's official report, which gives the 12th of July as the date of his invasion, and which Barber says, admits the loss of 20 killed, 96 wounded and 32 missing in this affair, which havoc in the ranks was caused, it should be remembered, so far as its cause is disclosed, by about fifty Continental soldiers, who were soon obliged to flee from an overwhelming force of the enemy. Good old Mr. Barber is fast bringing us to that scriptural point where one shall slay a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight. He omits, however, to quote from Tryon's report the statement that the militia reinforced by Continental troops under General Parsons "were said to be upwards of Two Thousand," a statement which should, of course, be taken with a great many grains of salt. Another serious mistake of Barber's is that he carelessly took from this same report Tryon's summing up of the losses and casualties at New Haven, Fairfield and Norwalk, as his state-

ment of losses and casualties at Norwalk alone, which by this report only amounted to 26 out of a total of 148.

Three years after the publication of Barber's *Historical Collections*, Theodore Dwight wrote a short history of Connecticut in which Barber's account of Tryon's invasion of Norwalk is followed exactly. This was in 1841. In 1854, W. H. Carpenter, in collaboration with the Rev. T. S. Arthur, the author of that lurid temperance novel, "*Ten Nights in a Bar-room*," wrote a still shorter history of our State, in which Barber's error in the statement of casualties at Norwalk is corrected to the extent of stating that Tryon's official report covers his raids on New Haven, Fairfield and Norwalk. In this statement Carpenter and Arthur appear to have followed Abiel Holmes, whose *Annals of America* gives us the same record, probably taken from Almon's *Remembrancer* which was also accessible to Barber.

A year after the publication of Carpenter and Arthur's little book there appeared a *History of Connecticut*, in two large octavo volumes, by Gideon H. Hollister. It was hailed with delight by those who had long been waiting for a full narrative history of the State and one of its admirers soon referred to it as "the luminous page of Hollister." Turning to the particular page which sheds light on Tryon's invasion of Norwalk, we read:

"General Washington, having learned that Tryon had commenced his threatened invasion of Connecticut, directed General Parsons (then commanding in the Highlands) to hasten to the scene of action. Mustering for the service one hundred and fifty Continental troops, and a considerable body of Connecticut militia under General Erastus Wolcott, by forced marches he was able to reach Norwalk on the 12th of July, immediately after the British had effected a landing there. Although too weak to prevent the destruction of the town, Parsons took every opportunity to harass and annoy the enemy—so that they re-embarked and returned to Huntington Bay, ostensibly for fresh supplies of artillery and reinforcements of men."

This account certainly introduces two new military commanders on the scene, superseding Captain Betts with his fifty Continentals, which brings us a step nearer the truth, after a fashion. But the fashion, if luminous, is rather grotesque, because, first, Washington did not direct General Parsons to hasten to the scene of action, and second, Parsons



was not, at the time, in command of the department of the Highlands. Third, General Erastus Wolcott was not in command of the militia which participated in the defense of Norwalk, he being at the time at East Windsor; and fourth, the 12th of July was not "immediately after the British had effected a landing," as Parsons himself reports to Washington that the British burned the town on the 11th.

In justice to Hollister it should be stated that he is not originally responsible for this little comedy of errors, as the four misstatements which he adopts are taken from a single paragraph in Hinman's "*Historical Collection* from official records, files, etc., of the part sustained by Connecticut during the War of the Revolution." It is not surprising, and it is really excusable, that, in view of the statement in Hinman's title-page, Hollister should have supposed himself to be quoting a narrative based entirely on original documents; neither is it surprising that the opening sentence in Hinman's preface should be this: "It was with reluctance that the compiler of this collection of Historical facts undertook his Herculean task." Hollister is only responsible in this instance for the statement regarding the forced marches of General Parsons, to which we must refer in a moment.

The facts regarding Washington's orders for repelling Tryon's raid are these: On the 10th of July, 1779, he issued orders to General Heath, who *was* in command at the Highlands, to march towards Bedford with two Connecticut brigades. In confirmation of this statement, we have only to consult Washington's letter of July 10th to Parsons, his letter of the 12th to Governor Trumbull, and Heath's *Memoirs*, from which latter source we learn that these two brigades went forward under command of Heath, that they reached Ridgefield on the 13th, where they passed the night, and did not go to Norwalk at all. Washington's orders did not reach Heath until six in the evening of the 10th. From Ridgefield he marched towards Stamford which then appeared to be threatened by the enemy; and there is probably no doubt that his appearing at that point prevented Stamford from sharing the fate of Norwalk.

It is rather surprising that Hollister should have disregarded an account of Tryon's invasion of Norwalk, which, so far as it goes, is substantially correct. I refer to "An historical discourse in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the settlement of Norwalk" by the Rev. Nathaniel Bouton. He does, however, adopt Hinman's statement that Gen. Parsons was sent to Norwalk by the order of Washington, which,

as we have seen, is not confirmed by the documents quoted. His statement regarding the despatch of militia by Governor Trumbull's order is correct, as far as it goes.

But we have admitted that we are brought a step—and it is really a long step—nearer the truth by Hollister's statement that Continentals and militia under Generals Parsons and Wolcott formed the principal force opposed to Tryon at Norwalk. Just how Parsons came to be present it is difficult to ascertain. The "forced marches" which Hollister tells us brought him to Norwalk on the 12th, had certainly brought him within about fifteen miles of Norwalk on the 9th, for we find him at Redding on that date, as appears by a letter which Washington wrote him on the 10th, acknowledging his letter of the 9th from Redding. He had probably been detached with an advance guard of Continentals to watch Tryon's movements at this time. Major-General Oliver Wolcott—not Brigadier-General Erastus Wolcott, whom Hollister placed in command—is not difficult to trace, as appears by his letter of the 17th of July, which has recently been found among the Wolcott papers by Mr. Albert C. Bates, to whom acknowledgments are due for his kind assistance in this investigation. This is newly discovered evidence, as this draft of a letter of Wolcott's which tells nearly the whole story has certainly never been printed, and probably has never been carefully examined by historians until it caught Mr. Bates' eye. It is presumably addressed to General Heath, as a letter of Heath's to Wolcott, dated the 19th, appears to be a reply to it. Wolcott's letter reads as follows—so far as it concerns our subject:

"HEAD QUARTERS HORSE NECKE, 17th July, 1779.

SIR—I was honored with the orders of Governor Trumbull particularly to attend to the Defence of the Sea Coasts in the Western Parts of this State, in Consequence of which I had, with about 700 of Militia, arrived at Norwalk about Twenty four Hours before the destruction of that Town—Upon the moving of the Enemy's Fleet Westward, I have come on to this Place with the same Number."

This leaves the inference, at least, that the movements of the militia were independent of the Continentals, and that Wolcott and Parsons combined forces at Norwalk, perhaps by accident, perhaps designedly. The number of Continentals who were present is more difficult to ascertain. Captain Betts' affidavit mentions fifty, but does not say there were no more; Hollister, upon the authority of Hinman, as we have seen,

places the number at one hundred and fifty; and Tryon, who never hesitates to stretch the truth, places the number at two hundred and fifty. We shall never know, either, how many of the men and boys of Norwalk gathered to the defense of their homes, adding to the forces under Parsons and Wolcott an unorganized but determined band, such as had been previously seen and heard from at New Haven and Fairfield during this week of terror.

Thus it would seem that, with General Wolcott's militia to the number of seven hundred, Parsons' Continentals to the number of one hundred or more, and home defenders who must have numbered two hundred, we have a force of at least one thousand men defending Norwalk at this time. This agrees with the diary of Dr. Ezra Stiles, who places the number at nine hundred to eleven hundred, and states that these men were under command of Generals Parsons and Wolcott, and that they gave way upon the approach of the enemy.

Unfortunately, we lack, among our original sources of information, several letters from General Parsons and Wolcott which are referred to in the journal of the Council of Safety, and which from the mention made of them in that journal, would doubtless supply the particulars needed to complete an accurate account of the invasion and defense of Norwalk. To show the importance of these papers, the following extracts are given from the official record:

Wednesday July 14th    \*   \*   \*

"Letter received from Maj<sup>r</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> Wolcott, dated Norwalk, 11th July, giving account of his situation and proceedings, of the enemy's landing at Norwalk Saturday night, 11th, and burning the town next day &c. &c."

(Just here it should be noted that Saturday night was not the 11th, but the 10th of July.)

And again, under date of July 19th:

"Letters received from B.[rigadier] G.[eneral] Parsons and from Gen<sup>l</sup> Wolcott at Norwalk with a particular account of the destruction of Norwalk &c. &c. and of his, and said W's proceedings there &c."

Inquiry for these letters has been made at our State Library, at the

Connecticut Historical Society, at the Massachusetts Historical Society, and at the office of the Secretary of State of Connecticut, but no trace of them can be found at any of these places, so that we are left to draw the discouraging conclusion that they have perished, as have some other important documents, in the old Lebanon War Office, where some interesting fragments were found eleven years ago, among the nests of mice, rats and squirrels under the floors of the building.

One letter, evidently less important than these, mentioned in the journal of the Council of Safety under date of July 13th, appeared in print for the first time during the past year. This is a letter from Caleb Bull, jr., to Richard Law and others; a copy of it in the handwriting of Titus Hosmer is among the Trumbull Papers in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and has now been printed in the *Collections* of that Society, Seventh Series, vol. 2.\* The portion of this letter which relates to Tryon's raid on Norwalk reads thus:

"STRATFORD, 12th July, 7 O'clock, A. M.

GENTLEMEN:—By Capt. Robert Walker, who left Norwalk yesterday at 2 o'clock, P. M., I am informed the enemy from the fleet landed Saturday evening in two parties, one on the east and the other on the west side of the harbour, about 2500 in the whole; at day break the next morning they marched to town, and set fire to the same at six o'clock, which has consumed the whole, except a few scattering houses. There was considerable opposition made by a small number of Continental and militia troops, commanded by Generals Wolcott and Parsons, but the opposition was to little purpose. There was a small number killed on both sides; About two o'clock the enemy embarked, and the fleet still remained in the harbour."

In further confirmation of what has been already stated in denial of the assertion that Parsons was despatched to Norwalk by Washington's orders, this letter goes on to state:

\* \* \* "Capt. Walker left the camp at Westpoint Saturday morning at 5 o'clock, at which time His Excellency General Washington had received intelligence of the fate of Fairfield; no orders for any Continental troops to march from there, neither hath any marched, as hath

\* This letter is referred to in the journal of the Council of Safety as a copy received from Middletown, and a letter from Mr. Hosmer is also mentioned as received the same day.

takes as authority which he is unwilling to gainsay even in the face of the interruption of a sermon on Sunday morning by the news of something which, according to the veracious Tryon, did not happen until nightfall of the same day, or the morning following. As we are not at all careful of Tryon's reputation, we may surmise that after the outrages at New Haven and the burning of churches in Fairfield and Norwalk, he did not wish to add to the burden of his sins, the record of the violation of a Puritan Sabbath by the destruction of a presumably defenceless town when a week-day would have answered the purpose equally well. At all events there appears to be no doubt that he wilfully or otherwise misstated the date of his invasion.

This question of date has been quite fully discussed by Norwalk historians, beginning with Edwin Hall, who in his *Ancient Historical Records*, published in 1847, gives the testimony of three aged persons who all agree that the British landed on Saturday night, according to their recollection of the days of their childhood. A record in the family Bible of Eliakim Smith, to which Miss Scott has kindly called my attention, gives the same date for this event. But most convincing of all is the letter of Caleb Bull, jr., just quoted. This letter, it should be remembered, was written from Stratford on the 12th at 7 A. M., at which time he had seen Captain Walker, who left Norwalk the afternoon before and witnessed the destruction of the town. True, Mr. Bull may have made a mistake in dating his letter, but it appears to have reached the Council of Safety at Lebanon *via* Middletown, where Titus Hosmer copied it, on the 13th, which could not have happened had the burning of Norwalk occurred on the 12th.

Then, too, there is General Wolcott's letter, which we wish we could find, mentioned in the Journal of the Council of Safety, dated at Norwalk July 11, and stating that the town was burned on that day, which date is juggled into the wrong day of the week by the recorder, as we have noted.

If further cumulative evidence regarding the date is needed, we have the *Connecticut Gazette*, in which a letter dated July 21 reports that the fleet appeared off Norwalk on Saturday (the 10th) and early next morning the troops landed and burned the town.

The affidavit of Captain Stephen Betts, already mentioned, states, on the 26th of July, "that on y<sup>e</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> instant, while y<sup>e</sup> enemy invaded Norwalk, he, with about fifty Continental troops and some militia, engaged a superior force of the enemy."\*

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Of the details of the defense of Norwalk, it is not my purpose to speak at present. Mr. W. S. Bouton in Hurd's *History of Fairfield County*, gives particulars from sources of information of which I know nothing. With two such generals as Parsons and Oliver Wolcott in command of one thousand men opposing two thousand invaders, some plan of defense must have been adopted which was rendered rather ineffective by the rawness of the militia, and perhaps by the fact that most of them were not defending their own homes, as was the case at New Haven and Fairfield. Until we can find the missing letters from Parsons and Wolcott, the American version of the defense must lack supporting evidence. We have Tryon's official report, which naturally magnifies the opposition he encountered, but shows, as all accounts show, that the British landed in two divisions, one on the east, and the other on west side of the harbor, and that Garth's division was under an irregular fire for about five hours before forming a junction with Tryon, who had driven in our outposts and taken Grummon's Hill.

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been reported; Capt. Walker supposes that none will leave his Excellency, unless the enemy's main body should proceed this way."

If Captain Walker could have remained at West Point until the evening of that same Saturday he would have learned, doubtless, of Washington's orders to Heath, already mentioned, to march with Parsons' and Huntington's brigades towards Bedford.

It is just possible that one of the important letters supposed to be missing is a letter from General Parsons to Governor Trumbull, dated Stamford, July 17th, '79. If so, the description of the letter in the journal of the Council of Safety is misleading. This letter, which is published in the volume of the Massachusetts Historical Society already referred to, is important in some respects, as the following extracts will show:

"SIR,—The depredations of the enemy upon the sea coasts of the State, General Wolcott has doubtless particularly inform<sup>d</sup> you of. The destruction at Norwalk is what I have been a witness to; 132 dwelling-houses, meeting-house & church included, 87 barns, 22 store houses, 17 shops, 4 mills, & 5 vessels were burnt, with the wheat, hay &c., which had been gathered in. The wretches went of with so much precipitation as left them no opportunity of committing the outrages on the persons of the inhabitants, which in other places they have been guilty of; enough however appeared to demonstrate the continuance of their hellish temper. Several of our soldiers, who appear to have been first wounded, were found with their skulls blow'd off by muskets discharged into them after they were wounded."

Going on to recommend the establishment and organization of a regular force to take the place of militia in such cases, he adds:

"I know our militia are as brave as any men, but I have been the unhappy witness of the inefficacy of their opposition, arising principally from the want of their collecting in a proper organiz<sup>d</sup> state, so as to unite the force to be us<sup>d</sup> in attacking the enemy. I wish some effectual measures could be immediately taken to remedy this evil. General Wolcott, who is here, will point out more particularly what in his opinion is necessary to secure the State."

The natural inference from this letter is that Parsons was present at

the time of Tryon's invasion of Norwalk. Although he does not say so in so many words, still he speaks as an eye-witness of the destruction of the town, and of the inefficiency of the militia in defending it. Just why it should be doubted that he was present, it is difficult to conceive. Stiles says he was there and in command, Caleb Bull says the same, Tryon's official report says the same, and even the most unreliable of the numerous accounts quoted do not say that he was absent. Just how or by whose orders he happened to be present we do not know, and probably shall not unless the letters whose absence we deplore should unexpectedly come to light. That his brigade marched to Stamford under Washington's orders to Heath does not prove an alibi for Parsons in the Norwalk affair for it was not necessary that he should be with his brigade at the time.

It would seem as if, up to this point, we had encountered enough of conflicting statements, and enough of half truths in the official records to leave plain sailing before us for the rest of our narrative. But our troubles are not yet over, for the same witchcraft which appears to work upon historians has also worked upon the official and other contemporary records themselves, causing them to contradict one another as to the exact date of Tryon's invasion of Norwalk.

Accurate Dr. Stiles, in a long passage in his *Diary* giving a continuous account of Tryon's three raids, which interrupts the chronological sequence of the daily entries, says that Tryon, with his forces, landed at Norwalk on the evening of Sunday, July 11, marched to the town and destroyed it on Monday, the 12th. Resuming his daily entries later on, we find, as Mr. Childs has already noted, the following:

"11. Ldsdy. . . . I was to preach A. M., but was interrupted in the middle of sermon with News of Burn<sup>g</sup> of Norwalk or En<sup>y</sup><sup>s</sup> Land<sup>s</sup>." \*

Evidently Dr. Stiles was not sufficiently suspicious of Tryon's statements; for that worthy reports that he landed on the evening of the 11th at a point called the Cow-pasture, and marched into town on the early morning of the 12th. This statement, being official, Dr. Stiles evidently

\* Dr. Stiles also states under date of July 13: "Mr. Tutor Baldwin came yesterday morning from Norwalk. Place in ruins."



takes as authority which he is unwilling to gainsay even in the face of the interruption of a sermon on Sunday morning by the news of something which, according to the veracious Tryon, did not happen until nightfall of the same day, or the morning following. As we are not at all careful of Tryon's reputation, we may surmise that after the outrages at New Haven and the burning of churches in Fairfield and Norwalk, he did not wish to add to the burden of his sins, the record of the violation of a Puritan Sabbath by the destruction of a presumably defenceless town when a week-day would have answered the purpose equally well. At all events there appears to be no doubt that he wilfully or otherwise misstated the date of his invasion.

This question of date has been quite fully discussed by Norwalk historians, beginning with Edwin Hall, who in his *Ancient Historical Records*, published in 1847, gives the testimony of three aged persons who all agree that the British landed on Saturday night, according to their recollection of the days of their childhood. A record in the family Bible of Eliakim Smith, to which Miss Scott has kindly called my attention, gives the same date for this event. But most convincing of all is the letter of Caleb Bull, jr., just quoted. This letter, it should be remembered, was written from Stratford on the 12th at 7 A. M., at which time he had seen Captain Walker, who left Norwalk the afternoon before and witnessed the destruction of the town. True, Mr. Bull may have made a mistake in dating his letter, but it appears to have reached the Council of Safety at Lebanon *via* Middletown, where Titus Hosmer copied it, on the 13th, which could not have happened had the burning of Norwalk occurred on the 12th.

Then, too, there is General Wolcott's letter, which we wish we could find, mentioned in the Journal of the Council of Safety, dated at Norwalk July 11, and stating that the town was burned on that day, which date is juggled into the wrong day of the week by the recorder, as we have noted.

If further cumulative evidence regarding the date is needed, we have the *Connecticut Gazette*, in which a letter dated July 21 reports that the fleet appeared off Norwalk on Saturday (the 10th) and early next morning the troops landed and burned the town.

The affidavit of Captain Stephen Betts, already mentioned, states, on the 26th of July, "that on y<sup>e</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> instant, while y<sup>e</sup> enemy invaded Norwalk, he, with about fifty Continental troops and some militia, engaged a superior force of the enemy."\*

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concile or explain conflicting statements regarding the number of defenders and the date of the defense, I think we must arrive at the conclusion that not only Tryon himself, but the record of his doings at Norwalk is possessed of an evil spirit which it is difficult to exorcise at this distance of one hundred and twenty-five years.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

NORWICH, CONN.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES

CAPT. MACHIN

SIR:

In Vol. II., No. 1, of the *Magazine of History*, footnote to page 66, you inquire for a biography of Captain Thomas Machin. A very full account of his life can be found in Simms' *Frontiersmen of New York*, vol. I., pp. 596-672.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

LIBRARY U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,  
WEST POINT.

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## THE FIRST STARS AND STRIPES

We find we were mistaken about this matter (see MAGAZINE for October). Mrs. Lansing has the original *regimental* flag of Colonel Gansevoort's regiment; not the original Fort Schuyler flag, the whereabouts of which, if extant, is unknown.—[ED.]

## THE SCALP TROPHY

### I.

#### A LINK BETWEEN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

**H**ERE and there, amid the by-ways of history, one may stumble on an estray or two which have received little or no notice from the casual observer. Some of these vagrant facts, however, are of considerable value, not only from an historical but from an ethnological point of view. Again, a rich treasure may be culled, but so distorted in its treatment as to be a fruitful source of error, to correct which is not always an easy task.

Some such a fate, it would seem, has attended the subject of scalping, a practice which it was thought was universally ascribed to the North American Indians from time immemorial. But strange as it may appear, this generally received opinion has been doubted by certain reputable authorities who give to the practice a European origin. This fact should serve as a sufficient apology for discussing here so trite a topic.

The earliest writer of whom we have any knowledge, to take this contrary view was the Rev. Samuel Niles, a New England clergyman who wrote a history of the French and Indian wars which he left unpublished at his death in 1760. This account comprehends a period of nearly one hundred and thirty years (1634-1760), and relates to the conflicts occurring both inside and outside of New England. The work remained unpublished until 1835, when it was put in print under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society and now forms a part of its collections.

In his preface the reverend author informs the reader that he has drawn all his material for his work from his personal experience as well as from other trustworthy sources of information. The subject may be conveniently divided into two parts, namely: that which relates to the conflicts carried on between the English settlers and the Indians within their own borders; and the other which treats of the contests with the English and the combined forces of the French-Canadians and their In-

dian allies. The last constitutes the struggle for the supremacy of North America between France and England. As this war for conquest continued, all the Indian tribes of Eastern North America became by degrees involved in the quarrel, espousing one side or the other according to geographical and other considerations. It was for the interest of the two great contending parties to secure, as far as might be, the balance of the Indian power to act as a check on each other's movements. This was the sole reason why the English employed the Indians at all in their conflicts with the French. No religious bias ever led to the employment of such savage allies.

As the French, during their first occupation of the country which was afterward known as Canada, gave their exclusive attention to gaining over the more northern Indian tribes either by conversion or persuasion; so the first years of their settlement in New England were employed by the English colonists in a similar manner. The happy termination of the Pequot War in 1637, and the victory over Philip of Pokanoket in 1676, contributed in some degree to that result, though not in a peaceable way. Besides these two events, the Indian Confederacy, composed of five great nations or tribes, subsequently increased to six, was used by the English as a check to the encroachments of the French on the North and their Indian allies.

The second period under discussion, excepting the desultory and unimportant conflicts occurring between the Indians and the English settlers for a few years before, began with the descent of the French and Indians on Schenectady in 1690, under the lead of the notorious Indian half-breed, Hoop-Hood. This raid was but the prelude to the perpetration of all the Indian outrages and horrible atrocities with which the pages of the early history of New England are filled to overflowing, and for a period of seventy years were inflicted upon the border settlements. This is the time when we begin to read so much of the horrors of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, wielded with equal dexterity by French-Canadians and the Indians. And it was amid these Indian and French atrocities that the Rev. Samuel Niles lived and wrote. Without doubt all these unparalleled barbarities lent additional vigor to his pen.

But let the reverend gentleman now speak for himself. Referring to the practice of scalping, he says: "The manner of the Indians here [in New England] before the English came, and some time after, was

to bring the heads of their victims in triumph on their return from some victorious conquests, as then they had no notion of scalping those they conquered. Nor would it, perhaps, have been put in practice, had not the French instructed the Indians in their interest in this method of scalping."<sup>1</sup> But, to our disappointment, he does not offer a single proof of this statement, unless he would have us take his own testimony unquestioned.

Nearly a hundred years later Samuel G. Arnold, in his "History of Rhode Island," repeats Niles's statement and, in a foot note, adds for our further enlightenment, that the Huns here were the teachers of the French;<sup>2</sup> and draws the inference that the French introduced the practice into America. He, also, gives no authority for the assertion. In all probability Arnold was acquainted with Niles's writings. These two are the only authorities who dissent from the commonly received opinion.

The mistake (as will be adduced later) was more excusable on the part of Mr. Niles, writing as he did in the midst of the most horrible atrocities of the French and Indian wars, when the scalping-knife was brought to his very door. Mr. Arnold, penning his account a century afterward, had no such excuse, especially when ample material was accessible to him to contradict so erroneous a statement.

At this point of the discussion three questions will naturally arise:

1. Did the Indians of New England practice scalping before the advent of the English settlers? According to Niles, evidently not.
2. Did the Indians of New England learn it of the French or of the Canadian Indians?
3. Was the practice of scalping ever indigenous to America?

The answer to the last question will satisfy all. But before entering at large upon this, it may not be out of place to give a brief picture of the condition of things in New England and the border settlements, which Mr. Niles had in mind at the time he indited his account.

It was near the close of the French and Indian wars, infamous in

<sup>1</sup> Mass. Hist. Coll. 3 Ser. Vol. VI, p. 174.

<sup>2</sup> Arnold, Hist. of R. I., Vol. II, p. 75.

the annals of the country for the horrible atrocities, perpetrated indiscriminately by the French-Canadians and their savage confederates on the English border settlements, the horrors of which would naturally not lose color through the pen of a Puritan divine. "From the days of Champlain to those of Montcalm," says Schoolcraft, "the Indian power was their [the French-Canadians] most effective means of offence. During all the period of one hundred and fifty years [1608-1759] it was the Indian war parties and marauding expeditions which infested the frontiers from Virginia to the small towns of New England, that committed deeds of horror . . . Men, women and children sent, on the border, into eternity at midnight, by the war-club and the scalping-knife."<sup>3</sup>

The Canadian French were the moving spirits in all these sanguinary forays, actuated not only by their desire of conquest but by their hatred of heresy and their full determination to exterminate every heretic by every possible means. The Spanish Inquisition was thus awakened to new life in the wilds of the New World—a fact that admits of no question.<sup>4</sup> And, in all these raids, the French exhibited a ferocity unexampled by the Indians themselves; for one of the main objects of the French Jesuits was to teach their Indian converts to have no faith with heretics. The insistence on these principles of action made the contest between the two nations all the more violent, and the barbarities of the French and their Indian allies all the more horrible and unjustifiable. From their close relations with the Canadian Indians, the French settlers had adopted many of the customs of the savages, their habits and mode of life; while those of mixed French and Indian parentage, known as half-breeds, could scarce be distinguished from the savages themselves; and this was particularly the case at night, when in their raids upon the English settle-

<sup>3</sup> Hist., Part VI, p. 207.

<sup>4</sup> The rising of the Indians to the Eastward was instigated by the French in 1683. (Mass. Hist. Coll. Ser. 4, Vol. V, Hinc. Pap., p. 121.) In the war with Philip, the French assisted the Indians with arms, etc. (*Ibid.*, Niles' Hist., p. 387.) In the first near Brunswick, the English scalped twenty-six Indians besides a Jesuit, named Ralfe, who would neither give nor take quarter. Niles calls him a "bloody incendiary and instrumental to most of the mischiefs that had been done, as far as his influence reached by preaching up the merit of salvation by the destruction of heretics." (*Ibid.*, p. 353; *Ibid.*, Ser. 2, Vol. VIII, pp. 250-255.) This priest, it is but proper to say, was killed before being scalped. All English authorities adduce French encroachments to excuse this and similar procedures. The account does not state whether English or Indians did the scalping. French priests were ever active in instigating these Indian raids on the settlements of Maryland, Virginia and on the towns of New York. (Mem. Hist. of New York, Vol. I, pp. 384 fol.)

ments. In all their struggles for domination in North America, the French-Canadians displayed much of this savage spirit, to such a degree that the tomahawk and scalping-knife were as familiar to their hands as the more civilized weapons of warfare.<sup>5</sup> This adoption of the Indian practices and dress in all their depredations in New England, led Cotton Mather to describe their war parties as made up of "half one and half t'other, half Indianized French and half Frenchified Indians."<sup>6</sup>

From what has just been adduced, it must be evident to all, that the responsibility for all the sufferings endured by the English settlers has been chiefly placed on the shoulders of the French-Canadians. This feeling was the more heightened from the fact that these sanguinary war parties were always led by pure or half-caste Frenchmen. Their raids were made after dark, usually about midnight, when French and Indians could not be distinguished from one another by their dress, on account of the darkness. After a successful foray the party would return to Canada with what booty and captives they had taken. The lives of children were generally spared, and such children carried to Quebec or Montreal and there placed in convents to be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, for, among other qualities, these French-Canadians had a proselytizing turn. Except on such occasions no humanity was shown toward any of the English who might fall in their way. The French missionaries went so far in their zeal for the extinguishment of heresy, that they offered bounties for all English scalps brought to Canada; and in this they were greatly aided by the secular arm.<sup>7</sup>

Although the English like the French, had their own Indian confederates to act as a check on the French Indians, yet they never employed such Indians to fight the French exclusively. This was a refinement of warfare only worthy the servants of the Inquisition. Neither did the English send out scalping parties to descend upon the French settlements, carrying fire and sword against a people professing a different faith from theirs. But, when such expeditions were determined on, they never took the initiative; they were sent out either in self-defense or as a retaliatory measure, and then always following some sanguinary attack of the French on defenceless settlers. The Indians used against the more northerly,

<sup>5</sup> Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, Vol. I, pp. 205, 222, 318.

<sup>6</sup> *Mag. Chris.*, Fol. Ed. (1702), Bk. VII, p. 68.

<sup>7</sup> Parkman, loc. cit., pp. 104 fol.



unfriendly tribes as a check, were in no single instance employed against the French settlers. Hence the natural animosity toward the French-Canadians, joined to their league with the Jesuits who on every occasion hounded on the French in every midnight attack, made it very easy for the English to ascribe to the French every sort of barbarity, even including the novel practice of scalping. Add to this the fact that the French-Canadians had adopted to a large extent the habits and dress of the savages, especially the trappers and the *coureurs-de-bois* (half-breeds) and wielded the hatchet and scalping-knife with like, and in some instances with more, skill and we may readily explain the imputation to them of every atrocity. Besides, the French, unlike the English, had supplied the Indians from the first with hatchets, firearms, and ammunition which were immediately substituted for the rude native weapons. Thus the Indians could now commit far greater atrocities than ever. Iron hatchets and knives were far superior to their corresponding primitive arms.

It is hoped that the way is now paved for entering more into detail concerning the origin of the practice, whether of European or indigenous origin. But at this juncture it may be stated that scalping was confined exclusively to North America; no marks of the practice have ever been discovered in any other part of the Western Continent or in the adjacent islands. Then again, it was never observed as far north as the land of the Eskimos, nor below the 20th parallel of north latitude.

And first of Canada: Scalping was found among the Canadian Indians by the early French voyagers. Jacques Cartier, in his second voyage to that part of North America, now known as Canada, in 1535, saw five scalps stretched upon some boards to dry.<sup>8</sup> In 1603, at the time the French missionaries laid the foundations of Quebec, the practice was in full operation in that part of the country. At this time the Iroquois and Adirondacs, undoubtedly two of the most bloodthirsty tribes of savages on the Atlantic slope, were engaged in one of their fierce wars for the supremacy. The latter tribe, was, if anything, the more ferocious and cruel of the two. It boasted among its members of a scalper of more than ordinary expertness, who carried such destruction and terror among the Iroquois nation, that his very name was sufficient

<sup>8</sup> Hakluyt's Voy., Vol. III, p. 275.

to inspire panic and flight. With the rude weapon, then in use, probably a shell, he must have been wonderfully skilful.<sup>9</sup>

There is still in existence an ancient war-song once current among the Iroquois, which gives a very great antiquity to the practice of scalping among the northern Indian tribes; <sup>10</sup> though there also seems to have been a blending of scalping and decapitation.<sup>11</sup>

Proceeding southward, but omitting for the nonce any description of the habits of the Indians of New England proper, savages who were not addicted to scalping, we come to the Virginian Indians. These belonged to the same family of Indians as did the Iroquois in the north, who had already extended their conquests from the St. Lawrence River as far southward as Cape Fear. The Virginian tribes had been subjugated by their more powerful kinsmen just previous to the arrival there of the famous Captain John Smith in 1608. Whether scalping was a native practice or had been taught them by their conquerors does not appear, but it was at least well established there at the time of the visit of Captain Smith. He informs us that he witnessed a midnight attack made by some Virginian Indians on a hostile tribe, an account of which he has given in his book. Twenty-four of the enemy were slain; "and the long hair of one side of their heads," he remarks, "with the skin cased off with shells or reeds, they brought away. The locks of hair they hanged on a line betwixt two trees."<sup>12</sup>

Not long after this, according to the same authority, the Indians in that part of the country were supplied with hatchets by the French traders who were especially culpable in this regard, whereby the savages became possessed of weapons which intensified the horrors of Indian warfare in later times.

René Laudonnière, in 1565, found the practice well established among the Florida Indians. But in this case they first decapitated their foes before scalping.<sup>13</sup>

But at this point of the discussion it is but justice to the early French missionaries to state that they did all in their power to wean the Indians

<sup>9</sup> Colden, *Five Nations*, Vol. I, p. 27.

<sup>10</sup> Bell's *Garneau Canada*, Vol. I, p. 124.

<sup>11</sup> Parkman, *Jesuits in N. A.*, p. 24.

<sup>12</sup> *History of New England*, Vol. I, p. 149.

<sup>13</sup> Hakluyt, Vol. III, p. 396.

from their barbarous habits; and many of these teachers fell victims to their missionary zeal, suffering all the horrible tortures which the savages were accustomed to inflict upon their prisoners.<sup>14</sup>

Now a few words in respect to the customs which pertained to the Indians of New England proper: According to the best authorities, the savages inhabiting this part of the country were agricultural in their habits and of a more pacific nature than the more northerly tribes, if we except the Mohawks of New York and the Pequots of Connecticut. The Narragansetts, who occupied the present limits of Rhode Island, and the Mohegans were from the first amicably disposed towards the whites; and it is a matter of history, that Philip of Pokanoket, in his revolt against the authority of the English, was unable to persuade the Narragansetts to join him. According to Roger Williams, the New England Indians, although they wore scalp-locks, did not scalp. All these tribes, known under the general family name of Algonkins, beheaded instead of scalping. They seized the foe, says Williams, by this scalp-lock, and turning the head of the victim a little to one side, they would "in the twinkling of an eye fetch off the head though with a sorry knife."<sup>15</sup> The same practice was noticeable among the Indians during King Philip's War.

Nor did the Mohegans or fierce Pequots scalp. Proof of this is clear. A year previous to the Pequot War (1636), a Captain Oldham was murdered by some members of this tribe on Block Island. Though when found he was horribly mutilated, there was not the slightest evidence of his having been scalped.<sup>16</sup> Again: After the Great Swamp Fight, in 1637, which was fought in the neighboring province of Connecticut, there was no instance found in which this practice had been followed by the Indians on either side. That they were acquainted with it is almost certain, for after the murder of Captain Oldham, the government of Massachusetts, under whose jurisdiction Block Island then was, learning of the occurrence, despatched Captain Endicott and other officers with a considerable force to punish the murderers. Having done this and received the submission of all the Pequots in the island and in Connecticut, the party proceeded home by way of Narragansett. With them was a certain Indian Sagamore, named Cutsamokin, who had acted as interpreter to the party. On reaching Narragansett, this Indian, who,

<sup>14</sup> Rep. of Canad. Archiv., 1884, p. 64.

<sup>15</sup> Williams' Key, pp. 59, 152.

<sup>16</sup> Hubbard's Hist., pp. 24 fol.

it seems, was in possession of a firelock, or "snaphance," "crept into the swamp and killed a Pequot and *having flayed off the skin of his head*, he sent it to Canonicus, who presently sent to all the sachems about him and returned many thanks to the English and sent four fathoms of wampum to Cutsamokin."<sup>17</sup> Nothing is said, however, as to what tribe of Indians this savage belonged. He was a stranger to that part of the country. The scalp appears to be a familiar object to Canonicus and the other Sachems, though the practice of scalping was not common among them. The heads of their enemies were the ordinary trophies of war among the Indians in that region. This is the first instance found of scalping in New England, and but an isolated example.<sup>18</sup>

Nevertheless, there is some diverse opinion on this point which deserves some attention before proceeding further. After the Great Swamp Fight, above referred to, Sassacus, the chief of the Pequots, with his fellow Sachems and some others, to the number of some thirty or forty, took refuge among the Maquas or Mohawks. This tribe belonged to the famous confederacy of the Five Nations, was a scalping tribe that Vincent calls "cruel and bloodthirsty cannibals and most terrible to their neighbors of all these nations."<sup>19</sup> The Mohawks, desiring to retain their friendship of the English, "entertained the fugitive Pequots and their captain by cutting off their heads, which they sent to the English as a testimony of their love and service."<sup>20</sup> Winthrop, who refers to the same fact, treats the subject in somewhat different terms. For, in his Journal, dated August 5, 1637, he observes that Sassacus and his brother, together with five other Pequot Sachems, who had fled for shelter to the Mohawks, were scalped and their scalps sent to Boston by the Mohawks.<sup>21</sup> And as these belonged to a scalping tribe, Winthrop's account should be given the preference. However, there is reason for believing that in this instance there was a blending of both scalping and decapitation. The Pequots and all of the Indian tribes which had made their home in this part of New England, had severed all their social and

<sup>17</sup> Winthrop's Jour., Vol. I, pp. 229, 233.

<sup>18</sup> Mass. Hist. Coll., Ser. 2, Vol. VIII, p. 148.

<sup>19</sup> Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Ser. 3, Vol. VI, p. 40; *ibid.*, Ser. 1, Vol. I, p. 162 (Gookin); *ibid.*, Ser. 3, Vol. I, p. 233; Winth. Journ., Vol. I, p. 278.

<sup>20</sup> Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Ser. 3, Vol. I, p. 40.

<sup>21</sup> Winth. Journ., Vol. I, p. 281.

commercial relations with these terrible Mohawks; for which step they had good and sufficient reasons, as the event proved.

The second sporadic case of scalping in New England appeared during the final attempt made by the Indians to regain their domination, in what is known as King Phillip's War. In the Indian raid on Swansea, Mass., in 1674, which opened hostilities, a woman and child and eight men were killed, beheaded and scalped by the Indians, and their heads fixed on poles along the highway. Here also, it will be perceived, there was a blending of decapitation and scalping, the former a common practice among the Indians in this part of the country for long afterward. The colonial troops were so exasperated at the sight that they scalped two Indians whom they had killed, and carried their scalps to Boston, where they were exhibited. According to Drake, these were the very first scalps seen in that town. He probably forgot the scalps of Sassacus and his followers, brought to Boston at the close of the Pequot war.<sup>22</sup> This retaliatory measure was the prelude to the subsequent legislation, relative to the granting of bounties on Indian scalps, and a common custom throughout the English colonies.

From a careful investigation of the subject, these are the sole instances of scalping which can be found during the whole war with Philip. Nor is it to be supposed that, considering the energetic efforts of this chief to unite the whole Indian power in New England for the extermination of the whites, Philip would have neglected any means, however novel or barbarous, for the achievement of his object. Scalping does not appear to be among his methods of warfare. From the isolated example of this practice, therefore, it is not unreasonable to suppose that some of the more northerly tribes, acquainted with it (perhaps, as Niles had considered, some French Indians) had taken part in the raid on Swansea. But in no case did the practice become common. The curious feature of the incident lies in the blending of beheading and scalping, the one the New England custom, the other obtaining among the northern Indian tribes. Scalping did not take the place of the customary decapitation.

It was during the great struggle between England and France, for

<sup>22</sup> Hubbard's History; Niles' account, in *Mass. Soc. Coll.*, *loc. cit.*; also Drake's *Indian Wars*, Pt. III, pp. 25 fol.

the supremacy of North America, which began fifteen years after the war with Philip, that the practice of scalping may be said to have spread among the Indians of Eastern North America, and when the tomahawk and the scalping knife became associated more particularly with Indian warfare.

F. C. CLARK, M. D.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*(To be continued.)*



## INDIAN LEGENDS



### THE ORIGIN OF THE CHOCTAWS

[The *sea* alluded to in this legend is supposed to be the *Gulf of Mexico*, and the *mighty river* the *Mississippi*. So said the educated Choctaw, Peter P. Pitchlyn, from whom it was obtained. The idea that the Choctaws were the original Mound Builders, will strike the reader as something new.]

ACCORDING to the traditions of the Choctaws, the first of their race came from the bosom of a magnificent sea. Even when they first made their appearance upon the earth they were so numerous as to cover the sloping and sandy shore of the ocean, as far as the eye could reach, and for a long time did they follow the margin of the sea before they could find a place suited to their wants. The name of their principal chief has long since been forgotten, but it is well remembered that he was a prophet of great age and wisdom. For many moons did they travel without fatigue, and all the time were their bodies strengthened by pleasant breezes, and their hearts, on the other hand, gladdened by the luxuriance of a perpetual summer. In process of time, however, the multitude was visited by sickness, and one after another were left upon the shore the dead bodies of old women and little children. The heart of the Prophet became troubled, and, planting a long staff that he carried in his hand, and which was endowed with the miraculous power of an oracle, he told his people that from the spot designated they must turn their faces towards the unknown wilderness. But before entering upon this portion of their journey he specified a certain day for starting, and told them that they were at liberty, in the meantime, to enjoy themselves by feasting and dancing, and performing their national rites.

It was now early morning, and the hour appointed for starting. Heavy clouds and flying mists rested upon the sea, but the beautiful waves melted upon the shore as joyfully as ever before. The staff which the Prophet had planted was found leaning towards the north, and in that direction did the multitude take up their line of march. The journey lay across streams, over hills and mountains, through tangled forests, and over immense prairies. They were now in an entirely strange country, and as they trusted to their magic staff they planted it every night with

the utmost care and arose in the morning with great eagerness to ascertain the direction towards which it leaned. And thus had they traveled for many days when they found themselves upon the margin of an *O-kee-na-chitto*, or great highway of water. Here did they pitch their tents and having planted the staff, retired to repose. When morning came the oracle told them that they must cross the mighty river before them. They built themselves a thousand rafts, and reached the opposite shore in safety. They now found themselves in a country of surpassing loveliness, where the trees were so high as almost to touch the clouds, and where game of every variety and the sweetest of fruits were found in the greatest abundance. The flowers of this land were more brilliant than any they had ever before seen, and so large as often to shield them from the sunlight of noon. With the climate of the land they were delighted, and the air they breathed seemed to fill their bodies with a new vigor. So pleased were they with all that they saw that they built mounds in all the more beautiful valleys they passed through, so that the Master of Life might know that they were not an ungrateful people. In this new country did they conclude to remain, and here did they establish their national government with its benign laws.

Time passed on, and the Choctaw nation became so powerful that its hunting grounds extended even to the sky. Troubles now arose among the younger warriors and hunters of the nation, until it came to pass that they abandoned the cabins of their forefathers, and settled in distant regions of the earth. Thus from the very body of the Choctaw nation have sprung those other nations which are known as the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, the Creeks or Muskogees, the Shawnees and the Delawares. And in process of time the Choctaws founded a great city, wherein their more aged men might spend their days in peace; and, because they loved those of their people who had long before departed into distant regions, they called this city *Yazoo*, the meaning of which is *home of the people who are gone*.

CHARLES LANMAN.



## FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GOVERNOR BARTLETT

[We have copied this poem from the original proof sheet, showing eight stanzas of four lines each, with corrections in Whittier's handwriting. Accompanying it is an envelope addressed to the printer (the *News*, of Amesbury, Mass.) and initialed by Whittier.

The title of this poem was afterwards changed to "One of the Signers," the poem itself much changed, and lengthened to 13 stanzas. This proof is therefore a unique Whittier item. Only one or two copies were made for the use of the reader of the poem at the unveiling of the statue, and these had the changed title and additional verses, so this is the first time the original version has been published.—ED.]

O storied vale of Merrimack!  
Rejoice through all thy shade and shine,  
And call, in this grave image, back  
The presence of a son of thine!

Be thine, henceforth a pride of place  
Like that gray namesake's over-sea  
Where scarce a stone is left to trace  
The Holy House of Amesbury.

A prouder memory lingers round  
The birthplace of a true man here  
Than that which haunts the refuge found  
By Arthur's guilty Guinevere

In the great hour of Destiny  
Which tried the men of bravest stock  
He knew alone the end must be  
A free land, or a traitor's block

Among those picked and chosen men  
Than his, who here first drew his breath,  
No firmer fingers held the pen  
Which wrote for liberty or death

Not for his hearth and home alone,  
But for the world his work was done;  
On all the winds his thought is blown  
Through all the circuit of the sun

O hills that watched his boyhood's home,  
O earth and air that nursed him, give,  
In this memorial semblance, room,  
To him who shall its bronze outlive!

O people blest through him, rejoice  
That in the endless years to come,  
Wherever Freedom needs a voice  
These sculptured lips shall not be dumb.

1888.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



## THE FRANKLIN BI-CENTENARY

[Among the many articles published on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of Franklin's birth, we find none better than that from the *Publisher's Weekly*, which we here reproduce.—Ed.]

**T**HIS week, on the 17th of January, on the occasion of the bicentenary of his birth, the world halted in its march for a brief space to render homage to the memory of Benjamin Franklin—a homage in which the representatives of the book trade should have taken a leading part; for, great as this “many-sided” American was as a scientist, as a diplomat, as a writer, as a philosopher and moralist, he was always first and foremost a printer and publisher and bookseller. From his very boyhood “the trade” had a great fascination for Franklin, and it was his bookish inclination that determined the elder Franklin to make his Benjamin a printer, although he already had one son in that calling. Up to his death he was always interested in the art of printing, and his dearest friends and most intimate acquaintances were members of the craft. Indeed, so strong was his attachment for “the trade” and profession that even in preparing for death he began his last will and testament with the words: “I, Benjamin Franklin, *printer*,” and the epitaph which he wrote for himself also defined him as printer, and used the analogy of a book “to appear once more in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the Author.”

By precept and example, at a time when everything connected with letters and the book trade was at low ebb and greatly in disrepute, Franklin elevated the calling of printer, bookseller and journalist to the dignity of a profession—a profession honored by and in turn honoring him by raising him to positions of responsibility and trust. It is exceedingly difficult indeed to speak of this patron saint of the modern American book trade without resorting to superlatives; and yet, so far as our profession is concerned, Franklin was first in almost everything that made it great.

Franklin was the first to found a newspaper, in the modern sense of the word, in America—*The Pennsylvania Gazette*—of which he was the first *editor* as distinguished from the newsgatherer. Up to this time the

so-called newspapers were made up of news contained in private correspondence or in foreign newspapers from three to six months old, and rarely had an editorial opinion. Franklin's superior arrangement of his paper, his new type, some spirited remarks on the controversy then waging between the Massachusetts assembly and the provisional governor, Burnet, brought his paper into immediate notice. The influence which he was enabled to exert by his pen through his paper, and by his industry and good sense, bore abundant fruit during the seventeen years, from 1729-1746, when he stood at the head of journalism in America. *The Gazette* was edited in every sense of the word by Franklin alone for nearly twenty years, and then, for eighteen more, in conjunction with David Hall.

Franklin was the first to illustrate a newspaper. This was by a rude cut made to illustrate the Siege of Louisburg.

He issued the first of our humorous periodicals—the "Poor Richard's Almanac"—the earliest and most popular of comic almanacs. It has been printed at least four hundred times, in almost every spoken language, and is to-day as popular as ever.

He was the first American writer to gain recognition in the world of literature, his autobiography being still widely read in many languages, and regarded as a classic.

He was the first to encourage Baskerville, and through him correct and well-printed texts, and the improvement of the art of typography generally, abroad as well as in this country.

He was the first in this country to consider the possibilities of duplicating type matter by stereotyping; forty years later we hear of him instructing Firmin Didot, one of the grandsons of François Didot, the founder of the famous French printing house, and giving him new notions of this process, which Didot put into practical operation, in 1795, when printing his edition of Callet's "Tables of Logarithms."

Among other things, not to extend the list, Franklin encouraged John Walter in his logographic printing experiments, and, shortly before his death, suggested that Walter establish a newspaper to be printed by this new method. Walter followed the suggestion and promptly started the *London Times*, "the Thunderer" of a later day.

To Franklin the world of letters is indebted for founding the first

literary club in America, the Junto, out of which grew *The General Magazine*, the first magazine to be published in this country, and the Philadelphia Library, an institution in existence to this day, which was the first lending library, not only in America, but in the world.

Franklin was the first to establish a high school, or academy, in Philadelphia, which in 1779 was called the University of Pennsylvania, and is now the great institution under that title.

He was the first to found a philosophical society in Philadelphia, which still exists as the famous American Philosophical Society.

He was the first Postmaster-General of the United Colonies in 1775, and, later, of the United States, and sketched the plan upon which, practically, the post office of this country has since been conducted.

He was the first to recognize the possibilities of printing and book-selling in this country, and assisted printers to establish themselves in five different colonies, remaining their silent partner until they had fully met their obligations. As a printer at the case, as a bookseller trundling his printed wares in a wheelbarrow to his customers, as a diplomat in England and France, and in the high places which he filled with a simple dignity in his native country, Franklin was ever intent upon furthering and elevating the cause of literature in the new republic. He found it abject and servile or impotent; he closed his eyes upon it independent and powerful, with its face turned to ever-increasing independence and power. And for his service in this direction the book trade and its allies owe him an everlasting gratitude.

A. GROWOLL.



## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

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### PITT'S STAMP-ACT SPEECH

[Franklin's original autograph report of the speech of William Pitt, on the Stamp Act, which he heard. It was sent to William Strahan, the London publisher, Franklin's correspondent and long-time friend. This most valuable and interesting document was the property of Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, and was sold at the dispersal of his remarkable collection of Franklin items, in Philadelphia, in December.]

“ Mr Pitt spoke some time before one could divine on which side of the Question relating to America he would be, but beginning first to mention the Stamp Act by the loose Term of that *unhappy* Act, he went on, and every Time he had Occasion to mention it, it was by a Term still stronger, as *unconstitutional unjust oppressive* &c. till he finally declar'd in express Terms that the British Parliament had in his Opinion *no Right* to raise internal Taxes in America, tho' it had to regulate their Commerce & even restrain their Manufactures. He said many Things in favour of America, particularly that they had always readily granted Aids to the Crown in all our Wars, on Requisitions made to their several Assemblies, and particularly in the last War far beyond their Abilities, which the Parl<sup>t</sup> here considering has made them some Compensation; that the Act was therefore *unnecessary*; that no Minister before the last, naming all the Ministers in order from the Revolution, & giving their Characters, some of whom were remarkable for their firmness and Resolution, as well as their Understanding, had ever thought fit or ventur'd to tax the Colonies; that he himself was sometimes represented as rash enough for any thing, & there had not been wanting some during his Adm<sup>n</sup> that urg'd him to it as a thing that would have been acceptable to Gentlemen here, but they could not get him to burn his fingers, with so unnecessary, so unjust, and therefore so odious a Measure; The Arguments of virtual Representation, of the Case of the Colonies being the same with that of Corporations in England or of the Non Electors here, he treated with great Contempt as Trifling insignificant & ridiculous; asserted that Representation in Parl<sup>t</sup> was originally & properly of *Landed Property*; that every 40<sup>s</sup> a Year of landed Property in England still is represented by the Owners having a right to vote in Country Elec<sup>d</sup> but that tho' a Man in America had 1000<sup>l</sup> a Year in Land, it gave him no

right to vote for a single Member of Parliam<sup>t</sup>. That the Representation of the Commons, was not an original Part of the Constitution;—the Owners of Lands only were call'd to Parliam<sup>t</sup> & all the Lands in Englan were divided between the King, the Church, & the Barons. The Church, God bless it, had one Third at least. The Commons, were mere Tenants or Copy holders.—But now the Case was greatly alter'd. The Church was stript of most of its Lands, & the Nobles had sold so much of theirs, that what remain'd in their Hands was but like a Drop of the Bucket compar'd to what was now in the Hands of the Commons. It was therefore on Acc<sup>t</sup> of their Land properly that the Commons were represented in Parliament. As to the Representation of Burroughs, it was wrong to suffer their sitting in Parlim<sup>t</sup>. It was the rotten Part of our Constitution, & could not stand another Century. How could we with any Face maintain, that a Burrough of half a Dozen Houses ought to have a Representative in Parl<sup>t</sup> to take care of its interests; & yet that three Millions of People in America with many Millions of Landed Property should not have a single Vote in the Election of any one Member. Mr. Grenville saying in Defense of the Act that he had before the Measure was entred into, call'd upon the House, & ask'd if there was any one Member that doubted the Right of Parliament to lay an internal Tax on America; & there was not one, M<sup>r</sup> Pitt answered, that, That by no means prov'd the Rectitude of the Measure, for that there had long been in the House a Tenderness of opposing Ministerial Measures, a kind of—— what shall I call it— Modesty, that made the Members rather doubt their own judgements. He wished therefore that the young Members would apply themselves more to the Study of Publick Affairs, & qualife themselves better to judge of them.—That their Silence should be no Proof of the goodness of a ministerial Measure, he reminded the House, that from Year to Year he had in the same Manner call'd upon the House, to know if any one dislik'd our then Continental Connections, and but one ever took the Freedom to speak his Mind on that Head, & he should like him the better for it as long as he liv'd; for he indeed said frankly “that he did not like what he was pleas'd to call my German War” But with the rest it went down glibly.—That Oppositions were generally interested; but his Sentiments of this Act had always been the same; & he had ever dislik'd it as destructive to *Liberty*; a Word often made use of by ambitious Men only as a Horse on which they might *mount and ride into Preferment* but he had no such Views.—M<sup>r</sup> Conway remark'd on this, that the *Preferment* he was in was not of his own seeking; and

that whenever the hon<sup>ble</sup>. Gentleman, for whose Abilities Integrity he had the highest Veneration, should be, as he sincerely hop'd he soon be, appointed to supersede him, he should with great *Pleasure mount his Horse & ride out again.*

These are the Particulars you chiefly desir'd an Acc<sup>t</sup> of 'Tis the best I can give you. But I am sensible the Expression is far short of that used by the Speakers.——

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MADISON ON SECESSION

[An important letter of James Madison to Mathew Carey, concerning the political situation in South Carolina, and the right of a State to withdraw from the Union. It is dated at Montpelier, Virginia, July 27, 1831. (Less than thirty years after it was written, both his native State and South Carolina had seceded from the Union.)]

DEAR SIR:

I have received your favour of the 21<sup>st</sup>. with your commencing address to the citizens of S. Carolina.

The strange doctrines and misconceptions prevailing in that quarter are much to be deplored: and the tendency of them the more to be dreaded, as they are patronized by statesmen of shining talent and patriotic reputation. To trace the great causes of the State of things out of which these unhappy aberrations have sprung, in the effects of markets glutted with the products of the land and with the land itself—to appeal to the nature of the Constitutional compact, as precluding a right in any one of the parties to renounce it at will, by giving to all an equal right to judge of its obligations, and as the obligations are mutual, a right to enforce correlative with a right to dissolve them; to make manifest the impossibility as well as injustice of executing the laws of the Union, particularly the laws of Commerce, if even a single state be exempt from their operation; to lay open the effects of a withdrawal of a single State from the Union, on the practical condition and relation of the others, thrown apart, by the intervention of a foreign nation, to expose the obvious, inevitable & disastrous consequences of a separation of the States, whether into alien confederacies or individual nations; these are topics which present a task well worthy the best efforts of the best friends of their country and I hope you will have all the success which your extensive information and disinterested views merit.

If the States cannot live together in harmony under the auspices of



such a government as exists, and in the midst of blessings such as have been the fruits of it, what is the prospect threatened by the abolition of a common Government, with all the rivalships, collisions and animosities inseparable from such events?

The entanglements and conflicts of commercial regulations, especially as affecting the inland and other non-importing States and a protection of fugitive slaves, substituted for the present obligatory surrender of them, would of themselves quickly kindle the passions which are the fore-runners of war.

My health has not been good for several years, and is at present much crippled by Rheumatism. This, with my great age, warns me to be as little as possible before the public, and to give way to others who, with the same love of their country, are more able to be useful to it. With my thanks, Sir, for all your kind communications, I offer you assurances of my esteem & cordial regards.

JAMES MADISON.

Mr. Carey.

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ON THE EVE OF CONFLICT—SOUTHERN STATE DOCUMENTS, 1860-1.

I—Original Appointment by the Governor of Alabama, of Commissioners to confer with the N. C. authorities.

II—Letter of the Governor of Georgia to the Governor of Kentucky on Secession.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT OF ALABAMA

MONTGOMERY, *December 14, 1860.*

Whereas, the election of Abraham Lincoln, a Black Republican, to the Presidency of the United States, by a purely sectional vote, and by a party whose leading and publicly avowed object is the destruction of the institution of slavery as it exists in the slaveholding states, and whereas, the success of said party will greatly endanger the peace, interests, security and honor of the slaveholding States and make it necessary that prompt and effective measures should be adopted to avoid the evils which must result from a Republican administration of the Federal Government, and as the interests and destiny of the slaveholding states are the same, they

must naturally sympathize with each other, they therefore, so far as may be practicable, should consult and advise together as to what is best to be done to protect their mutual interests and honor. Now therefore, in consideration of the premises, I, Andrew B. Moore, Governor of the State of Alabama, by virtue of the general powers in me vested, do hereby constitute and appoint Hon. Robert H. Smith in conjunction with Hon. I. W. Garrott, a citizen of said State, a Commissioner to the Sovereign State of North Carolina, to consult and advise with his Excellency Gov. John W. Ellis and the members of the Legislature now assembled, as to what is best to be done to protect the rights interests and honor of the slaveholding states, and to report the result of such consultation in time to enable me to communicate the same to the convention of the State of Alabama, to be held on Monday, the 7th day of February next.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of the State to be affixed in the City of Montgomery, this the 14th day of December, in the year &c aforesaid.

ANDREW B. MOORE, *Governor.*

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EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, MILLEDGEVILLE,

Jan'y, — 1860.

*To the Governor of Kentucky:*

Dear Sir:

Your letter reached this Department some two weeks since, but my absence from the Capitol prevented an earlier reply.

While the propositions you submit for the adjustment of the difficulties growing out of the Slavery question are just and reasonable, and are the least that the South should ever be content to accept, I have but little hope that the free States, controlled as they now are by black republican counsels, will ever consent to give these guarantees, while the Southern States remain in the Union.

What propositions they may submit after they have reaped the harvest of bitter fruits which will follow their wicked labors, so soon as the Cotton States secede from the Union, can alone be ascertained by the developments of the future. South Carolina has seceded from the Union, and her example will be followed by Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and other Cotton States as fast as their Conventions assemble.

It is, therefore, too late for your proposition to "arrest the secession movement." The people of the Cotton States have felt as sincerely attached to the Union as the people of the noble old commonwealth of Kentucky or any other state, but they can never consent to remain in the Union and submit to abolition rule. Mr. Lincoln can never be the President of Georgia and a number of the other Southern States. Our interests and yours are identical, so far as relates to Slavery, and it will always be a source of pride and pleasure to the people of Georgia to confer with the people of Kentucky on all questions pertaining to our common interest. Counselling, however, that our interest and our honor demand prompt action on the part of Georgia as a sovereign State, we must first secede from a Government now no longer to be regarded as friendly to our rights or our institutions, and therefore confer with our sister Slave States, upon all the great questions involved in the issues, and upon the best means to be adopted for a reformation of the Union between such States only as will in future respect our rights and abide by the compacts of the Constitution of our fathers which, with the necessary amendments on the Slavery question, is the basis upon which I would desire to found a more perfect Union, establish Justice, secure domestic tranquility and perpetuate the blessing of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

Very respectfully

Your Excellency's obdt Servt,  
JOSEPH E. BROWN.

#### LETTER OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT TO ADMIRAL PORTER

[This letter was written just before the famous attack on Mobile in which Farragut was lashed to the mast of the flagship *Hartford*.]

U. S. FLAGSHIP HARTFORD,  
PENSACOLA NAVY YARD, Jan. 17, 1864.

DEAR ADMIRAL.—I find that Admiral Buchanan of the Rebel Confederacy has impressed the Government of the U. S. with the idea that he will be able to raise the blockade of Mobile with the *Tennessee*, a ram recently constructed at Selma.

The Admiral considers her superior to the *Merrimack*. I am, therefore, anxious to know if your monitors—at least two of them—are not completed and ready for service, and if so can you not spare them to assist

us? If I had them I should not hesitate to become the assailant instead of waiting the attack.

I must have iron clads enough to lie in the Bay to hold the gunboats and Rams in check, in the shoal water. Please let me hear from you at as early a day as possible. I will be glad to get the small boats of light draft, for operating in the shallow waters of Texas, &c.

I have just arrived here and will be in New Orleans I hope in a day or two.

Very truly yours,  
D. G. FARRAGUT,  
*Rear Admiral.*

To Rear Admiral David D. Porter,  
Commd'g Mississippi Squadron.

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#### GEN. GRANT AND SPIRITUALISM

[Letter of Major Gen. Fitz John Porter, to Gen. Adam Badeau (Grant's chief of staff), about his case. (See the articles on The Army of the Potomac, in MAGAZINE for August, September and October.)]

119 WEST 47th ST., N. Y., Aug. 4, 1893.

GEN'L. ADAM BADEAU:

DEAR GENERAL:

I beg the favor of you to give me your candid reply to the following inquiry, with my assurance that the information *pro* or *con*, is for myself only, and neither the name of my informant or information is to go beyond myself. The information is merely to sustain or deny in my own mind, assertions I have lately heard:

Did you ever hear or know of a clairvoyant medium or spiritualist visiting Gen. Grant in this city or elsewhere, and having spiritualistic interviews with him, or of his ever visiting or accidentally meeting them, and if so, if he ever considered seriously what he was told?

I have been told that he has met one several times—more sought by the Spiritualist—and information given him on which he acted—& that one occasion was when he was advised to Examine into my case & he acted on the advice.

I will be much obliged if you will tell me what there is, if any, of truth in this known to you.

With best wishes  
Yours truly  
FITZ JOHN PORTER.

## JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

**I**T gives us pleasure to offer our readers the first installment of a distinctively American historical novel, which in its day had a phenomenal success, not only in its own country, but was republished in London, and translated into French and Dutch. Rufus Wilmot Griswold said of it: "The characters are natural and possess much individuality. One of the best is a meddling old Dutch gentleman, Ariel Vancour, who, with the best intentions, is continually making mischief; an everyday sort of person, whom I do not remember having seen so palpably embodied by any other author. The work is marked throughout with Mr. Paulding's quaint and peculiar humor, and is a delightful picture of New York Colonial life ('about the time of the old French War,' or 1756.) Its success (it was published in 1831), was immediate, and it is the best of Mr. Paulding's novels."

The author was born in the quaintly-named village of Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York, August 22, 1778, and died in Hyde Park, near Poughkeepsie, April 6, 1860. In his youth he was an intimate friend of Irving, Halleck, and the other literary leaders of that epoch, and was joint author with the two Irvings in the production of the first series of "Salmagundi"—the second series (1819) being written entirely by him. His chief works, in their order, are:

"The Backwoodsman" (a poem, which was translated into French and published in Paris); "Königsmarke," a novel founded on incidents in the history of the Swedish settlements on the Delaware; "John Bull in America"; "The Three Wise Men of Gotham"; "The New Mirror for Travellers"; "Tales of the Good Woman"; "Westward, Ho!" (which contains some of his best characters); "Life of Washington for Youth" (one of the best and most attractive sketches of its subject ever written).

From 1837 to 1840 he was Secretary of the Navy in President Van Buren's Cabinet, and official duties engrossed all his time; but on retiring from public life, —being then over sixty years old—he resumed literary work with no apparent diminution of his early ability, and in 1846 published "The Old Continental," which (says Griswold), "has all his peculiarities of manner and spirit." His magazine articles, too, of this period are equal to those of his best days.

Mr. Paulding was emphatically an American author—the scenes of his works are laid in his own country and says one critic, "there is hardly a character in his works who would not in any country be instantly recognized as an American." He was preëminently distinguished by his constant love of nature, hearty patriotism, and characteristic originality. The scenes of "The Dutchman's Fireside," to which we now introduce our readers, are chiefly on the upper Hudson, and Lake George; the celebrated Sir William Johnson is a prominent figure, and the entire story is replete with genuine historical interest; so much so that we are confident of the approval of all who follow it through the year (or more) during which it will run in our pages. When concluded, we will probably print a few copies of it in book form, with a portrait of the author and a more extended biography.

THE EDITOR.

## THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

### CHAPTER I

#### RURAL SCENES AND RURAL MANNERS

SOMEWHERE about the time of the old French war," there resided on the rich border that skirts the Hudson, not a hundred miles from the good city of Albany, a family of some distinction, which we shall call Vancour, consisting of three brothers whose names were Egbert, Dennis, and Ariel, or Auriel, as it was pronounced by the Dutch of that day. They were the sons of one of the earliest as well as most respectable of the emigrants from Holland, and honorably sustained the dignity of their ancestry, by sturdy integrity, liberal hospitality, and a generous public spirit.

On the death of the old patriarch, who departed this life almost a century old, according to the custom of those early times, the estate was amicably divided among his three sons; the portion of the eldest being alone distinguished from that of the others by comprising the old mansion-house. This was the sole compliment paid to the right of primogeniture, which in almost every other Christian country swallows up the inheritance of the younger offspring, and enables one man to wallow in overgrown luxury, at the expense of all the rest of his blood and name. This concession was rather a voluntary acknowledgment of the younger, than claimed by the elder brother. Neither at this early period of our infancy was it the general custom for people that had children to make their wills; and, however singular it may seem, there were fewer lawsuits concerning the division of property among heirs, than there is now, when such particular care is taken in the devising of estates, that it generally takes three or four courts, six or eight lawyers, and the like number of years to interpret the oracle. And how can it otherwise, since I once heard a great pleader affirm, that there never were three words put together, in any language, that would not admit of three different interpretations. Here, however, there was no necessity for the interference of strangers; the children knew the wishes of their parents, and for the most part complied without a murmur.

The settlement of Mr. Vancour's affairs was actually made without consulting a lawyer; partly, perhaps, for the reason that there was no person of that description within less than one hundred and sixty miles, at New York. According to Pliny, Rome subsisted five hundred years without a physician; which fact, however incredible it may appear, is equaled by the miracle of the city of Albany and the surrounding country having flourished for the best part of a century without the aid of a single lawyer. People can no more go to law without lawyers, than to war without arms; deprive them of both, and there would be no more occasion for peace societies. But to return.

Among the many good old fashions that prevailed in the days of ignorance and simplicity among our forefathers, was that of paying their debts themselves, instead of leaving it to their posterity. They knew little or nothing of the virtues of the *post obit*; nor, I believe, did it ever happen to occur to them, that it was a capital speculation to revel in luxuries and support a splendid establishment during life, leaving the penalty to be paid by their offspring. When old Mr. Vancour died, he paid the only debt he owed—the debt of nature.

In the division of the estate, Egbert, the elder brother, received the third part, which occupied the center, with the old mansion house; Dennis, that on the right, and Ariel, that on the left-hand. Each of these occupied the space which lay between a range of hills and the banks of the Hudson, on which they bordered about two miles equally. With a view to this arrangement, Mr. Vancour had erected, at different times, a comfortable mansion on either of the extremities of his estate; so that the two younger brothers were saved the expense of building.

At the period in which our history commences, the old gentleman had been dead many years, and Ariel, the youngest of the three brothers, was fast verging toward the stage of life in which a man runs imminent risk of being set down as an old bachelor by the young ladies. Dennis, the second brother, was a widower without issue; and Egbert was blessed with a most notable wife, the mother of an only daughter verging toward womanhood, and finishing her education at a boarding-school in New York. The house occupied by Mr. Vancour was built when it was customary for men to anticipate the possibility of their descendants', some one of them at least, inheriting and dwelling in their old nestling places. It was a large four-square mansion of two low stories, built of little yellow Dutch bricks, imported from Holland, as much from venera-

tion for the "Faderland," as from a certain unconsciousness of the capacity to do anything out of the ordinary way, that long beset, and still in some degree besets, the occupants of this western world. Right through the center ran a wide and stately hall, wainscoted with oak; from the farther end of which a broad staircase rose in such a gentle ascent as to be almost as easy as a railway. This staircase was defended on the outside by a row of chubby mahogany banisters, ranged so as almost to touch each other, and presenting in their plump exuberance fit models for the legs of all the gallant burghers of the country round. We know not whether it was in sympathy with these classical patterns, or from some other more occult influence, but certain it is, there hath not, since the fashion of them changed, been seen so goodly a set of legs, not even in the picture of the Declaration of our Independence, as was exhibited every Sabbath-day in summer-time, in woolen hose, at the little eight-square stone church of the Flats, at the time of which we are treating.

The furniture of the mansion corresponded with its Doric dignity and simplicity. There was nothing too fine for use, or which was not used whenever occasion required; although we are willing to confess, there was one hallowed room, dignified with the name of the spare room, which was difficult of access, and into which no one intruded except on very particular occasion. Here was the sacred depository of ancestral heirlooms. Chairs with high and haughty backs and worked satin bottoms, from the old country; a Brussels carpet; two vast china jars, on either side of the chimney, nearly five feet high; and the treasure of all treasures, a Dutch cabinet, exactly such a one as is now to be seen at Hampton Court, left there by King William, so exuberantly and yet so tastefully and richly ornamented with brass hinges and a lock covering almost half its front, that when properly rubbed, as it was every day, it was dazzling to behold. The brass had a silvery whiteness, a delicate lustre, such as is never exhibited by the bastard imitation of these degenerate days. But the most valued and valuable part of the embellishments, were a number of fine pictures of the Flemish school, which the elder Mr. Vancour had brought with him from Holland, and which have since been lost by the burning of the mansion of one of his later descendants.

The house stood about a quarter of a mile from the river, in the midst of a rich meadow, dotted here and there with vast primeval elms, standing like wide umbrellas, under which the lazy herds lay ruminating free from the midday sun. Four of these surrounded and almost hid the



mansion, all but its front, and furnished retreats for a host of twittering birds. Within a hundred yards on one side ran a brook, which descended from the hills about a mile in the rear, and which in the course of ages had made a deep ravine, skirted on either side with a wilderness of various woods, and plants, and briers, and wild flowers, and vines of every sort, where was, in the genial season, a perpetual concert of nature's never-tiring and never-tired songsters. This copse was wide enough to shelter an invisible road, the only passage to and from the home; so that all around it was nothing but one fair carpet of delicious green, unbroken by road or pathway.

The river in front slept between its verdant banks, for its course was so slow, so quiet, so almost imperceptible, that it seemed to partake in that repose which it diffused all around. Besides the elms and sycamores which the rich alluvion fostered into majestic exuberance, its borders were fringed at intervals with silvery willows drinking its pure moisture, and other dwarfish fry, from whose branches hung grape vines and vines of various other names, forming canopies, through which the pattering shower could scarcely win its way. The stream was about a quarter of a mile wide, so that every rural sight and rural sound could be clearly distinguished from side to side; and at the extremity of the rich meadows on the opposite shore, there rose a bold precipice of gray-beard rocks, enameled with light green mosses, and bearing on its summit a crown of towering pines of everlasting verdure.

There is certainly in the majesty of nature, its hoary rocks, its silent shadowy glens, foaming torrents, and lofty mountains, something that awakens the soul to high contemplation and rouses its slumbering energies. But there is in her gentler beauties, her rich and laughing meadows enameled with flowers, and joyous with sprightly birds, her waving fields of grain, her noiseless glassy streams, a charm not less delightful and far more lasting than the high-wrought enthusiasm of the other. Both have, without doubt, their influence on the human character. He who dwells in the rude regions of the mountain solitude will generally prefer dangerous and fatiguing enterprise to easy and wholesome labors. He would rather risk his safety for a meal, or go without it entirely, than earn it by the sweat of his brow in the cultivation of the earth. But the inhabitant of the rich plain, that pours from its generous bosom an ample reward for every hour of labor he bestows, is enamoured of security; he hates all changes but those of the revolving seasons; is seldom buffeted by extremes

of passion, never elevated to enthusiasm, or depressed to despair. If let alone, his life will probably glide away as noiselessly, if not as pure, as the gentle stream that winds its way unheard through his lowland domain. It has been said a thousand times, that the inhabitants of mountains are more attached to their homes than those of the lowlands; but I doubt the truth of the observation. Take any man away from his home and his accustomed routine of life, and he will sigh to return to them, the native of the plain, as well as the sojourner among the hills. The former we doubt would be as wretched among the rocks and torrents, the wild beasts, and hunters equally wild, as the latter in the laborious quiet of the fruitful valleys.

However this may be, the brothers to whom the reader has just been introduced, partook in a great degree of the character of the scene of their birth and of their inheritance, but modified in some particulars by certain peculiarities in their situation. Peaceful as was the abode they inhabited, and the aspect of all around them, they were not always reposing in the lap of security. Within thirty or forty miles, in almost every direction, roamed various tribes of Indians, whose fierce, unsteady, and revengeful nature made their friendship as precarious as their enmity was terrible. True, they were now at peace, or rather they had begun to submit to their inevitable destiny; yet still their friendship could not be relied on, and they not infrequently approached the neighboring settlements in the dead of the night, where they committed the most horrible atrocities. This state of things contributed to keep up a warlike spirit and habits of dangerous enterprise, among the early settlers, and they partook of the opposite characters of husbandman and soldier, in a degree which has seldom been known in the inhabitants of the rest of the world. The Vancours and their neighbors all found it necessary to mingle the arts of peace and war together, all had their arms at hand, and all knew how to use them.

The Vancours were people of fashion, as well as fortune. The elder more especially, from inhabiting the family mansion, and having a regularly established household, saw a great deal of company at times from Albany, New York, and elsewhere. His house indeed, was open to all respectable visitors, and was seldom without the presence of some stranger, friend, or relative from a distance. They were received and treated with that plain, unostentatious, quiet hospitality which always speaks a welcome. Madame Vancour, as she was called by way of emi-

nence, was a New York lady, born and bred, partaking almost equally in the blood of the genuine Hollander, the Englishman, and the Huguenot. New York, being at that time the residence of the English governor, was of course, the focus of fashion. The governor affected somewhat of the kingly state; and there being always a considerable number of troops in garrison, the place swarmed with red-coats, as some of our eating cellars now do with boiled lobsters. These ruddy sons of Mars were the prime objects of the ambition of our city belles, and happy was the damsel and proud the mother that could unite their fate and family with the lieutenant of a company of British grenadiers. His excellency, like most other excellencies, had plenty of aids-de-camp to keep up his state, write his invitations, pick up news, and carve at his table. These important functions, of course, entitled them to great distinction among our provincial belles, and it is on record in the traditions of those times, that the good matrons of the capital could never sleep quietly the night before a ball at the government house, for thinking whether their daughters would dance with an aid-de-camp. They occasionally demeaned themselves by marrying a provincial heiress, and many of the largest estates in the province, with a blooming damsel at the back of them, were exchanged for a red coat and a pair of gorgeous epaulettes, to the infinite contentment of the mothers, who partook largely in the dignity of the connection. I cannot affirm that the fathers and brothers shared in these triumphs; for already the fine airs of the pompous intruders, and their undisguised assumptions of superiority, had awakened in the bosoms of these homely provincials a feeling, which, in after-times mingling with others equally powerful, produced a revolution, of which the world yet feels, and will long feel the influence. The Vancours had many connections in New York among the most wealthy and fashionable of the inhabitants, and seldom missed paying them a visit of a few weeks in the course of every autumn. They were always well received, and as the governor never came to Albany without partaking in their hospitalities, he thought himself bound to repay them when they visited the place of his residence. This intercourse with the gay world kept up certain feelings and habits, which seldom fail to accompany it; but still, in the main, their characters partook largely of the simplicity of the country where they resided. In manners they might not be particularly distinguished from the polite and well-bred people of the world; but in habits and modes of thinking they were essentially different. There was a certain Doric simplicity in their mode of life, which has long since passed away, leaving behind what I sometimes feel inclined to doubt is but an inadequate compensation for its loss.

Dennis and Ariel, the two younger brothers, being the one a lonely widower, the other an equally lonely bachelor, spent a good deal of their time at the old mansion, where they were as much at home as at their own houses. The two elder brothers were greatly attached to each other, and fond of being together in their own quiet way. They sometimes passed a whole morning without exchanging half a dozen words. They had a way of communicating their thoughts by certain little expressive inarticulate sounds and unobtrusive gestures, which each one understood as well as he did his mother tongue. Ariel, on the contrary, was ungovernably impatient of idleness, and never could sit still fifteen minutes at a time without falling into a doze. He was a great hand at grafting and inoculating fruit trees; an industrious seeker after mushrooms; and mighty in all undertakings which had for their object the furtherance of good eating. In truth, he was one of those persons who are seldom without a project for the benefit of their neighbors, and who, though they never by any chance succeed in their own undertakings, can always tell to a nicety what will be most for the advantage of others. Dennis, on the other hand, had a horror of all innovation and improvement in rural economy; he despised labor-saving machines from the bottom of his soul, and held it as incontrovertible, that the human hand was the most perfect instrument ever invented. Ariel one year spent the proceeds of a whole crop in devising inventions for exterminating field mice; while Egbert secured half of his by labor and attention. Somehow or other, so it was, that one grew richer every year, and the other was always in want of money.

"They won't be here to-day," said Dennis, one morning, after his elder brother and himself had been sitting with their heads inclined toward each other about two hours, without exchanging a word.

"They won't be here to-day," echoed Egbert, and there ended the conversation for an hour at least.

"I think it will clear up before noon," quoth Dennis, eyeing the clouds as they separated above, disclosing a little piece of clear blue sky.

"I think it will," responded Egbert, and the matter was settled.

The expected arrivals were Colonel Vancour's wife and daughter, the latter of whom, having finished her education at the boarding-school, was now on her way home from New York with her mother. The reader will be pleased to recollect that this was long before the invention of

steamboats, and when a genuine Albany packet never dreamed of sailing but with a fair wind, nor scarcely ever passed the Overslaugh without paying it the compliment of running high and dry aground. We ourselves well remember, in long after-times, having once lain there seven days within seven miles of Albany; yet such appeared the immeasurable distance, that no one on board ever dreamed of leaving the vessel and going to the city by land. All waited patiently for an easterly wind or a heavy rain, to float them off again; and spent the time pleasantly in eating and smoking. In truth, there is no greater help to patience than a pipe of Blaze Moore's tobacco. But the fact is, people were neither so much in a hurry, nor was their time half so precious as it is now. In those days a man was all his life in making a fortune; at present he cannot spare so much time, because he has not only to make, but to spend a fortune before he dies. It would have been next to an impossibility to persuade a man to risk a quick passage to the other world, for the sake of shortening his journey in this.

The daughter, accompanied by her mother and Tjerck, an old black servant, had been expected more than a week, every day of which precisely the same colloquy as that we have just recorded passed between the two brothers. We ought to mention, that Mr. Egbert Vancour was prevented attending the ladies home by having been appointed a commissioner to hold a treaty with the Five Nations at Schenectady. The past week had been one of almost continual rain, and the three brothers each began to manifest impatience in his own way. The two elder by frequent emigrations from the chimney corner to the window; and the younger by marching out every five minutes, in the intervals between his naps, squaring himself with his thick short legs wide apart, and reconnoitering the weathercock, which, I ought to mention, was an iron shad, through whose sides were cut the letters D. V., in honor of the family.

At length, toward evening, the yellow sun broke through the opening western clouds, most gorgeously gilding the weeping landscape, and turning the cold drops of rain which had condensed on the grass and waving branches of the trees to sparkling diamonds bright. A brisk yet mellow south wind sprung up, and a fleet of sloops with snow-white sails appeared below, ploughing their merry way up the river. All turned out to see if they could distinguish the *Patroon*, the vessel in which the ladies had taken passage. The indefatigable Ariel was down at the wharf, in front of the mansion house, making a prodigious noise, and calling out to every vessel

that passed to know if the *Patroon* was coming, every now and then clearing his throat, as was his custom, with "a-hem!" that at length startled a flock of black ducks, which had maintained its station in a little neighboring cove for several days past. Sloop after sloop passed on, without stopping, until Ariel got out of all patience; he stamped about from one side of the wharf to the other; the *Patroon* was the worst of all vessels, and the captain the most lazy, slow-motioned, stupid of all blockheads.

"I knew it; d—n him, I knew it. I'll bet my life he is high and dry on the Overslaugh.—No! hey! no; d—n it, there she comes—there she is at last;" and he darted across the wharf toward her with such enthusiasm, that he broke his shins against a post; whereat he gave the *Patroon* and her captain another broadside, not forgetting the post.

Ariel was not mistaken: it was the *Patroon* and in a few minutes, Madame Vancour and her daughter Catalina were welcomed once more at the fireside of their best friends, with a quiet speechless warmth which nature dictated and nature understood. All but Ariel spoke through their eyes; but it was the characteristic of that worthy bachelor, to make a noise on all occasions of merriment or sadness; the more he felt, the more noise he made, and this propensity followed him even in his sleep; he being a most sonorous and indefatigable snorer, in all its varieties. He paraded round the young woman crying, "A-hem! bless me, how you have grown; a-hem! Zounds, I shouldn't have known you; why a-hem! d—n it you're almost as tall as I am!" And then he measured his little square stumpy figure with that of the tall graceful girl. Finally having exhausted all his waking noises, he placed himself in an armchair and fell into a sleep, from which he was only roused by the music of setting the supper-table, which above all others was most agreeable to his ear. "Hey! d—n it, what have you got for supper—hey!" and he marched round, taking special cognizance of the ample board.

"But where is Sybrandt?" asked Madame Vancour, "I expected, to be sure, he would be here to welcome us home."

"Oh, that's true, Dennis," said Egbert, "what has become of the boy?"

"I can't tell."

Ariel broke into one of his inspiring laughs, "I can," said he; "the

poor fellow sneaked away home, as soon as he knew the *Patroon* was in sight."

Egbert shrugged his shoulders; Dennis twisted a piece of celery with such a petulant jerk, that he overturned the whole arrangement of the dish, the pride of Dame Phillis, presiding goddess of the kitchen. Ariel cried, "A-hem!" like a Stentor, and madame and her daughter exchanged significant looks, and smiled. Sybrandt appeared not that night, and nothing more was said on the subject.

As this young gentleman is destined to make some figure in our story, we will take this opportunity to introduce him more particularly to the reader's notice.

## CHAPTER II

### THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO A BASHFUL YOUNG GENTLEMAN

SYBRANDT WESTBROOK was the only son of a distant female kinswoman of the Vancour family; once, it was supposed, a great favorite of Mr. Dennis, who had been suspected of something more than a mere liking for the lady. She was a beauty and an heiress, and married a British officer at New York, who dissipated her fortune, and finally went home and never returned. She left an only son, without fortune, or a protector to his infancy. But he found one in Mr. Dennis Vancour, who, after the death of his wife, took the boy home, adopted him as his son, and superintended his education. Dennis was a worthy man, with a vast many peculiarities. He cherished the old primitive Dutch manners, and above all the old primitive Dutch language, the only one he could now ever be brought to speak, although master of English. He had a great distaste for New York names, modes, and follies; and ever since he was cut out by a red-coat, cherished a mortal antipathy to every man who wore that livery. He disliked the new system of education daily gaining ground in the province, and the thousand innovations which its change of masters had introduced. The fashionable young men were coxcombs, and the fashionable young women only fit to dance, flirt, and make fools of themselves with the red-coats.

For these and divers other substantial reasons, he determined that his

adopted son should receive a domestic education, under the care of the good Dominie Stettinius, pastor of the congregation. The dominie was a staunch pillar of the Reformed Dutch church, a profound scholar, and a man of great piety as well as simplicity of character. He was bred at the famous university of Leyden; that renowned seminary, where Erasmus, Grotius, Grævius, and a thousand other illustrious scholars were educated; and where Scaliger, Salmasius, and a thousand illustrious masters presided from time to time. It was at Leyden, in the United Republics of Holland, that scholars sought refuge from monkish bigotry, that the liberty of thought, speech, and writing, maintained itself against the persecutions of church and state; and it was there that the greatest, the most indefatigable, and the most useful scholars that perhaps the world ever knew were protected as well as rewarded for their labors in the cause of learning and liberal opinions. The rival nations of France, Italy, and England have sought to monopolize the glories of learning, science, and philosophy; but if we resort to history and fact, we shall find that the civilized world is at least equally indebted to the Free States of Holland, and that at one period, comprising a century or more, had they not found a refuge there, they would in all probability have been persecuted into silence if not unto death.

Dominie Stettinius had been a laborious student, and was now a ripe scholar. This was some distinction in those days, when it required the labors of years to collect that knowledge which was then dispersed among thousands of bulky volumes, but is now collected and condensed in encyclopedias, dictionaries, and compendiums of various kinds. But the dominie was only a scholar and a pious divine; he possessed no one accomplishment except learning, nor had he a respect for any other; his manners were simple, almost rustic; and such was the sobriety of his notions, that, though a kind-hearted being as ever existed, he could hardly tolerate the smiles, the gayety, and the gambols of happy childhood.

This worthy divine, by desire of Mr. Dennis Vancour, took the entire charge of Sybrandt, at the age of seven years, and made a great scholar of him at nineteen. The good man was so zealous in plying him with books that he forgot men, and above all, women, who are as necessary to the formation of mind and manners as they are to the creation of the man himself. The consequence was, that the youth grew up a shy, awkward, reserved, abstract being, without the vivacity of his age, and ignorant as a child of that knowledge of the world which, like small



change, is essential to the everyday transactions of life. There was nothing on the face of the earth he was so much afraid of as a woman, particularly a young woman, whose very presence seemed to turn him into stone; and lock up the springs of thought as well as action. But notwithstanding all this, woman was the divinity of his soul, worshiped in secret in his rural walks and solitary contemplations. Some ideal mistress of his own creation was ever present to his imagination, and the propensity to love, which is the universal characteristic of youth, only became the more intense from his entire abstraction from the will and the means of its gratification. Thus, while from a consciousness of his awkwardness and embarrassment, he shunned all personal communion with woman, his whole soul was filled and animated by a latent smothered fire, a sleeping Cupid, which, when once roused into action by opportunity and an object, was destined to become the ruling influence of his life.

The person and aspect of Sybrandt were eminently handsome; but his manners and address deplorably rustic and ungainly. When addressed abruptly, his awkward embarrassment had the appearance of stupidity; and such were his habits of abstraction that he often gave the most silly answers imaginable. Thus he grew up with little to recommend him to the respect or affection of his fellow-creatures around but a sort of harmless stupidity, which the good dominie was pleased to call the gravity of wisdom. His vivacity, if nature had ever given him any, was entirely repressed by hard studies, want of company, and relaxation, reinforced by the stern gravity of the worthy Stettinius, who plied him with tasks days and night. His shoulders had become rounded like those of advancing decrepitude, and he had acquired a habit of stooping which destroyed the manliness and dignity of his figure.

With him, the happy days of childhood had been the season of perpetual toil. While he saw from the window of his scholastic prison the little urchins of the neighborhood sporting in the meadows, or on the white sandy river-beach, and heard their shrill shouts of unchecked vivacity, nature would yearn in his heart to partake in the frolic which she herself had provided for the little sons and daughters of men. But every glance from the everlasting book of tasks was watched and checked by the good dominie, who had outlived the recollection of his youthful feelings, and buried every impulse of nature under the mighty mass of scholastic rubbish, which the incessant labors of threescore years had concentrated in his memory. Assuredly learning is a thing of almost inesti-

mable value; but still I doubt it may be bought too dearly. Why should the season of childhood, which God and nature have ordained to be a period of freedom from cares and toils, be converted into one of labors and anxiety, for the sake of a little premature knowledge, which the early and tender intellect is unable to comprehend, or the comprehension of which requires an effort of the mind which stints its growth forever afterward? Knowledge should only keep pace with the natural growth of the human faculties. If it comes to exceed the powers of the mind, and to be too great for the grasp of our reason and judgment, the overburdened intellect becomes but an ass, laden with treasures of no use to the bearer, and only calculated to oppress the wholesome vigour and vivacity of nature. When I see a little urchin, who ought to be enjoying nature's holiday, and strengthening his constitution by wholesome exercise to bear the vicissitudes of the world in aftertimes, kidnapped and sent to school, to sit on a bench for four or five hours together, employed in learning by rote what he is unable to comprehend, I cannot help contemplating him as the slave and the victim of the vanity of the parent and the folly of the teacher. Such a system is only calculated to lay a foundation for disease and decrepitude, to stint the physical and intellectual growth, and to produce a premature old age of body and mind.

Sybrandt had seen but little of his cousin Catalina, as their relationship was denominated, previous to her being sent to the boarding-school; and less of her from that time. True, the young lady spent her vacations at home, but Sybrandt was either too hard at his studies, or too bashful to be much in her company. When this happened, he was pretty certain to be more than commonly stupid and embarrassed, so that Catalina had long set him down as little better than a sleepy country bumpkin of the first pretension. The youth had anticipated her arrival and final sojourning at her father's mansion, as an event of great interest to him.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

*(To be continued.)*

## MINOR TOPICS

### ROCHESTER LEAD MINES

James Alexander, the well known lawyer of New York city, paid £1.6 "on account of the lead mine at Rochester," April 22, 1732. On Nov. 24, 1731, he had paid £3.8.11 "balance," and £2, 1 farth. "towards charge until January next." He made further payments June 24, 1732, £7, "towards the charge of the Rochester Mine"; July 18, 1735, £14.6.8. to Henry Lane; Nov. 21, 1735, £5 to Henry Lane, and June 19, 1739, £5.9.5.1, to Henry Lane, on the same account.

The Rochester herein referred to was on the Rondout Creek, at the foot of the Shawangunk Mountains, where land was taken up as early as 1685, the Indian name of the region being Mumbackhouse, as appears by sundry references in the *Calendar of New York Land Papers*. The settlement was known as Rochester as early as 1715. Governor Hunter reported in a letter to the Lords of Trade, August 11, 1720, the presence of "lead at a great distance in the Indian settlement."—*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, 5:556. Governor Cosby reported, December 6, 1734: "Some lead mines have been found in severall parts of this Colony, but they have hitherto not been farr quit of cost expended on them, and if they happen to prove good, I believe the proprietors will rather send it home in Oar than be at the charge to erect Smelting houses here."—*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, 6:20.

Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden reported, February 14, 1738, to the Board of Trade: "Lead Oar has likewise been found in several parts of the province but nowhere as yet sufficient to pay expense of working."—*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, 6:122-127. Governor George Clinton reported, May 23, 1749: "In said province are mines of Lead & iron ores; the manufacturing of which has been of late proposed."—*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, 6:511. Governor William Tryon reported, June 11, 1774: "There is a mine in the Manor of Philipsburgh, in the County of Westchester, lately leased for 99 years (pursuant to the Royal order) to Frederick Philipse, Esquire. It is called a Silver Mine, but from the small Quantity of Silver Ore as Hitherto yielded, may perhaps more properly be classed among the Richer Sort of lead mines."—*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, 8:449.

The foregoing memoranda of payments by James Alexander are the only notes the writer has found specifically relating to the Rochester lead mines. They indicate that his experience was similar to that of other investors in mines, that they constitute a permanently increasing "sinking fund." What further is known of this mine? Was it worked earlier than 1731? Anthony Rutgers appears to have been interested at the same time with Alexander. Who else were concerned in its exploitation? Did it ever produce lead ore in any quantity?

CARTERT.

## TRINITY CHURCH PEWS IN 1722

NEW YORK Jan: 29th, 1722.

Then Received of James Alexander, Esq<sup>r</sup>. the sum of ten pounds w<sup>ch</sup> he subscribed towards enlarging Trinity church & to be allowed in part payment for half of a Pew in the New building by the church wardens I say Received the Year & day above named

WILL. VESEY, *Rector*.

## AN ANTIQUARIAN'S TRIALS

The eccentricities of indexing are a constant source of amusement, when they are not annoying. Searching the index of "Old Times in Old Monmouth" (N. J.) for the name of Ball, I found a reference to the name, and turning to page 163 was rewarded (?) with this entry in a debit and credit account dated 1722, viz:

"12 Dec: To *Ball*. due this day  
£38, 4.0.

## NEW JERSEY VS. THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE IN 1802

In an impassioned address by the Federalists of New Jersey to the electors of that State, in 1802, is this fierce arraignment of the Jefferson Republicans:

"They promised to pay off the Public Debt, pretending that a National debt was a public curse; yet they have made a Treaty which adds to it Fifteen

millions, two hundred and fifty Thousand Dollars, and taxes every family in New Jersey at least *twenty dollars*—and all this to assist BUONAPARTE and buy a wilderness inhabited by Savages, and wholly useless to New Jersey. . . . Produce has sunk, and lies on hand, and the Colonization of Louisiana will ruin the agricultural prosperity of New Jersey."

## THE N. Y. CITY HALL

The City Hall in New York, built with white marble from Berkshire County, Massachusetts, except the basement and rear, which are of freestone from New Jersey, exhibits a specimen of taste and elegance which does honour to the commercial metropolis of the United States. It is the most superb edifice in America, and would be an ornament to any city in the world.—Alden's *Epitaphs*, V., p. 282. N. Y., 1814.

[As true to-day as when written, yet the "improvers" in the city government had this beautiful building "skinned" outside a year ago,—despite the protests of artists and historical societies—on the plea that it "needed cleaning!" Thus the beautiful mellow tone that the marble had acquired through nearly a century has been entirely lost. If Greece contained such vandals, they would have "cleaned" the Parthenon ere this.—ED.]

## THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**A**T the annual meeting, January 2, 1906, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Samuel Hoffman; first vice-president, Frederic W. Jackson; second vice-president, Francis R. Schell; foreign corresponding secretary, Archer M. Huntington; domestic corresponding secretary, George R. Schieffelin; recording secretary, Acosta Nichols; treasurer, Charles A. Sherman; librarian, Robert H. Kelby.

At the February meeting the paper of the evening on "Benjamin Franklin," illustrated with stereopticon views, was read by Mr. C. W. Bowen. A copy of the first edition of Smith's "History of the Province of New York" (London, 1757), with plate, presented by the author to the Rev. Chauncey Graham, great great grandfather of Mr. Clarence Storms, was presented by the latter to the society.

The miniature portraits of John Pintard (founder of the society), and of his wife, Eliza (Brasher) Pintard, painted by John Ramage in 1787, were also presented by their grandson, Mr. George Hancock Servoss.

Another valuable recent acquisition is 378 original wood-blocks, designed by Dr. Alexander Anderson, the father of American wood-engraving.

These had been collected by the late Frederick A. Castle, M.D., and were presented by his widow.

An autograph letter of William Bradford, New York's first printer, addressed to Captain Dinns, June 26, 1724, was presented by Mrs. Eugene A. Hoffman.

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## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

### *Notice*

This department is omitted this month, owing to the fact that Mr. Greenlaw has been obliged to resign, owing to pressure of other duties. It will be resumed in February, under the care of Mr. George W. Chamberlain, 92 Front Street, Weymouth, Mass.





Leslie's Retreat, Salem, February 26, 1775

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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VOL. III

FEBRUARY, 1906

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**M**Y first meeting with Abraham Lincoln was in 1854. I had secured a position as a reporter on a newspaper in Chicago. I had scarcely become acquainted with my duties in the office when I was sent by the chief editor to Springfield, Ill., to report a speech of Mr. Lincoln against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

As I was the reporter of the principal Whig newspaper in the State (Mr. Lincoln himself belonging to that party), I was the recipient of some local attention when I arrived in Springfield, and was presented to Mr. Lincoln before he made his speech. I had never even heard his name before. At first glance his appearance was not attractive. He was tall, bony, angular, and destitute of all the graces except a winning cast of countenance with which he greeted all comers; but that counted for much. Kindliness and honesty beamed from his eyes and from every wrinkle on his face. All this I took in at my first meeting with him, but I did not expect much of a speech from him.

It was a warmish day in early October, and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that, although awkward, he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates, or facts. It was evident that he had mastered his subject, that he knew what he was going to say, and that he knew he was right. He had a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice of much carrying power, that could be heard a long distance in spite of the bustle and tumult of a crowd. He had the accent and pronunciation peculiar to his native State, Kentucky. Gradually he warmed up with his subject, his angularity disappeared, and he passed into that attitude of unconscious majesty that is so conspicuous in Saint Gaudens's statue at the entrance of Lincoln Park in Chicago. I have often wondered how this artist, who never saw the subject of his work, could have divined his presence and his dignity as a public speaker so perfectly.



Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius and his arms and body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures would not be called either graceful or ungraceful. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself. His listeners felt that he believed every word he said, and that like Martin Luther he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it. In such transfigured moments as these he was the type of the ancient Hebrew prophet as I learned that character at Sunday school in my childhood.

This speech was two or three hours long. It made so profound an impression upon me that I feel under its spell to this day. It is known in history as Mr. Lincoln's Peoria speech. Although first delivered at Springfield, October 4, 1854, it was repeated at Peoria twelve days later and then first published.

Four years later, I was brought into more intimate relations with Mr. Lincoln. I then filled a subordinate place in the office of the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. Lincoln had been nominated by the Republicans of Illinois for the seat in the United States Senate then held by Stephen A. Douglas. A senatorial campaign unsurpassed in interest and unparalleled in results was thus begun. I was chosen by my employers to accompany Mr. Lincoln, to describe the scenes and the events, and generally to write up the campaign for the newspaper. This task brought me into Mr. Lincoln's society almost constantly for four months. We were often together in public conveyances and public houses without other company. Mr. Lincoln was seldom silent when he had anybody to talk with. I was frequently his only interlocutor, and although I was but a stripling, he honored me with his conversation, and paid the same deference to mine as though I had been his equal in years and experience. He never gave himself any airs of superiority over anybody, old or young, white or black.

He put everybody at ease whom he met without seeming to do so, or being aware that he was doing so, and he was always at ease himself except in fashionable society. In any place where he was expected to exert himself in a social way, he was in marked distress.

In 1858, Senator Douglas filled the public eye to a greater extent than any other living American, not excepting President Buchanan. His committee in Illinois advised him not to accept Lincoln's challenge to public debate, saying that if he did so he would lift Lincoln into a position of prominence which he could not otherwise gain. This sounds rather oddly now, but it was a true conception. Lincoln could not have been nominated for President in 1860 if Douglas had not accepted his challenge. Lincoln was brought into the range of vision by his conflict with the Little Giant, but when he once came within the range of vision, he remained there by his merits, and very soon he was recognized as the greater man of the two. Douglas knew that if he should decline Lincoln's challenge on any grounds whatever, he would lose the battle. The people of Illinois were accustomed to joint debates. They had no use for carpet knights or for any candidate for public honors who was not willing to meet his competitor face to face. So Douglas accepted the challenge, but he limited the number of joint debates to seven, evidently thinking that these would be sufficient to save his reputation for courage, but not sufficient to give Lincoln the advantage to which his logical power and his moral standing entitled him. Each of these men was running for President then, but only one of them knew that fact, and that one was Douglas.

To give any adequate account of this campaign would be a task of hours, even of days, and would be quite inappropriate here. I shall add something, however, concerning Lincoln's traits as I learned them from personal contact and observation.

He was a many-sided man and one who presented striking contrasts. He was the most humorous being I ever met, and also one of the most serious. His humor was of the impromptu and contagious kind that takes possession of all parts of the person as well as all the parts of speech. As a master of drollery he surpassed all of his contemporaries in Illinois, and yet his solemnity as a public speaker and a political and moral instructor was like that of an Old Testament prophet. He was the only public speaker I have ever known thus doubly gifted, whose powers of mirth did not submerge or even impair his powers of gravity.

"He combined within himself," says Mr. Henry C. Whitney, "the strangely diverse rôles of head of the State in the agony of civil war, and also that of the court jester; and was supremely eminent in both characters." This sounds like a paradox, but it is quite true. The Lincoln who fought Douglas on the stump in 1858 took all of his jocose as well as his serious traits to Washington in 1861. Yet he knew his own intellectual powers. He knew that he could move masses of men; and he felt the burden of duty upon him to use those gifts for high and noble ends. There was also a vein of melancholy in his makeup, which was habitual to him in repose. I saw him many times when his face wore a look of sorrow that was painful to behold. Yet five minutes later he would be reminded of a little story by a remark made by somebody else, and would convulse a whole room full of people with laughter by telling it.

How are we to account for these wonderful turns "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"? Well, he was not the only person thus doubly endowed. We learn from Morley's *Life of Gladstone* that the latter at the height of his career was not averse to dancing a jig, and that he could sing a comic song with effect. We know, too, that the same genius that gave us *Macbeth*, and *Lear*, and *Hamlet*, gave us *Falstaff*, and *Touchstone*, and *Dogberry*. Shakespeare was the superior of Sophocles in tragedy and of Aristophanes in comedy. Lincoln did not have the gift of poetry, but within the range of prose his power of expression was akin to that of Shakespeare. I chanced to open the other day his Cooper Institute speech. This is one of the few printed speeches that I did not hear him deliver in person. As I read the concluding pages of that speech, the conflict of opinion that preceded the conflict of arms then sweeping upon the country like an approaching solar eclipse, seemed prefigured like a chapter of the Book of Fate. Here again he was the Old Testament prophet, before whom Horace Greeley bowed his head, saying that he had never listened to a greater speech, although he had heard several of Webster's best.

The subject of human slavery, which formed the principal theme of Mr. Lincoln's speeches, has touched many lips with eloquence and lighted many hearts with fire. I listened to most of the great anti-slavery orators of the last half century, including Wendell Phillips, Owen Lovejoy, and Henry Ward Beecher, but I must say that Abraham Lincoln, who was not classed as an anti-slavery orator, or even an anti-slavery man, before he

issued the Emancipation Proclamation, made a stronger anti-slavery impression upon me than any of them.

The reason why he was not reckoned by the anti-slavery men in 1858 as one of themselves was that he made the preservation of the Union, not the destruction of slavery, his chief concern. But he held then, as he did later, that the Union must be preserved consistently with the Constitution and with the rule of the majority. Preserving it by infringing these was, in his view, an agreement to destroy it.

Mr. Lincoln quickly gained the confidence of strangers, and, if they were much with him, their affection as well. I found myself strongly drawn to him from the first, and this feeling remains to me now as a priceless possession. James Russell Lowell said that he counted it a great gain to have lived at the same time with Abraham Lincoln. How much greater the gain to have felt the subtle influence of his presence. This personal quality, whose influence I saw growing and widening among the people of Illinois from day to day during that great campaign, eventually penetrated to all the Northern States, and after his death to all the Southern States. It was this magical personality that commanded all loyal hearts. It was this leadership that upheld confidence in the dark hours of the war and sent back to the White House the sublime refrain:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

Could any other man then living have grappled the affections and confidence of the plain people and held them steadfast and unwavering as did this homely giant of the prairies? He was himself one of the plain people. What was in his mind and heart was in theirs. He spoke straight into their bosoms. He translated the weightiest political and social problems this country has ever dealt with into language that all could understand. Nobody was so humble, nobody so high, that he could not draw new lessons and new inspiration from Abraham Lincoln during that great crisis.

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

Looking back upon the whole anti-slavery conflict, is it not a cause for wonder that the man who finally led the nation through the Red Sea and gave his own life at the very entrance of the promised land, was born

in a slave State, of the most humble parents, in crushing poverty, and in the depths of ignorance, and had reached the age of fifty before he was much known outside of his own State? Was there ever such unpromising material from which to fashion the destroyer of American slavery?

Now, it may be questioned whether these impressions of Abraham Lincoln are the ones I formed half a century ago, or whether they are due to the mightier events of the civil war, which came later. It is not easy to separate first impressions from subsequent ones of the same kind, but I found it possible to do so in this case by referring to the records of my journeyings with Mr. Lincoln in 1858, written down by myself at that time, which I examined not long since. I am thus enabled to say that the later events, which crowned Mr. Lincoln's life and death with glory, confirmed and heightened my first impressions, but did not alter them in any other sense. Altogether, they teach a lesson in public duty, true citizenship, and devotion in the common weal, which is not surpassed in ancient or modern times. He was one of "Plutarch's men," and his name will stand among the great ones of the earth, who have been a blessing and not a scourge to mankind.

HORACE WHITE.

*Evening Post, N. Y.*



## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DEBATE BETWEEN LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS

**T**HE seventh, or last, of the Lincoln-Douglas debates was held in Alton, Ill., in October, 1858. Alton was then an important place in the antislavery controversy, being the place where was enacted, twenty-one years before, the first great tragedy of the antislavery struggle, by which Elijah P. Lovejoy lost his life. To-day the only permanent mark to perpetuate the memory of the incident is the monument in the city cemetery erected to the memory of Lovejoy by the State of Illinois and the citizens of Alton. Although the matter of placing a tablet on the old city hall building to mark the place where the great Lincoln-Douglas debate took place, has been suggested frequently by officials of the Illinois State Historical Society, no real move has been made to set up the mark and, to-day, only a fast-disappearing remnant of the men of the early days can point out to the younger generation where the great debate was, which marked the beginning of the close of that great controversy. Few of those who were of years to fully appreciate the importance of the great event in Alton's history remain to recall the story of the debate. Hon. H. G. McPike, who was at that time one of the prominent figures in the new Republican party, retains a vivid impression of the great throng, the tense interest, the points discussed and the reception which the speakers evoked at Alton. He says:

“ The speeches in the debate were really a review of important points which had been brought out elsewhere in their campaign by the two great speakers. The debate occurred at the northeast corner of the city hall, where we had erected a great platform, at the base of two hills, where the speakers could be seen and heard by a vast number of people. We had counted on a large crowd to hear the close of the debate, but we were greatly surprised at the magnitude of it. Early in the morning people began arriving in vehicles from the country districts. Madison county and the adjacent counties, which contributed to the throng, were strongly Democratic, and no doubt Judge Douglas had the majority of the audience with him.

I was a member of the committee on arrangements, and was

chosen to represent the Republican party on the platform with the speakers. Judge Douglas sat to the right of Mr. Lincoln. His appearance was in strong contrast with that of his antagonist in debate. Lincoln—tall, gaunt and ungraceful in his gestures; Douglas—short, thickset and much more graceful. The day was a beautiful one—one of the prettiest I have ever known in October. When the hour for the speaking arrived the whole arena was crowded with thousands of people for several blocks in front of the stand. It was planned to make the close the greatest of the series of debates. The weeks of strenuous struggle throughout the State were to be ended at Alton. The press of Illinois and of St. Louis had stirred up interest in the debate by printing sharp comments on the speeches. Nothing had been so intensely interesting since the discussion of the slavery question and the adoption of the State constitution. Tables for use of the newspaper reporters were set up before the speakers' stand and representatives were there from the greatest papers in the country. Revel W. English was named as the Democratic representative on the platform, while I was the Republican representative.

When the speakers were introduced the audience repressed its excitement and listened eagerly. It seemed to me that Judge Douglas was suffering from a severe cold and was very hoarse. He labored under a disadvantage which to me seemed to detract from the power of his argument. From a distance his voice sounded like that of a mastiff giving short, quick barks. He had the opening speech, and on being introduced was received with a tumult and great enthusiasm. Throughout the speech Judge Douglas received such cheering as I had never heard before.

When Lincoln was introduced he gained the immediate attention of his audience. He threw into his voice and gestures an animation that bound the audience with a spell. When he touched on the slavery feature of his address, it seemed to me there came an eloquence born of the earnestness of a heart convinced of the sinfulness—the injustice and the brutality of the institution of slavery, which made him a changed man. So long as I live I will never lose the impression he made upon me. It helped strengthen my convictions on the subject of human slavery, and I have heard boys who heard him say that it shaped their opinions and fixed their views in after life. His long arms rose and fell and swayed in air in the gestures which became to the audience under his spell models of grace and beauty. His tones rang out clear, and his resonant voice proclaimed with profound conviction the doom of slavery or the doom

of the nation. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand,' said he, 'and this nation must be all free or all slave,' suiting his words to those of the Christ when he denounced sin and said that sin and unrighteousness could not exist with righteousness in the heart of the same individual. He argued that the principles of slavery and freedom could not exist in the nation side by side. Frequently he would pause in his argument and, turning to Judge Douglas at his side, would say, 'Is not that so, Judge Douglas, is not that so?' I forgot the ungainly form and homely face and seemed to see the great heart of Lincoln beating in its horror of the infamy of the institution against which he inveighed. Wild and long continued cheering from Republican throats punctuated the points of Lincoln, while the Democrats stood silently or glumly listening to his discourse. The audience was orderly, with no disturbing feature to mar it. Frequently Lincoln would turn to his little opponent in the debate and with his face beaming benevolence, he would refer to 'My friend, Judge Douglas.'

The Alton debate was a great one—some asserting it was the greatest of all the seven. Men listened to it who became widely known in public life, thereafter, and some of them publicly said that the debate at Alton sounded the knell of slavery, while it paved the way for the election of Lincoln as President two years later. It made such an impression on my mind that to-day the tones of Lincoln are still vibrating in my ears, and it stirred my heart as nothing else did and made me a greater foe of the institution of slavery.

Lincoln's sarcasm in referring to Judge Douglas' views on the question of extending slavery to new States was biting. He predicted that if slave owners from slave States were permitted to take their slave labor into the new States, and there mingle with men of differing views, it would be only a short time until the match of passion would start the fire that would soon drive the man from Massachusetts to fly at the throat of the man from Louisiana. He said that a government to be good must take care of the governed and must keep down the troubles which would naturally arise from a further extension of slavery, and history has borne him out in that respect."

*Globe-Democrat, ST. LOUIS.*



## ANTE BELLUM: THE OLD ARMY IN TEXAS IN '61

**A**T this distant date, so distant from the occurrences of which I am about to speak, I shall give as nearly a full account as possible of what took place beginning at Fort Clark, in Western-Middle Texas, in March, 1861. I was a bridegroom then, and my honeymoon at its full and just at this time I did my duty with a zest and springiness of purpose, that was the outgrowth of my beatitude, even to the "shinning it" on all fours, across a log that spanned the Rio Las Moras, to visit a sentinel as "officer of the *day*," when the night was so dark that the log was invisible and the sentinel apt to make himself discernible by the flash of his musket, as he first fired and then challenged; so that one can well see my mind was fit only for pleasurable emotion, and my whole being was rudely shaken when the news was received that an amicable division was to be made between North and South—we to take post on one of the Great Lakes, being relieved by Texas State troops at Fort Clark. The wonderful news being confirmed by the knowledge that the order for the evacuation came direct from General Twiggs, Department Commander, matters were soon arranged for departure. I was then a second lieutenant of the Third U. S. Infantry, quartermaster, commissary and acting ordnance officer of the post. To receive the government property, a Doctor Cummings, "Commissioner of the State of Texas," was to come with the State troops and receipt for them. But a few days remained for preparation; I had to look about for transportation for my wife and self. I had an ambulance, the one which had brought us from New Mexico, but no horses, when fortunately the Fort Inge sutler who was visiting at Fort Clark, traded his two-horse buggy with me, and Captain, afterwards Major General, George Sykes, in the goodness of his heart, offered to help me in breaking two of my riding horses to draw it, and after a few days they seemed to go quietly enough from my quarters out to the front of the fort and back without stopping. Then came a morning, when, after *reveille*, we saw a number of strangers, the most motley crew I ever beheld, in groups and singly, examining everything in sight, and one, rather better dressed than the others, standing on the porch of the commanding officer's quarters, talking with Major O. L. Sheppard, then in command. None were in uniform—and these were the "State Troops" that had

come to relieve us. In about two days I completed the transfer of the government property to Dr. Cummings, and held his receipts. In the order for the evacuation, it was stipulated that we were to march out with our arms, side-arms and personal property, and to salute the flag. I was to take command of the battery, which was directly in front of the flag-staff, and fire the national salute, immediately on which the troops were to start. All was ready and I was about to commence firing, when I noticed the Texas officer, with something under his left arm that was evidently a flag, but not the Stars and Stripes, and I determined in a second that it should not wave over our heads or even within our range of sight; so stepping over to the sergeant who held the halliards, ready to lower away as soon as the salute should be finished, I whispered to him to get the bight of the rope in his hand and cut it unseen and let the end come to the ground when the flag was lowered. In a moment, as the last gun was fired, the thing was done, the cord ran through the truck and fell to the ground. The troops wheeled into column of platoons, and away they went, five companies strong, to the music of the band, down the road toward the coast and the starting point for the voyage home, when I put my wife into the buggy, jumped in beside her. As I passed the Texas captain, he was still standing with his flag under his arm and looking as black as a thunder cloud. As I reached the top of the hill and looked back before descending, there was no flag flying on the old staff, but I could see a man climbing it, to re-reeve the halliards. And just then I began to see the mistake Sykes and I had made in breaking the horses to harness. We had taught them to pull all right, but had never instructed them in the highly necessary art of stopping except at my own door, where they had really always stopped of their own accord. Now, as soon as they got on the down grade and the breeching touched them, they started at a brisk gait, and a donkey-engine could not have stopped them. They absolutely ran away and were only checked by running them into a fence. When the command had passed, we took our place in the rear of the train of ambulances, as befitted the rank of a second lieutenant; and then, with the back of a vehicle to run the pole into, if necessary, the team was taught how to stop when it was required of them.

From here we travelled uneventfully, making good daily drives and camping usually on beautiful spots with plenty of those requirements of a traveller of that day—wood, water and grass. During this time I heard but little talk among our officers as to the situation of affairs and the great changes that had come upon us. It irked us of course to think

that our country should be dismembered, but we had known of the long-existing bitterness that had existed between certain factions, divided by "Mason and Dixon's line," and as our orders came through legitimate channels, we thought that some compromise had been effected and that the country was divided, as the rumor had stated, and we had but to obey orders. Among our southern born officers there was no talk or thought of leaving us; nor did I witness much feeling but once, and that in the case of an officer<sup>1</sup> who passed us in his ambulance with his wife, on his way to his wife's home in Arkansas to recruit his health. We had been great friends, and he told me, with tears, that he would never desert "the old gridiron," as he called the flag; but alas the influence of Governor Rector at Fort Smith was too much for him, and he died in his first battle at Pea Ridge, as a Confederate brigadier.

Day by day we ate up our rations and a part of the two hundred miles' journey, until near San Antonio, where an orderly met us with a message from Colonel Waite, who had relieved General Twiggs in command of the department.

The message suggested that as there was some excitement among the citizens, it would be well if the command were marched around the city. Why the people should be excited we could not imagine, as we had had full assurance of their good will from their representatives. However, the old regiment was not in the habit of sneaking around through by-ways when the main road was open. Major Sheppard called a council of the officers and it was determined that the full-dress uniform should be gotten out and put on, band instruments and regimental flags unpacked and that we should march through San Antonio with everything flying, blowing and beating—so that for a while everything was in confusion. Colonel Waite had sent for me. I found him at the Menger House, the hotel of the city. After a short talk, he warned me to be careful of the \$3500 government money which I told him I had as quartermaster and acting commissary, and dismissed me. I rode to meet our people, and met them just as they entered, colors flying, band playing, drum major nearly turning himself inside out with his *bâton*, and every officer and man as fine as brass and bullion could make him; and now occurred an incident that I can never forget; an old, bareheaded, gray-haired gentleman, whose name I afterwards found to be Bell, a jeweler of San Antonio, also met the column. He was wrapped from head to foot in an American flag, as a mantle, and stood in the middle of the road waiting. As

<sup>1</sup> Steen.

soon as the drum major was within a few feet of him, he faced about, took the step and with his head high in air and his old eyes flashing, he marched through the town and past its last houses in the suburbs, and then fell out, and was cheered to the echo as the column passed him. I was afterwards told that he lived in San Antonio and was loyal throughout the whole war; and in a note to Colonel Geo. E. Glenn, U. S. A., Mr. Bell's daughter stated that the old gentleman died there, and was buried in that same flag.

Returning to Colonel Waite, I reported the passage of the troops, received some instructions from him, and rejoined the column—but the horses ran away as we crossed a dry creek next day, and my wife insisted they be replaced by mules, which was done, and she felt safe, though the new team ran away twice a day thereafter.

At Green Lake, twenty miles from the coast, we were to camp, awaiting the rest of the regiment to arrive at Indianola from Ringgold Barracks on the Rio Grande, as it had been arranged that all of the companies, with band and regimental headquarters were to embark for New York on the same vessel, the *Empire City*. Tents were soon pitched and we had a short time before dark to look about us, the result being that we found five companies of the Second Cavalry, with band and headquarters, in camp nearby, making ready to sail in the next transport that should arrive after we had sailed. Here we remained three weeks, until the commanding officer of the camp, Colonel Larkin Smith, became impatient and ordered that we, with the five companies of cavalry and their "outfit" should embark in the steamer then waiting for us off the bar at Indianola, and that the rest of our regiment, when they arrived, should take the next steamer. We accordingly marched to Indianola, and encamped. I sold my buggy, harness and one horse, to a citizen, and arranged with him to send my other horse to me in the East, *via* New Orleans and the Mississippi; so little did I suspect or know of the actual condition of affairs in the country. Of course, I never saw the horse again. The next day we prepared to embark, and for this we had to use two small steamers, the *United States* and *Fashion*, as lighters, to reach our ship, which drew too much water to cross the bar, and had to anchor ten miles out. The *Fashion* being the larger, took the troops, and the *United States* everybody else, including a great many children. I was detailed to this duty—and leaving my pistol and the bag containing all my money on the cabin table, in charge of my wife, I bustled about and remained

until the lines had been cast off at the wharf; when upon returning to the cabin to get everybody on deck, I found pistol, belt and money all had disappeared, and they staid disappeared, too, so I might say I left pretty much all I possessed in the land of the lariat and cowboy.

There was no time, however, to grieve over it. I got everyone on deck, and when we got alongside the *Empire City*, the two vessels would roll apart so far, at times, as to drop a long steamship gang-plank into the water between them, and the whole of the *Fashion* port railing was torn from her from stem to stern. All the women being safely transferred, I had the tug of war—the problem of getting the children aboard. To do this we had to wait for the vessels to roll together, and while they touched, and as long as they touched, to pass the youngsters aboard by hand. I stood on the low rail, holding on to a stay, and Lieutenant Arnold of the cavalry stood opposite, on the ship's hail, and as the opportunity occurred, I passed him a child. As each mother had about six, it took some time.

The day's work at length was done, and every one worn out by it and the excitement. We lay at anchor, rolling and pitching, a gunboat half a mile off, which was to convoy us as far as Havana, where we were to coal. But as a fierce "norther" sprang up the next morning, we did not see her again until we had been nearly two days at Havana. I suppose she had as much as she could do without bothering her head about us.

The ship was very much crowded, and as Sykes and I were the only two of the infantry that could hold up our heads by this time, when everyone else was sea-sick, we had our hands full. I shall only say that five minutes at a time was all either of us could stand, before rushing up the ladder for a mouthful of fresh air—and we had to go down at short intervals all night to make sure there should be no chance of fire breaking out with this mass of people aboard.

And now, while I think of it, as so much has been said of the desertion of the flag by Southern officers at that time, let me say that there was not one officer who left Fort Clark<sup>2</sup> who was not now aboard the ship, and several, too, were Southern men.

While we lay at anchor, the *Star of the West* came in sight, with the remaining companies of the Third aboard, and a council of the older officers was called, to consider whether it was expedient, or even possible

<sup>2</sup> Except Steen, as before mentioned.

to disembark the cavalry, in order to take Sibley's command on board. It was determined, and very properly, that it was not—and the captain of the ship was so instructed. The Texas government had kept faith with us, but violated it most grossly with Sibley and all who came after him, and they were all made prisoners of war. Of this, however, we knew nothing until long after.

In about two days, after an extremely rough passage, we arrived at Havana, and hardly had the anchor reached the bottom before a crowd of small boats put out to meet us. From the occupant of one we learned that there was a report that Fort Sumter had been fired on by the Charleston people—but that it was doubted. Nor surely did we believe it, as a struggle between North and South we had not thought of—and the matter passed without remark. At first we were not allowed to land; but as soon as it was known who we were the Captain-General invited the officers and their wives to visit him at the Palace, which we did in full uniform, afterwards seeing the sights of the city. And, as we went off in the boat to the steamer, we saw, for the first time, the Confederate flag. It was flying at the mast head of a schooner; but as the flag was not recognized by the authorities it was not allowed to be flown at the gaff, nor had the vessel been allowed to pass Morro Castle with it displayed as she entered—or, as far as I could learn, was any especial significance attached to it.

Having remained two days and coaled, we weighed anchor and when the sun sank in the Gulf, we were bound for the Atlantic. The rest of the voyage was uneventful until we were boarded by the pilot, off Sandy Hook, and then a shell of news was dropped among us, and the explosion brought the utmost consternation and sorrow. Never can I forget the effect the pilot's story had, fore and aft the steamer. Nor can I expect to describe it so as to take you back with me to that time and place.

He told us Fort Sumter had fallen to the guns of rebellious South Carolina, and that fighting was now going on all over the country. This of course was exaggerated—but we did not know it and thought it the truth.

Recollect that we had come home perfectly ignorant of the true state of affairs, with no thought but that what was told us in Texas was true; not brought to the crisis gradually, as had been the North, but shoved against it in all its hideousness, without a moment's warning. The

blow was stunning; and as we got closer to the city and vessel after vessel passed us loaded with troops and munitions of war, colors flying, bands filling the air with patriotic strains, soldiers cheering as vessels passed or overtook each other, I saw men and officers clinging to each other and crying like children, until old Captain Whiting of the Second Cavalry tore himself away from his friend, jumped on the rail, and clinging to a back stay, called the men to "attention," and sang out, "Now give the old flag three times three with a will—and take the time from me." And with a wave of his hand such a yell and such another and yet another, went up from that deck as I have never heard before or since—full of tears, and full of devotion to the Stars and Stripes.

And now the war had begun, and the time "before the war" had ceased, and with it, my theme has come to an end.

WILLIAM H. BELL, U. S. A. (retired.)

ARVADA, OHIO.

[Read before Loyal Legion of Ohio.]



## LESLIE'S RETREAT

[By the courtesy of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., we have the privilege of using the plate of the picture of "Leslie's Retreat" for the frontispiece of this volume, together with the following descriptive matter by permission of the Mass. S. A. R.—ED.]

ON Sunday, February 26, 1775, the 64th British Regiment of the Line, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable Alexander Leslie commanding, landed at Marblehead from Castle William in Boston Harbor. The Marblehead people were at afternoon service. The regiment, with loaded muskets and bayonets fixed, marched to Salem under orders to seize military stores concealed there.\*

As soon as its destination was known, Major John Pedrick of Marblehead rode "across lots" to Salem, and gave the alarm. Arrived at Salem, where the movement was delayed at New Mills by the tearing up of the bridge over South River, the troops were guided by a Loyalist towards "North Fields," a section reached by a drawbridge over North River. Here they found the draw raised to arrest their progress. Some flatboats lying in the stream were promptly scuttled by their owners in the face of the troops. Across the river a large number of people were gathering, armed as opportunity offered.

Colonel Timothy Pickering, then a young militia officer (afterwards Secretary of War under Washington) was among them. Parson Thomas

\* A month afterwards Colonel Leslie sailed to Marblehead, for the purpose of seizing some artillery which the provincials had deposited at Salem as a place of comparative security. He landed his detachment successfully on a Sunday morning; but, when the alarm reached the nearest meeting-house, the congregation turned out and took up a position upon some water which barred his route. They refused to lower the drawbridge, on the plea that there was no public right of way across it; and, when Leslie attempted to lay hands on a couple of barges, the owners proceeded to scuttle them. The soldiers drew their bayonets, and inflicted some wounds not so wide as the church-door from which the patriots had issued, and only just deep enough to allow Salem to claim the honor of the first drops of blood which were shed in the Revolution. A Loyalist clergyman intervened. The people agreed to lower the bridge, and Leslie pledged his honor not to advance thirty rods beyond it. Brave to imprudence when duty as well as danger lay clear before him, he was not prepared, without specific orders from a high quarter, to light the match which would set the thirteen colonies in a blaze. He recalled his men, and re-embarked them empty-handed, just as the company of minute-men from the next township, with plenty more of their like to follow, came marching in to the help of Salem.—*The American Revolution*, Trevelyan, Part I., pp. 302-303.



Barnard,<sup>1</sup> hastening from his pulpit in the North Church close by, had reached the spot, and was trying to mediate. Captain John Felt was at Colonel Leslie's side with purpose, afterward declared, of throwing him into the river in case the regulars had fired. The Honorable Richard Derby, whose ships' guns, loaned to the Province, were the objects of the search, and Colonel David Mason, the Provincial agent for mounting them for the field, were present, insisting, as did Captain James Barr, Major Joseph Sprague, and others who had disabled the flatboats, that Colonel Leslie was marching not on the King's highway, but in a private lane, that the bridge was the property of individual proprietors, that the draw would not be let down on his order, and that, as neither war nor martial law had been declared, he would advance at his peril. "Find the guns, if you can," said Derby. "Take them, if you can. They will not be surrendered." Leslie said his orders were to cross the river, and he would do so. Meanwhile the guns had been removed to a safer place, and a mounted messenger, Benjamin Daland, had posted to Danvers, spreading the alarm. The concourse of citizens was fast increasing, and help was arriving from Beverly and Danvers. Night was approaching, and at dusk Colonel Leslie agreed that, if the draw should be lowered, he would march but a few rods beyond, abandon the search, and withdraw his regiment. The terms were accepted and observed. The regiment returned to Marblehead through streets lined with armed men, and re-embarked for Boston. Their march had been arrested and their purpose defeated.

Edmund Burke summed up the situation in these memorable words: "Thus ended their first expedition, without effect, and happily without mischief. Enough appeared to show on what a slender thread the peace of the Empire hung, and that the least exertion of the military power would certainly bring things to extremities."

Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, having made researches in the matter of the history of Leslie's retreat, has expressed himself as surprised that the historian Dr. Bentley, in his voluminous notes, had made no mention of it; yet it was of sufficient importance for Burke to set it down in his magazine published in England at that time as "the first military enterprise of the colonies."

It seems that Leslie was held and delayed at the bridge by a quibble raised as to whether the bridge was a portion of the King's highway

<sup>1</sup> See MAGAZINE for June, 1905.

or private property. During this delay the cannon in North Fields were removed, and thus saved to the patriots.

He stated that this bridge was originally built by the town; but, as it proved of slight advantage except to land-owners on the other side, the town apportioned it off in small sections to the proprietors of the land, for them to care for, reserving, however, some eighteen feet and the draw as town property. This would indicate that most of the bridge was private property at the time of Colonel Leslie's visit, but that the draw was town property.

EDWARD C. BATTIS.

SALEM, MASS.



## A DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF FORT SCHUYLER

### PREFACE

In "*The Mohawk Valley, Its Legends and Its History*," considerable prominence is given to the battle of Oriskany and the siege of Fort Schuyler, together with the sortie of Colonel Willett, which resulted in the destruction of the camps of the Indians and the dispersion of Sir John Johnson's body guard. Herewith will be found a diary of William Colbraith, a soldier of the garrison, which sheds additional light on the siege and gives interesting information not hitherto published.

At the beginning of the Revolution the western boundary of Montgomery county (called Tryon county from 1772 to 1784) was without limit, reaching westward through the wilderness as far as the territory of New York province extended.

The Mohawk Valley, the home of the Agniers or Mohawks, early became the route of Indian traders to Lake Ontario and the wilderness of the great west, as the Mohawk River was navigable to the birch canoes of the Indians and the bateaux of the white man. In 1758 a stockade fort was built at Utica and named Fort Schuyler, for Col. Peter Schuyler. It is said to have stood between Mohawk and Main streets, below Second street. There was no settlement at Utica at that time, in fact it is said that there were but three log huts at this place in 1787. The fort at Utica was allowed to decay after the French and Indian War, and was not in existence in 1777.

The town of Rome at the head of boat navigation early became an important point with the Indian traders or merchants, and was known as the carrying-place from the Mohawk River to Wood Creek, a mile away. Goods were transferred from the Mohawk River to Wood Creek, down which boats were poled or paddled to Oneida Lake, through the lake to Oswego River and thence to Lake Ontario.

In 1725 a fort was built midway between the Mohawk and Wood Creek and named Fort Bull, and on the Mohawk, east of the present site of Rome, Fort Williams was erected. Fort Bull was destroyed March 27, 1756, by a party of French and Indians under M. DeLery and the same year Fort Williams was destroyed by General Webb, he deeming it untenable.

During the Revolution, a fortification called Fort Newport was erected on Wood Creek near the carrying place.

Fort Stanwix at Rome received its name from Brigadier General John Stan-

wix, who began its construction July 23, 1758. It was located on the south bank and about thirty rods distant from the river. It is said to have been a square work of earth and timber with bastions at each corner, surrounded by a ditch and mounted with heavy cannon.

This fort was also allowed to decay, so that when Col. Dayton took possession of it in 1776, it is said to have been untenable. Colonel Dayton was charged with repairing Fort Stanwix, and renamed it Fort Schuyler for General Philip Schuyler. He did not, however, make much headway in putting it in a defensible condition, as we learn that Col. Gansevoort, when he took command of the fort in the spring of 1777, was obliged to make great efforts to strengthen its defenses. However, it proved to be equal to the emergency of resisting the attack of St. Leger, as that officer says, in his report of the subsequent siege: "It was found that our cannon had not the least effect on the sodwork of the fort, and that our royals had only the power of teasing, as a six-inch plank was a sufficient security for their powder magazine, as we learned from the deserters."

The story of the siege of Fort Schuyler has been so often told that I will not, at this time, do more than outline the situation of military affairs in this part of the State in the early years of the Revolution. In 1777 "Burgoyne's plan" had been inaugurated and the campaign was in full swing. This plan was arranged in London, and comprised an advance of troops under General Howe up the Hudson, Burgoyne's advance through the Champlain valley and down the upper Hudson, while Colonel Barry St. Leger was to proceed from Three Rivers in Canada to Oswego with a body of English and Canadian troops under Sir John Johnson and Col. John Butler, and a horde of Canadian Indians under Joseph Brant, the whole force being under command of St. Leger. It was planned that he should proceed from Oswego to Rome, destroy or capture Fort Schuyler, and then march through the Mohawk valley carrying death and destruction in his train, while Burgoyne and Howe should clear the valleys of Champlain and Hudson, the *rendezvous* of all three expeditions to be Albany, which they were all expected to reach simultaneously. How General Howe failed to ascend the Hudson, how Burgoyne's advance was checked at Bennington and his army captured at Saratoga, is familiar to history, but early records of this campaign do not seem to recognize the importance of the battle of Oriskany, in clearing Tryon county, and the rest of New York State west of the Hudson river, from the British troops. Many of the old accounts of the battle characterize it as an ignominious defeat, ending with a cowardly retreat of the Americans, when it was, in fact, one of the most heroic, stubborn and decisive battles of the Revolution. It is true that General Herkimer was defeated in his attempt to reach Fort Schuyler and assist Colonel Gansevoort in the defense of the fort, but he fought his troops coolly and courageously under the most disadvantageous circumstances, and finally compelled the British and their hired allies, the Indians, to retreat and leave the battlefield to the nearly exterminated band of patriots and their fatally wounded general.

It will be remembered that before General Herkimer advanced from Fort Dayton (now Herkimer), he sent Adam Helmer and two other trusty men through the wilderness at the risk of their lives to inform Colonel Gansevoort of his advance with eight hundred soldiers, and request the commandant to fire three cannon shots when the three scouts should arrive at the fort, and also to make a sortie of troops in order to divert the attention of the besiegers from the advance of General Herkimer and his eager and impetuous, but undisciplined soldiers.

I have thought best to write this summary of the situation of affairs in the Mohawk valley during August, 1777, in order to place before you some new material in regard to the siege of the fort.

On the north bank of the Mohawk, opposite the city of Schenectady, is the little village of Scotia; so named by one of the first settlers in the vicinity of Schenectady, who was called, by his Dutch neighbors, Sanders Leendertse Glen, but whose Scotch name was Alexander Lindsey Glen. He came to this country by the way of Holland in 1633 and some years later (about 1658) settled on land at Scotia.

A few rods west of the toll bridge that spans the Mohawk at Schenectady stands the old Glen-Sanders house, so-called in later years, because of the intermarriage of the two families. It is said that a sister of Alexander Glen married a man by the name of Sanders, and that the present owners of the old house, husband and wife, are both lineal descendants from the father of Alex. Leendertse Glen, the families again being brought together after nearly three centuries. It is also said that a house was erected on the north bank of the Mohawk near the site of the present building, by Glen, the first settler, about 1660. A half century later, or to be more exact, in 1713, the river having encroached upon the old structure to such an extent as to render it unsafe for occupancy, a new dwelling was erected on higher ground, much of the older building being used in its construction, which can be seen at the present day, in many of the doors and casings. The family, proud of their ancestors and the antiquity of their surroundings, have preserved their home and its antique furniture, together with old letters and legal documents, so that to-day it is a storehouse of treasures of historic value; its large collection of old china and quaint furniture making it a most interesting museum to antiquaries of the historic Mohawk valley. The writer, on a recent visit, was shown no less than five parchment commissions to members of the Glen family, successively bearing the signatures of the colonial governors, Bellamont, Sloughter, Fletcher, Dongan and Hunter, and one signed by Morris. Many of the documents which have been preserved have lain *perdu* in old chests without examination for many years.

One of these chests has recently undergone inspection, which has brought to light the commissions spoken of above, together with a very interesting paper which proves to be a diary of a soldier of Colonel Gansevoort's regiment, having been

kept by a member of the detachment of Major Cochran, sent to reinforce Colonel Elmore at Fort Schuyler, April 17, 1777, and bears a striking resemblance to Colonel Willett's report to Governor Trumbull after the termination of the siege, with many interesting particulars of life within the fort not mentioned in that report. It covers the period between April 17, 1777, when Colonel Gansevoort's troops relieved Colonel Elmore, and August 23 of the same year, the day Benedict Arnold entered the fort after the hurried retreat of St. Leger's force.

It also gives the date (August 3, 1777) when the first American flag, of the regulation Stars and Stripes, was raised above an American fort, having been made by the inhabitants of the fort from a blue cloak, a red flannel skirt, and strips of white cotton.

W. MAX REID.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

The manuscript begins thus:

*Journal of the most material occurrences preceding the Siege of Fort Schuyler (formerly Fort Stanwix) with an account of that siege, etc.*

1777

Ap<sup>l</sup> 17<sup>th</sup>. A Detachment of Col. Gansevoorts Regiment under the Command of Major Cochran arrived to Reinforce Colonel Elmore who was Stationed there

May 3<sup>d</sup>. Colonel Gansevort arrived and took Command of the Garrison agreeable to Instructions

May 10<sup>th</sup>. Colonel Elmore's Reg<sup>t</sup> marched for Albany

May 28<sup>th</sup>. The Remainder of the Regiment under the Command of Col Willet arrived here from Fort Constitution who Informed Col Gansevort that by Order of Major Gen<sup>l</sup> Gates he had relieved Fort Dayton (then in charge of Lieut-Col Livingston) with one Captain two Subalterns two Sorjants one Drum and Fife and Forty Rank and File of his Detachment Some Onida Indians Arrived here with a Flagg from Cannada who Inform<sup>d</sup> the Colonel that they had been to Caugnawaga to Request them not to take up the Hatchet in favor of Great Brittain and gave him Assurance of that Tribes being much In-

clined to keep the Peace that had for so long a time Subsisted between them and their American Brethren and that some of the Sachems would be here in Eight Days on their way for Albany to treat on this Subject And also as they wore going to Cannada they met the Enemy on their March from thence to Osswego, being Destined for this Place and after the Treaty was over which Sir John Johnston was to hold with the Indians in that county at Osswego we might hourly Expect them

June 25<sup>th</sup>. Capt Grigg with Corporal Maddison, of his Company, being beetween the Fort New Port & Bull about  $\frac{1}{4}$  from Fort Schuyler, were Attacked by a party of Indians who wounded and Tomahawk'd them and Scalped them, they Captain was alive when found but the Corporal Dead

July 3<sup>d</sup>. Ensign Spoor being Command with 7 Men cutting sods for the Fort at Fort Newport, were Attacked by a Party of Indians who killed and Scalped one, Wounded and Scalped another and took the Ensign and 4 men Prisoners

July 19<sup>th</sup>. Capt. Gregg being much Recovered of his Wounds set off for Albany, Same Day Arrived Capt Swartout Lieut Diefendorf Ball, Welch, M Clellan, Bowen, Ostrander and Colbreath & Ensign Denniston, with a Number of Recruits for the Regiment

July 26<sup>th</sup>. The Sachems of Caughnawaga arrived here with a Flagg agreable to the Intelligence received from the Onida Indian A Party of one Hundred of the Garrison went to Guard a Number of the Millita sent to Obstruct Wood Creek by falling Trees from either Side into the Creek

July 27<sup>th</sup>. Three Girls belonging to the Inhabitants being about two Hundred yards from Our Out Centinels were fired on by a party of Indians, two of whom were killed and Scalped the other wounded in two places neither of them Dangerously—The party Returned who had been to stop the Creek

July 28<sup>th</sup>. The Colonel sent of those women which belonged to the Garrison which have children with whom went the Man that was Scalped the Girl that was Wounded Yesterday & Sick in the Hospital

July 30. An Indian arrived Express from the Onida Castle with a Belt of Wampum and a Letter from the Sachems of Caughnawaga and the Six Nations In which Letter they Assured us they were Determined

to be at peace with the American Brethern that the Enemy were at the Three Rivers and two Detachments were to set of before the Main Body one party of Eight woud be sent to take prisoners and another of 130 to cut of the Communication on the Mohawk River. Major Badlam Arrived with 150 Men of Colonel Westons Regiment from Fort Dayton with him Came Captain DeWitt and his party who had been left at Fort Dayton by Colonel Willet the whole making to the Garrison a Reinforcement of about 200 Men Mr. Hanson Commissary of this Garrison Arrived and Acquainted us that Seven Tunn Batteas Loaded with Ammunition and Provisions were on their way for this place The Letter & Belt was agreeable to the Request of the Indians sent down by an Express to the Several Committees on the Mohawk River.

Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>. Three Onida Indians came Express from their Castle informing us that they had seen three Strange Indians who told them that there were 100 more at the Royal Block House and that they were to March for this place. Supposing them to be a party sent to cut off the Communication The Colonel Detached 100 Men under the Command to Capt Benschoten and three Subalterns to meet the Batteaus that were Hourly Expected in Order to Reinforce the Guard sent with them from F Dayton

Aug. 2<sup>d</sup>. Four Batteaus arrived being those the Party went to meet having a Guard of 100 Men of Colonel Westons Regiment from Fort Dayton under the Command of Lieut-Col Millen of that Regiment The Lading being brought safe into the Fort the Guard marched in when our Centinels on the S W Bastion discovered the Enemys Fires in the woods near Fort Newport, upon which the Troops ran to their Respective Alarm posts in this Time we Discovered some Men Running from the Landing towards the Garrison On their coming they Informed us, that the Batteau Men who had staid behind when the Guard marched into the Fort had been Fired on by the Enemy at the Landing that two of them were Wounded, the Master of the Batteaus taken prisoner and one Man Missing A Party of 30 Men with a field piece was sent out in the Evening to set Fire to two Barns standing a Little distance from the Fort, Two Cannon from the S W Bastian loaded with Grape Shott, were first Fired at the Barnes to drive of the Enemys Indians that might have been Sculking about them the party having Effected their Design Return'd

Aug. 3<sup>d</sup>. Early this Morning a Continental Flagg made by the



Officers of Col Gansevoorts Regiment was hoisted and a Cannon Levelled at the Enemies Camp was fired on the Occasion A Small Party was sent out to the Landing to see if the Enemy had Destroy'd any of our Batteaus last Night, This party found the Batteau Man that was missing wounded thro the Brain Stabb'd in the Right Breast and Scalped he was alive when found and brought to the Garrison But Died Shortly after, the Beutteax Lay at the Landing no ways Damaged about three o'clock this Afternoon the Enemy Shewed themselves to the Garrison on all Sides Carry'd off some Hay from a Field near the Garrison at which a Flag brought up Capt Tice, came into the Fort with a Proffer of Protection if the Garrison wou'd Surrender which was Rejected with disdain.

Aug<sup>t</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>. A Continual Firing of small Arms was this Day kept up by the Enemys Indians who advanced within Gun Shott of the Fort, in small Parties under Cover of Bushes, Weeds and Potatoes in the Garden Colenel Millen and his party of 100 men who came from Fort Dayton as a Guard to the Batteaus was to have Returned this Day but we were now besieged and all Communication cut of for the Present The Firing Ended with the Close of the Day we having one Man Killed and Six Wounded This Night we sent out a party and brought 27 Stack of Hay into the Trench and set a House and Barn on Fire belonging to Mr. Boof

Aug. 5<sup>th</sup>. A Continual Firing was kept up by the Savages One of our Men was Shot dead on the N E Bastion The Enemys set Fire to the New Barracks standing about 100 Yards from this Fort between 4 & 5 oClock this Afternoon

Aug. 6<sup>th</sup>. This Morning the Indians were seen going off from around the Garrison towards the Landing as they withdrew we had not much Firing Being uneasy least the Tories should Report that the Enemy had taken the Fort Lieut Diefendorf was Ordered to get Ready to set of for Albany this Evening to Inform Gen<sup>l</sup> Schuyler of our Situation but between 9 & 10 this morning three Millita Men Arrived here with a Letter from Gen<sup>l</sup> Harkeman wherein he writes that he had Arrived at Orisco with 1000 Millita in Order to Relieve the Garrison and open the Communication which was then Entirely Blocked up and that if Colonel Should hear a Firing of small Arms desired he wou'd send a party from the Garrison to Reinforce Him General Harkeman desired that the Colonel woud fire three Cannon if the Three Men got safe into

the Fort with his Letter which was done and followed by three cheers by the whole Garrison According to Gen<sup>l</sup> Harkemans Request the Colonel Dtatched two Hundred Men and one Field piece under command of Lieut Colonel Willet with Orders to proceed down the Road to meet the Generals party—having marched half a Mile they come upon an Encampment of the Enemy which they totally Fouled & Plundered them of as much Baggage as the Soldiers cou'd Carry their Loss is supposed to be between 15 and 20 Killed the number of their Wounded who got off is unknown they took 4 prisoners three of whom were Wounded a Mr. Singleton of Montreal who says he is a Lieutenant, without the Loss of one Man kill<sup>d</sup> or wounded Our party returned Immediately and brought in a Number off Blanketts, Brass Kettles, Powder And Ball a Variety of Clothes, and Indian Trinketts and hard Cash together with 4 Scalps the Indians had lately taken being entirely fresh and left in their Camp. Two of the Scalps taken are Supposed to be those of the Girls being neatly Dressed and the Hair platted, a Bundle of Letters was found in the Enemy's Camp which had been sent by one Luke Casady for this Garrison who tis supposed is either killed or taken the Letters were not broke open Four Colours were also taken & Immediately hoisted on our Flag Staff under the Continental Flagg as Trophies of Victory, by the prisoners we Learn that the Enemy are 1210 strong 250 Brittish Regulars, that they are all Arrived and have with them 2 Six pounders 2 three pounders, and 4 Royals, We also learn that they were Attacked by our Millita on this side of Orisko, that they drove the Millita back killed some and took Several prisoners, but that the Enemy had many killed And among them one Stephen Watts of New York, our party found among the Enemy a Tory named Harkeman, brother to the General, he belonged to the German Flatts. One of General Harke-mans Millita came in here this Evening and gave us an Account of the Millita's being drove back by the Enemy, that in the Battle he hid him-self in the Mud and Grass, and that General Harkeman and a Number of Regular Officers and Indians passed him in Conversation This was a Lye One of the prisoners we took to Day died of his wounds this Evening

Aug<sup>t</sup> 7<sup>th</sup>. Very little firing to day at 11 oClock this Evening the Enemy came near the Fort called to our Centinels, telling them to come out again with Fixed Bavonets and they woud give us Satisfaction for Yesterdays work, after which they Fired 4 small Cannon at the Fort we laughed at them heartily and they returned to Rest The 4 Millita

Men who came in Yesterday went of about 12 oClock this Night Two Men Deserted from us to the Enemy this Nighth

Aug<sup>t</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>. The Enemy threw some Shells at us to Day but did no damage and in order to Return the compliment, they were Salluted with a few Balls from our Cannon About 5 oClock this Evening Colonel Butler with a British Captain & a Doctor from the Enemy came to the Garrison with a Flagg whose Message from Gen<sup>l</sup> St Leger was that the Indians having lost some of their Chiefs in a Skermish with our party that sally'd out on the 6<sup>th</sup> Ins<sup>t</sup> were Determined to go down the Mohawk River and Destroy the Women & Children, also that they wou'd kill every man in the Garrison when they got in That Gen<sup>l</sup> St Leger had held a Consel with them for two Days in Order to prevent them but all to no purpose unless we wou'd Surrender. The General therefore As an Act of Humanity, and to Prevent the Effusion of Blood beg'd we wou'd deliver up the Fort and promised if we did not a Hair of our heads shou'd be Hurt A Letter also came by them (as they say) from Mr Fry & Colonel Billinger whom they took in the Fray with the Millita begging us to Surrender telling us our Communication was cut off, that the Enemy had a large parcell of Fine Troops and an Excellent park of Artillery and farther that they expected General Burgoyne was in Albany and cou'd see no hopes of our having any Succour, as the Millita had many killed & taken The Answer to the Generals tender and Compassion'd Letter was Deferred untill tomorrow morning at 9 oClock And a Cessation of Arms agreed to by both parties till then Late this Evening a party was sent to get water for the Garrison with a Guard, one of the Guard Deserted from us but left his Firelock behind One of our Centinels Fired at him but missed him Our Gard heard the Enemys Centinels challenge him twice and Fire on him Col Willet & Lieut Stockwell went out of the Garrison at one oClock in the Morning on a Secret Expedition

Aug<sup>t</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>. Agreeable to the proposals of Yesterday between Col Gansevoort and Brigadier Gen<sup>l</sup> St Leger a Flag was sent out to him Requesting him to sent his Demands in writing and the Colonel wou'd send him An Answer which Request he Agreed to

The Demands in Writing was the same in Substance with that Verbally delivered Yesterday by Col Butler to which the Colonel Returned for Answer

That he was Determined to defend in favour of the United States to the Last Extremity Upon his Receveing the Answer Hostalities again commenced by a Number of Shott and small Arms on their Side which were not Suffered with Impunity on Ours This Day the Col. Ordered all the Provisions to be brought upon the Parade for fear of the Shells Setting Fire to the Barracks and thereby destroying it as also all the public papers and money in the Hands of Mr Hanson & the papers in the Hands of Mr Van Veghten belonging to the Paymaster to be lodged in the Bomb-proof in the S W Bastion The Enemy began to Bonbard us at half-past 10 this Evening and continued 'till daylight their Shells were very well Directed they killed one Man and Wounded another both of our Regiment None killed or Wounded thro the Day This Day the Enemy kept out of sight except one or two who Appeared about their Battery doing nothing About 3 o'clock this Afternoon three or four of them were seen Running across a Field near the Garrison and setting Fire to some Cocks of Hay standing there which soon Consumed them

This Maneuvre of the Enemy led to believe that the Enemy's Intention was to deceive us to imagine thereby that they were going off and put us off our Guard to send out parties which they might fall on, and thereby Diminish our Strength knowing us to be too many for them. Was this their Scheme they fell Short of their Conjecture Some of our Officers imagined they were going off or they wou'd not Destroy the Hay It being out of our Reach and much wanted by them for their Troops to lay on as its certain they have Nothing to Shelter themselves from the Weather except their Blanketts which they make Tents off

Fearing they meant to lull us to Sleep and Storm us in the Night the Colonel Ordered the Guard & Piquet doubled and the Troops to lay on their Arms Between 12 & 1 oClock to Night they began to Bombard us and continued till Day light This Nights work did us no other Damage than breaking the Thigh of a Young Man an Inhabitant This Unfortunate Young Man was brought up in the same Family with one of the Girls that was kill'd and Scalp'd on the 27<sup>th</sup> ult and whose Scalp we have now in the Fort They were Remarkable Industrious and faithful, both Orphans and were by Consent of their Former Master to have been Married verry soon The Young Man Died of his Wounds

Aug<sup>t</sup> 11<sup>th</sup>. This Day the Enemy having Observed that we brought

U O P A

water from the Creek altered its Course so that it became dry This wou'd have done us much Damage had we not been able to open two wells in the Garrison which with one We had already proved a Sufficient Supply The Enemy kept out of sight and no firing from them of any kind they were seen by our Centinels drawing near the Landing by which we Immagin a Reinforcement is coming to our Releef

At 12 oClock a Shower of Rain coming up the Colonel Ordered a fatigue party to turn out with a Subalterns Guard to bring in some Barrels of Lime a Number of Boards and some Timber lying at the foot of the Glaces which they effected without having a Shot fired at them the enemy were seen to Muster in the Road below the Landing, while our Men were out. At Sun Down they gave us some Shot and Shells from their Battery

At Midnight they sent four Shells but a Thunder Shower coming up at that Ins<sup>t</sup> they left off The Night being very dark and excessive Rainy till day the Colonel Ordered the Troops to their Alarm posts least the Enemy should attempt a Surprise

Aug<sup>t</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>. The Enemy kept out of sight all day and no firing from them till Noon when they gave us some Shott and Shells, without doing any damage We Immagined the Enemy drew their Forces in the Day Time between us and Orisko as we have not seen them so plenty these two or three Days, as we are used to do neither do they trouble us all night which gave our Troops an Opportunity of Resting

Aug<sup>t</sup> 13<sup>th</sup>. The Enemy were verry peaceable all day till towards Night when they Cannonaded and Bombarded for two Hours during which Time a Shell broke a Soldier's Leg belonging to Colonel Millen's Detachment

Aug<sup>t</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>. Towards Evening they were again at their old play Cannonading & Bombarding us A Shell bursting slightly wounded one off Colonel Millens men in the Head No other Damage was done One of Capt Gregg's Company, Col Gansvoorts Regiment desert<sup>d</sup> his post to the Enemy he was placed at the outside picket and Deserted between 10 and 12 oClock at Night

Aug<sup>t</sup> 15<sup>th</sup>. At 5 oClock this morning the Enemy threw two Shells at us did no damage The Number of Shells they have thrown at us is 137, the Enemy were very troublsome, with their Small Arms this

Afternoon by which we had one Man of our Regiment and one of Colonel Melons Detachment slightly wounded in the Evening the threw their Shells at us as usual and Slightly wounded a woman and one of Capt. Savages Artillery Men

Aug<sup>t</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>. This Morning the Enemy threw some Shells Horizontally at our Works but fell Short One of those Shells falling on the parade killed a Man of Colonel Melons Detachment they continued to throw them all Day and some part of the Night But did no farther damage A party of our Men was Ordered out this Evening to bring in wood for the Garrison and being discovered by some sculking Indians near the Garrison gave the Alarm to the rest they Advanced near where our Men were at work but luckily our Men had been called in before they came nigh Enough to do any Mischief They finding our Men had got in began a most Hidious Shout A Cannon being fired at them they departed The Regulars Drums were heard beating to Arms after the Cannon was fired We supposed they Expect<sup>d</sup> us to Sally out again upon them with a Field piece, at Midnight they threw four Shells at us but did no damage

Aug<sup>t</sup> 17<sup>th</sup>. The Enemy were Quiet all Day and Night neither a Shot or Shell was Fired at us during the 24 Hours altho we fired Several Cannon at them

Aug<sup>t</sup> 18<sup>th</sup>. This Morning one of our Regiment was Slightly Wounded in the Cheek by a Musquet Ball A Black Flag or Coat was seen in the Enemy Bomb Bombatter

Aug<sup>t</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>. The Enemy thru some Shells at us, near Noon, they were Busy in their Trench all day at Night they struck their Trench towards the point of our N. W. Bastion, and by Day Light had got within 150 Yards of the Ditch We fired some Grape Shot at them now and then all night At every Shott they Fired the threw Shells at us but did no Damage At Midnight the Colonel sent one of his Regiment and one of Colonel Melons Detachment to meet Colonel Willet if possible whom we Expected was on his way to this place with a Reinforcement to make him Acquainted with the Enemys Maneuvers on the N W Side of the Fort, that he might Govern the Attack accordingly

Aug<sup>t</sup> 20<sup>th</sup>. This morning one of Col Millens Men was wounded by a Musquet Ball The Enemy cou'd work but Little this Day at their trench it being so nigh that our small Arms as well as Cannon Shott was

to hott for them In the Evening they began their trench again, and worked all Night at it under fire of our Cannon and small Arms but did not approach any nearer

Aug<sup>t</sup> 21<sup>st</sup>. At two o'clock this Morning a party was sent out to bring in Firewood who brought in a great Quantity undiscovered They Cannonaded and bombarded by turns all Night A Man of our Regiment deserted this Evening This Morning we discovered that the Enemy approach nearer to us and had begun a Bomb Battory where they left off Yesterday morning The Artilleryman who was wound<sup>d</sup> in the Knee with a Musquet Ball died on the fourth Ins<sup>t</sup> of his wounds one of Col Mellons Men and the Lad belonging to the Inhabitants died Likewise of theire Wounds The Enemy kept working all Day in their trench tho' not so close as last Night No firing from their Battery This Day our Guard kept a Constant fire at those at work in the Trench And in the Evening 12 of the best Marksmen were pick't out to harrass them when at work in the Night which galled them so much that their Indians were sent for to draw of our Attention who Advanced near the Fort, which caused a General Alarm by which a heavy and Continual firing was kept up for near two Hours during which their Cannon & Mortars were playing on us very briskly in which Intrem (interim) we had a man of the Artillery wounded & a Woman big with Child wounded in the Thigh A Corporal and 3 privates deserted this Evening of our Reg<sup>t</sup>.

Aug<sup>t</sup> 22<sup>d</sup>. This Morning the Enemy bombarded very smartly The Serjeant Major and two privates were wounded At Noon a Deserter came to us whose Examination was that the Enemy had news in the Camp that Burgoynes Army was Entirely Routed and that three Thousand men was Coming up to reinforce us and further that the Enemy was retreating with great precipitation and that he with another was conveying off one Lieut Anderson's chest when he had made his Escape and that most of their Baggage was gone—upon which the Commanding Officer Ordered all the Cannon bearing on their Works to Fire severall rounds each to see whether they wou'd return it which partly confirmed the Report of the Deserter Some time after 4 Men came in and reported the same and that they had left part of their Baggage upon which the Col ordered 50 Men & two waggons under Command of Capt Jansen to go to their Camps where they killed 2 Indians and took 4 Prisoners one of them was an Indian After they had Loaded the wagons with what Baggage they cou'd carry they returned but Night

Coming on they cou'd not return to fetch what Baggage was still Left in their Camp. At Night two Men came in one of them was assisting the first Deserter in carrying off Lieut Anderson's chest the other John Yost Schuyler, who informed the Commanding Officer that he was taken prisoner at the German Flatts and confined at Fort Dayton 5 Days That Gener'l Arnold had sent him to General St Leger commander of the Kings Troops to inform him that 2000 Continental with 2 Fields Pieces and a great Number of Millita were on their march for this place to Reinforce the Garrison that he Informed General St Leger of it and in Consequence of which he Ordered his Troops to strike their Tents and pack up, and further after he had done his Errand he hid himself in the woods till Night and coming across the above Men they came in together, he likewise informed us that near 17 Indians were at Fort Newport quite drunk upon which the Col ordered a party of men under the command of Major Cochran to go and take them who in about an Hour Returned and informed the Colonel he had been there but did not find any and that he went to Wood Creek and found 8 New Batteaus which the Enemy had left behind While they were out the woman that was wounded with a Shell last Night was brought to Bed in our S W Bomb proof of a Daughter She and the child are like to do well with the Blessing of God Our Blockade Ended and the Garrison once more at Liberty to walk about and take the free Air we had for 21 Days been Deprived of At 12 o'clock this Night the Commanding Officer sent off 3 of his Regiment to inform General Arnold of the Precipitate retreat of the Enemy A deserter came in who said he just left the Enemy's Cohorns below Wood Creek Bridge

Aug<sup>t</sup> 23<sup>d</sup>. This Morning the Col sent out a party under the command of Major Cochran to take them, who returned with three prisoners 4 Cohorns and some Baggage and reported there was 17 Batteaus lying there; another party was sent to the Enemy's N. Camp to bring in the rest of the Baggage left by us last Night containing of Ammunition camp equapage and entrenching Tools another party was sent to the Enemys S E Camp who brought in 15 Waggons a 3-pound field piece Carriage with all its Apparities most of the Waggon Wheels was cut to pieces as were the Wheels of the Carriage Several Scouts were sent out to Day one of whom took a German prisoner who Reported that the Enemys Indians had when they got about 10 Miles from this Fort fallen on the Scattering Tories, took their Arms from & Stabb'd them with their own Bayonets And that for fear of said Indians



he and 9 more German Soldiers had took to the woods they rest are not yet found their Design was not to come to the Fort as Butler and Johnston told them when Orders were given to Retreat, that those who fell into our hands would be Hanged immediately Another Scout proceeded to Cannada Creek found a Carriage for a Six pounder & 3 Boxes of Cannon Shott which they brought in This afternoon the Honble Major General Arnold Arrived here with near a 1000 Men They were Saluted with a Discharge of powder from our Mortars formerly the Enemy's, and all the Cannon from the Bastions amounting in the whole to 13 Attended with three cheers from the Troops on the Bastions



## THE SCALP TROPHY

*(Conclusion.)*

**I**T has now been satisfactorily demonstrated, it is hoped, that the practice of scalping was known as a trophy of war among the aborigines of North America prior to the invasion of Europeans. English, French and Spanish authorities are all agreed on this point. The only excuse the Rev. Samuel Niles could have had for making his mistake here was, undoubtedly, his dearth of authorities. He never looked beyond the bounds of New England for his materials, but took it for granted that scalping, to which the New England savages were not addicted (to him the typical Indian), was equally unknown among the rest of the Indians on the continent. And as the French Canadians were as expert as the savages in their methods of warfare, were the leaders in all the sanguinary raids on the English border settlements, and wielded the tomahawk with equal effect, excelling the Indians in ferocity, the inference was naturally drawn by Niles that the French were the teachers of the savages in the use of the scalping knife. The French were, in addition, ever active in making up these war-parties to raid the English settlements and in trying to seduce the friendly Indians from their allegiance to the English, actuated as much by religious bigotry as by their desire of conquest. Add to this their adoption of Indian habits and tactics, dress, etc., and nothing was too horrible to attribute to these French Canadians. Moreover, the French were said to scalp both their English and Indian enemies. These considerations indubitably gave currency to the belief that the practice of scalping was introduced among the Indians by the French. This notion was the more remarkable from the fact that scalping had not been known to be practiced in the world for remote ages; and certainly never in France. Arnold should have escaped this error, not fallen into it as he did. Not only this, but he carries back the origin of the practice to the Huns, whom he would make out to be the teachers here of the French.

The practice of scalping being confined to the New World, it now remains to consider its geographical limitations. It was found to be common upon both sides of North America, to which continent it was from the first confined, and was never noticed above the 55th, nor below

the 20th parallel of north latitude. Beyond this extreme northern point, have dwelt for an indefinite period, the Hyperborean peoples under the names of Eskimos and Aleuts, which neither beheaded nor scalped their enemies. To this day these peoples continue to be of a peaceable disposition as explorers of those latitudes have ever proved. They were in all probability forced northward in the distant past by some strong pressure from below.<sup>23</sup>

As we descend the continent we come to the Columbian Indians who both decapitated and scalped. The inland tribes, such as the Blackfeet and Flatheads, scalped; others, like the Californian Indians, both scalped and beheaded. The Snakes scalped; while other tribes in their neighborhood, besides beheading, cut off the hands and feet of their foes, as did some of the tribes on the eastern slope. The Comanches and Apaches (as the latter do to this day), all the New Mexican tribes and the wild tribes of Mexico, scalped.<sup>24</sup>

Now re-crossing the continent to the Atlantic seaboard, a similar fact one may note. It is the more northerly tribes that are the fiercer and more bloodthirsty. The Indians in the farthest north belonged to the Iroquois nation which had carried its conquests as far south as Cape Fear. They occupied portions of the present Canada, the northern part of New York and parts of Virginia. They are familiar to us under the names of Mohawks, Hurons, Iroquois, etc. Below these latitudes, scalping disappears and decapitation takes its place.<sup>25</sup>

The Indians who inhabited what now constitutes New England, never scalped, so far as can be ascertained, but decapitated their foe. But singularly enough, all these non-scalping tribes wore scalp-locks like those Indians who scalped. The Narragansetts, Mohegans, Pequots, beheaded; the Mohawks beheaded and scalped.<sup>26</sup> The Massachusetts Indians, according to Schoolcraft, had a word for scalp; but he does not state whether these tribes ever practiced scalping in the remote past. Nor do we find among the remains of any of these Indians any indication of the practice: not a reed or shell scalping-knife has ever been found—at least none is figured in Schoolcraft, a most careful compiler.

From these considerations it may be deduced that scalping was the ancient, decapitation the more modern practice; in fact an evolution so

<sup>23</sup> Bancroft, *Nat. Races*, Vol. 1, Art. Hyperbor.

<sup>24</sup> Loc. cit., pp. 164, 581, 629.

<sup>25</sup> The Floridan Indians belonged to another family.

<sup>26</sup> Trumbull's *Discov. of America*, pp. 34 fol.

to speak. The latter was a refinement in war, only to be noticed among the more peaceable and less savage tribes. The scalp-lock was a survival of the old obsolete practice which had long passed out of even tradition.

The Indians dwelling outside of New England belonged to one of the several tribes composing the great Indian confederacy above adverted to. Their territories extended from the Connecticut River to Canada. To this number were to be added the Indians of the New Netherlands, subsequently the Province of New York. The fiercest and cruelest of them all were the Maquas, or Mohawks, whose very name inspired the utmost terror among the more pacific tribes of New England. The Pequots and Wampanoags of Connecticut, and the various tribes of the Colony of Massachusetts belonged to the Algonkin family. The Mohawks were the implacable foes of the French Canadians and always sided with the English.

As early as the year 1609, there are accounts concerning the practice of scalping among the Indians of the New Netherlands. For this purpose they made use of a rude instrument constructed of a sharpened shell, like that employed by the Virginian Indians. "The victor placed his foot on the neck of his fallen enemy, and twisting a hand in his hair, drew forth his rude fashioned knife and with one sweep detached the scalp from the skull and lodged it in a bag."<sup>27</sup> In their wars with the Dutch settlers, in 1643, the Long Island Indians scalped the dead.

But scalping was more generally practiced among the Canadian Indians. Failing to convert the members of the great Indian Confederacy, the French set about the task of conquering the several tribes composing it. In 1666 the French made a descent upon English territory, and in a great battle with the Mohawks lost many lives; all who were not taken prisoners were scalped. But it was not till 1689 that the English in the border settlements began to suffer from the combined attacks of the French and Canadian Indians, preceded by the horrible massacre at Schenectady, N. Y. From that time on these attacking parties were made up wholly of French Canadians and savages in their interests, led usually by Frenchmen or half-breeds, and thus down to the conquest of Canada by the English, which Niles regarded as one of the "providences of God."

The colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay suffered perhaps more severely than the other English settlements, both from the depre-

<sup>27</sup> O'Callaghan's *New Neth.*, p. 58.

dations of the Indians dwelling within their borders, and later, from the French and their Indian confederates who extended their ravages as far down as Plymouth Colony. The Colony of Massachusetts Bay was pretty generally exempt from Indian troubles till the outbreak of hostilities known as King William and Mary's War, when the French began to make their descent upon the border settlements. At this time, and particularly after the year 1702, the pages of Niles' account are filled with sickening details of scalping, which shows a gradual substitution of that practice for decapitation among the Indians of New England. Five years afterwards the Province of Massachusetts issued a rather sweeping decree relative to the suppression of Indian hostilities, the fifth section of which may be cited here, viz.: "That all soldiers detached or impressed and listed in their majesties' service shall have and receive, over and above their stated pay, the sum of ten pounds per head for every Indian, as aforesaid, which they or any of them shall kill or take prisoner whilst they are abroad upon service and bring in; and the commissioners for the war are hereby empowered and ordered, upon the producing and delivering unto them the *scalp* of any Indian killed as aforesaid, or any Indian taken and brought prisoner, to grant a debenture upon the treasurer for the payment of the same hereinbefore mentioned, as a reward for such service respectively." <sup>28</sup>

The subject of bounties on Indian scalps may be interesting to take up at this point. In their conflicts with the savages, both English and French were compelled to adopt measures somewhat at variance with civilized warfare. Each of these rival nations in the New World had gained over to their interests certain of the more powerful Indian tribes. On the part of the French, their Indians were employed to carry on a somewhat desultory warfare and make spasmodic raids on the English border settlements. Both nations were struggling for the supremacy of North America; though the French of Canada always took the initiative. But the use of Indians by the English was rather as a retaliatory measure to check the depredations of the French Indians. In the course of the struggle, both the French and English colonial governments offered bounties on Indian scalps. Rev. Samuel Niles would have it, that the French Jesuits encouraged their savage confederates to take the scalp of the English also, for which similar bounties were paid. None, however, among all the orders passed by the several English colonial governments, has a word to say concerning the taking the scalps of any whites. In

<sup>28</sup> *Mass. Province Laws.*

fine, the English never employed Indians for contending with the French as did the French when making raids on the English settlements. The only exception to this fact was at the outbreak of the Revolution, when the English home-government proposed the "association to their arms of the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage," to put down the revolt of her American colonies; though not without a vigorous protest on the part of the elder Pitt.

Soon after the close of King Philip's War (1676), the Colony of Massachusetts Bay offered a bounty of three pounds to any person who should kill or capture a hostile Indian.<sup>29</sup> And according to Governor Hinckley (the last governor of Plymouth Colony before its union with Massachusetts Bay), the General Court (1683), at the instance of Captain Church, the famous Indian fighter, passed an ordinance at the time of a threatened Indian outbreak, with regard to levying troops, supplying ammunition, etc., which allowed ten pence for every "scalp or head of the fighting men of the enemy killed, brought in to and accepted of such English officers as may be intrusted to inspect the matter."

The above ordinance was passed in August of that year, and is taken on the authority of Governor Hinckley's letter to Bradstreet.<sup>30</sup> In 1689, however, the General Court passed a similar order which increased the amount of bounty to ten pounds. In both instances Governor Hinckley and Major Walley were intrusted with the duty of receiving the Indian scalps or heads and paying the bounties. These are the first ordinances passed in this connection, of which there is any knowledge.

The bounties were raised or lowered from time to time as occasion required. In 1697, when Mrs. Duston was captured by the Indians, the premium on Indian scalps was as high as fifty pounds each.<sup>31</sup> And the story of the sufferings of Mrs. Duston in this connection has so much dramatic interest that its repetition will be pardoned. In brief, it is as follows: On the Indian raid on Haverhill, in 1697, by a war party composed of French Canadians and savages, Hannah Duston, with her nurse and new-born infant, were taken prisoners among thirty others and marched toward Canada. After experiencing untold privations and barbarities from the Indians of the party, and seeing her babe killed before her eyes, Mrs. Duston conceived the plan of gaining her liberty "by acting," says Niles, "the part of Jael toward Sisera."

<sup>29</sup> *Mass. Col. Rec.*, Vol. V, p. 73.

<sup>30</sup> *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, Ser. 4, Vol. V, p. 89; Hinc. Papers.

<sup>31</sup> *Province Laws*.

At the time she thought of putting her plan into execution, only twelve were on guard, two men and the rest women and children. She confided her plot to her nurse and a lad who was among the prisoners. At night, when the Indians were asleep, these three rose silently and killed and scalped the whole party except a woman and boy who were allowed to escape. Mrs. Duston and her companions succeeded in returning home, and claimed the bounty on the ten scalps that the three brought with them. Hearing of her exploits, Colonel Nicholson, the governor of Maryland, was so greatly pleased with the bravery of these women, that he also sent them a handsome gratuity.<sup>32</sup>

In 1702, the bounty was reduced to forty pounds; in 1704 it rose to one hundred, the largest ever granted in any of the colonies. This bounty was equally divided between the several members of the party engaged in the service. But to prevent fraud, such as the production of scalps other than those of Indians, or of Indians not killed in the service, heavy penalties were provided. Another trick to obtain the bounty money was to make several scalps out of one. This was a fraud generally practiced by the friendly Indians, who wanted to get as much as they could from the whites. In Massachusetts, friendly Indians were paid larger bounties than others, as also were independent companies which furnished their own subsistence.

There are some interesting details in the law of 1704 worthy of mention. Thus the scalps of male Indians, who were over ten years of age and capable of bearing arms, would fetch a bounty of one hundred pounds. For the scalps of women (probably including those of girls) and for children under ten years old, only ten pounds apiece were allowed. The exigencies of Indian warfare made the latter horrible alternative imperative, for the savage was ever regarded as some beast of prey, to be killed at sight.

By 1747, the Massachusetts authorities were so much pestered with persons bringing in scalps and claiming the reward, that they were only too glad to repeal the old law. Besides there was but little occasion for offering these bounties, as the seat of war was now removed beyond the bounds of the Colony. The cost of each scalp was far greater than the bounty offered. Thus, in 1706, it was found that every scalp cost the

<sup>32</sup> Niles' History, loc. cit.

government of Massachusetts a thousand pounds at that time, or ten times the amount of the bounty.<sup>33</sup>

In 1746 the Province of New York, which was then nearer the theater of hostilities, first gave a bounty on scalps of ten pounds sterling each. And in 1755, after Braddock's defeat, Virginia did the same; and in 1764, Pennsylvania.

Not to be outdone by the North in its efforts to exterminate the French Indians, Governor Littleton of South Carolina would propose more drastic measures, and in December, 1756, wrote to the Lords of Trade in England as follows: "Use all means you think proper to induce our Indians to take up the hatchet. Promise a reward to every man who shall bring in a scalp of a Frenchman or of one of the French Indians." Whether this advice was followed to the letter we have no certain knowledge. But in South Carolina, in 1776, the price of every Indian scalp was fixed at seventy pounds; while a hundred pounds were to be paid for every Indian taken alive.<sup>34</sup>

Maryland began the practice of offering similar bounties in 1756, fixing the price of each scalp at ten pounds, and the whole sum paid out in such bounties to be limited to one thousand pounds. In the year 1763 the price was raised to fifty pounds a scalp, and the limit to three thousand pounds. A similar sum was given for every Indian taken prisoner.

The French were not behind the English in paying such bounties, whether for the scalps of hostile Indians or of the English. In 1693 the price fixed in Canada for the scalp of an unfriendly Indian or for that of an Englishman was ten silver crowns, or sixty sous, a sum which was somewhat higher than that paid in Massachusetts in 1683, for an Indian's. In 1694 Louis XIV. thought this sum was too high and refused to pay it any longer.

Accordingly, it must be evident that the practice of scalping was confined exclusively to the continent of North America, and then only to certain parts. The Indians presented the unique example of a people living in historical times, but which had not passed beyond the Stone Age. The European nations once occupied the same position, as numerous relics of past ages clearly attest. But did any of them scalp their enemies?

Arnold, in his remarks before quoted, would give a European origin to the practice, though not on any just grounds. He, as was adduced,

<sup>33</sup> Just as, in 1876, the cost of our Indian wars was so great that it was shown it would be cheaper to board all the Indians at the best hotels in any of our great cities.—[Ed.]

<sup>34</sup> Narra. and Crit. *Hist. of Amer.*, Vol. VI, pp. 681 fol.; Drake's *Indians*, Pt. IV.



ascribes its origin to the Huns. Whether they ever did scalp is another question. For so far as is known the French never practiced it, much less introduced it into the New World.

According to Guizot, there are traces of the practice to be found among the Visigoths, Franks and even the Anglo-Saxons, during the early part of the Middle Ages. Yet he does not give any details nor state his authority.<sup>35</sup>

Herodotus relates how the ancient Scythians first cut off the head of an enemy and then scalped it, cutting round the head just above the ears. Now, laying hold of the hair (perhaps the scalp-lock), they shook out the skull. Napkins were made of such scalps; also cloaks, by sewing a number of them together.<sup>36</sup> The Tartars are classed among the Scythians.

Of the many theories put forth to prove the peopling of America from Asia, none seems to have met with greater acceptance than that based on the practice of scalping obtaining among the North American Indians, which was done in common with the ancient Scythians. "There is a striking resemblance," says Priest, "between the northern and independent Tartar and the tribes of the North American Indians. Besides this reason there are others for believing our aborigines of North America were descended from the ancient Scythians and came to this country from the eastern part of Asia." Both scalped and tortured their prisoners to death; the customs of the two peoples are much alike; so are their weapons of warfare and implements of the chase. Then, to make the resemblance still more striking, the two shaved their heads in war and left a tuft of hair on the top, called a scalp-lock.<sup>37</sup> Who knows but the custom of wearing pigtails, introduced into China by their Tartar conquerors, may not be a survival of the original Tartar, or Scythian scalp-lock? And again, if we consider the fashion of wearing queues (tails, properly) which prevailed among our own ancestors up to the early part of the eighteenth century, was also a direct descendant of the Tartar pig-tail, then our evolution—or rather devolution—of the original scalp-lock is complete. This fashion of wearing queues, or pig-tails, continued till about the year 1825, when they were gradually abandoned, except by sailors, who wore them for some time longer.

The peopling of America from Asia is still a debatable theory.

<sup>35</sup> *Cours de l'Hist. Mod.*, Tom. I, p. 283; quoted in Prescott's *Conq. Mex.*

<sup>36</sup> *Melpom.*, Sec. 64, Vol. I, p. 41, Rawlinson, Trans.

<sup>37</sup> *Amer. Antiq.*, 1833, pp. 37, 58.

Whether the practice of scalping be a connecting link between the peoples of the two continents, is at least not an unreasonable hypothesis. The racial connection between the aborigines on the continent of North America and the inhabitants of the islands to the west is evident enough. They all belong to the Mongolian type of man, though the Indians have usually been placed in a class by themselves. The fact that only certain Indian tribes ever practiced scalping, and these confined only to a portion of the continent, does not invalidate the hypothesis. For these tribes seem to occupy the same ethnological or social position in the New World as did the barbarian nations, in the remote past, in the Old. Nor does the position of the Eskimos complicate the problem; for it is generally conceded that this people was once very numerous and lived in more southern latitudes than at present, but were driven northward by the fiercer Indian tribes below. And the practice of scalping, common to the latter alone and also once prevalent among nations of the remote past in the Old World, makes the resemblance between the North American Indians and the ancient Scythians of Asia, two seemingly disconnected peoples, something more than accidental.

From what has already been adduced with regard to the practice of scalping among the North American Indians, we would venture the opinion that this trophy of war constituted the original and ancient treatment of slain enemies and was the inheritance of a distant past. Decapitation, on the other hand, was a more refined method of treatment, so to speak, and the only custom of treating the slain found among the less barbarous tribes. As the continent is descended one finds scalping less and less common, till we reach the more southern latitudes, when decapitation is the common practice. And this is true on both sides of the continent. The fiercest of all are the more northern tribes, those of Canada; the mildest, the more southern, like the Narragansetts and Mohegans. All of the latter wore a scalp-lock, the index of their original habits. This fact alone would prove that scalping was the more ancient practice.

On the outbreak of King Philip's War the savages of New England were by the force of circumstances driven back into a still darker barbarism; and in later years they had recourse to scalping. The French Indians always scalped; and the Indians of New England were instructed, undoubtedly, in a practice which they had long forgotten or seldom employed.

And lastly, when we reach the country of the Aztec and the ancient Peruvian, both scalping and beheading have disappeared. At the invasion of the Spaniards a high degree of civilization was found there, equal in some measure to that of the Spaniards themselves. It was only the wild tribes of Mexico that still scalped their enemies; but they were kept within bounds by their more civilized neighbors. And this brief study of the practice of scalping may, it is hoped, throw some light on the ethnological place of a rapidly vanishing people.

F. C. CLARK, M. D.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



## INDIAN LEGENDS

### VI

#### THE PEACE-MAKER

[The following story was obtained by the writer, directly from the lips of a Seneca Indian, and the hero is said to have been the grandfather of the celebrated orator Red Jacket.]

THERE was a time when all the Indian tribes in the world were at war with the great Seneca nation, whose hunting-grounds were on the borders of Lake Ontario. So fearful had they become of their enemies, that the bravest hunters and warriors never left their wigwams without bending their bows and little children were not permitted by their mothers to gather berries or hickory nuts in the neighboring woods. The head chief of the nation at that time, was *Sa-go-you-wat-ha*, or *Always Awake*. He was a good man, and being sorely grieved at the unhappiness of his people, he conceived the idea of securing a permanent peace. It was true, he said, that his father had been a cruel and unpopular chief, but he did not think it right that the generation which followed his father should be made miserable for crimes never committed by them. And therefore it was that he prayed to the *Great Ha-nee* to tell him, in a dream, what he must do to accomplish his end. Night came, and in spite of his name, *Always Awake* fell into a deep sleep and had a dream.

He was told that in the direction whence came the warm winds of summer, and distant from his village a journey of one moon, there was a very large mountain. On the summit of that mountain, as he was told, were living a few people from all the nations of the earth, excepting the Senecas. The place alluded to was called the Mountain of Refuge, and it was so sacred a place, that its soil had never been wet with human blood, and the people who lived there, were the peculiar favorites of the *Great Ha-nee*, and were the law-makers of the world. The dream also told the Seneca chief, that he could secure a permanent peace only by visiting the sacred mountain; but as the intervening distance was so great, and his trail would be only among enemies, the dangers of the expedition would be very numerous. By traveling at night, however, and sleeping in the day time, the task might be accomplished, and he was at liberty to try his fortune.

*Always Awake* pondered a long time upon this strange vision, but finally determined to start upon the appointed expedition. Great was the fatigue that he endured and oftentimes he was compelled to satisfy his hunger with the roots and berries of the forest. Many a narrow escape did he make from his enemies; but in due time he reached the Mountain of Refuge. He was warmly welcomed among the Indians of the mountain, and when he told his story and talked of peace, they honored him with many a loud shout of applause. A council was held, and a decree passed, to the effect that the important question at stake should be settled by another council composed of the head chiefs of all the Indian nations in the land. The fleetest runners were employed to disseminate the news, and at the appointed time the council of chiefs was held. They formed themselves into a confederacy, and with one exception, the nations of the wilderness became as one people, and so continued until the white man crossed the great waters and taught them the vices which have almost consumed them from the face of the earth. The only tribe that would not join the confederation was that of the Osages, and because of their wickedness in so doing, they were cursed by the Great Ha-nee, and have ever since been a by-word and a reproach among their fellows.

And when the Seneca chief returned to his own country, he was very happy. His trail through the forests and over mountains was lined with bonfires, and in every village that he tarried, he was feasted with the best of game. One moon after he returned to his people he died, and was buried on the banks of the beautiful lake where he lived; and ever since that time the Great Ha-nee has permitted his people to live upon the land inherited from their fathers.

CHARLES LANMAN.



## LINCOLN AND BOOTH

### A LATE DISCOVERY

**W**E have recently had the opportunity of examining a remarkably interesting relic of 1861, in the form of two small 12mo. paper-covered theatrical "prompt-books," formerly owned by Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., and full of annotations in his writing. They are "Brother and Sister, A Petit Opera in Two Acts, by William Dimond," N. Y. 1822; and "Bombastes Furioso, by Thomas B. Rhodes" (published about the same time), both having extreme interest and raising a question of considerable importance concerning the sentiment entertained toward Abraham Lincoln by another member of the Booth family than John Wilkes Booth, the assassin.

Both prompt-books contain the autograph of J. B. Booth (junior), one of them bearing also the autograph signature of Miss C. De Bar, who became his wife. Miss Catherine De Bar was the daughter of Ben De Bar, distinguished for his performance of the character of Falstaff, and also for many years the leading theatrical manager in St. Louis. These little books were sold at auction when his estate was dispersed in St. Louis, but their important nature was unsuspected and they rested in obscurity until a comparatively recent date.

On the lower blank portion of the last page of "Brother and Sister" are written in Booth's autograph the names of the *Dramatis Personæ* of "Bombastes Furioso," and opposite these names are written substitutes to adapt the burlesque to the time and place in which it was to be performed, the evident purpose being to hold up to ridicule the living characters which were substituted for fictitious ones. The startling significance of this proposed change is manifest when we read this cast, written by Booth:

" Artaxomines ..... Lincoln  
Fusbos ..... Seward  
Bombastes ..... Gen. Scott  
Distaffina ..... Mad. Fremont."

When "Bombastes Furioso" is examined closely, we find that it has been interlined and a pen drawn through the original names, other names being substituted according to the cast given above, all the writing being in the autograph of the original owner, J. B. Booth, Jr. Here was a purpose and a plan to hold up to public ridicule on the stage Lincoln, Seward, Scott and Mrs. Fremont. Did that purpose and plan originate with J. B. Booth, Jr., the son of Junius Brutus Booth, and the elder brother of John Wilkes Booth?

The indignity to President Lincoln and others proposed could not have been presented on the stage more scurrilously than by the adaptation of "Bombastes Furioso," no other play or opera of the time lending itself so well to an enemy of Lincoln. The representation of Lincoln and the language put into his mouth by the changes in the burlesque are particularly offensive throughout, the President and General Scott being represented as rivals in intrigue for the affections of Mrs. Fremont, who encourages them in their infatuation, but is especially anxious to capture Lincoln, crowd out Mrs. Lincoln, and make her way to the White House. Of course an insult is intended to Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Fremont, Scott, and Secretary Seward, and the language put into the mouths of the characters is offensive in the extreme.

It may be well asked if J. B. Booth, Jr., invented this alteration of "Bombastes," and did he entertain feelings toward Lincoln, his family, and his Cabinet, which would have suggested this insult? Or was the alteration invented by some other person—that person being his brother, the assassin—and proposed to J. B. Booth, Jr., as a manager and then copied by him as we find it in these little books? If performed, as this opera seems to have been, the performance must have taken place in Richmond, Va., as two localities in that city are mentioned in Booth's changes in the text: "The Pillar high in Sackville Street" being changed to "The lamp-post in eleventh street," and again in the line, "In Werburg Street, near Derby Square" is altered to read "In a street near the Capitol Square." If put on the stage in Richmond, it must have been during the first year of the Civil War and before Gen'l Scott had resigned.

EDITOR.

## THE FIRST AMERICAN STONE-ARCHED BRIDGE

**O**F the many who cross the old Choate Bridge that spans the Ipswich river at Ipswich, Mass., few think of attaching interest of unusual historic significance to this old-time structure albeit a tablet proclaims the fact of its having seen continuous service since 1764.

Fewer still realize that they are walking over the first stone-arched bridge to be built in America.

Ipswich is one of the Bay State's earliest towns, the first permanent settlement having been commenced early in 1633. Furthermore, fords, ferries, or rough wooden bridges were the only means of transit across streams as late as the Revolution, whereas the Choate bridge was in use eleven years before.

A building committee comprising the Hon. John Choate and several other prominent citizens after mature deliberation decided to replace the wooden structure by a stone arch bridge. Just how the departure in bridge building came about no hard and fast information seems available.

As to the feasibility of the keystone principle in bridge construction, a woeful tale tradition persists in handing down to the present day. Col. Choate, the prime mover in the enterprise, was the object upon which the surcharged feelings of the people were directed, culminating in a threat that his life would pay the forfeit if the bridge collapsed. Never for a moment wavering in his confidence in the undertaking, Choate, nevertheless, became so stirred by these threats and the persuasion of friends as to consent to preparations for escape if necessary.

Relays of swift horses were established, so the story runs, sufficient to carry him out of the county, and on the morning of the opening of the bridge, instead of proudly viewing the vindication of his faith, he was forced to sit in the saddle, armed with pistols, surrounded by friends, awaiting the possibility of a summons to fly.

Instead came the cheering cry of success, and when the bridge had been crossed and recrossed without the slightest hint of giving way, the crowd marched to where Choate was and with the greatest show of honor led him to witness his triumph.

The bridge consists of two arches, twenty-five feet in length, with a solid pier midway of the river. Not the remotest evidence of dislocation nor settling of the stone work is discernible; to the contrary, it gives every appearance of being able to serve the Ipswichers of two centuries hence with the same faithfulness as it has served those of the last 141 years.

John Choate, to whose efforts the bridge owes its existence, was the second in line from the emigrant ancestor, John Choate, from whom Rufus Choate and Joseph H. Choate are descended—*Boston Post*.



## MINOR TOPICS

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Document recording the examination of British prisoners, part in the handwriting of Gen. Wm. Richardson Davie. It is dated March 23, 1780.

This is the only document of the kind we have ever seen. The words "Prisoner of the 23rd," do not refer to the date of the capture, but to the prisoner's regiment. Rawdon's regiment was the "Volunteers of Ireland."

*Joseph Nowel*, Prisoner of the 23rd.:  
Marched yesterday at 4 o'clock  
23rd in number 300, commanded by Capt. Apthorp

Lord Rawdon's Troops Numbers not known. Lord Rawdon there.

23rd.: Coll. Webster Commands. Number not known. Legion, all or in part, not known, joined Yesterday

Bryan's Militia: a few  
Rugeley's Militia 30  
Lord Cornwallis There  
Number of Waggon—perhaps the Whole Marched or not; cannot tell.

*James Sarthwatt*, 23rd. Prisoner:  
Time the Same—Marched

23rd: 300—400  
Lord Rawdon's—250

33rd 200  
Legion, part. Tarleton sick  
Bryan's Militia in the Rear  
Cornwallis There  
Encamp'd one Mile &  $\frac{1}{2}$  this Side of Mc Capin's Creek

*William Lauer*: 23rd. Prisoner  
23rd. 8 Companies, to 250  
33rd. weaker than the 23rd.

Rawdon's Corps 400

71st Lay within three Mile of their Rear; not seen since.

Legion, Capt. Kinlock (Kinloch).  
Commander. Tarleton sick

Bryan's Militia Mounted, Number 30  
*James Whitworth* 23rd Prisoner:

23rd 250 or 300

33rd equal to the 23rd.

Lord Rawdon's Corps equal to 300

71st Joined Last Night, Numbers not known

Pieces of Artillery, 2 Six pounders & 2 threes

Legion Joined by two Companies of the 71st equal to 600 or 700

Militia about 40

Militia gone for Beef Cattle—no beef drawn to day. W. R. DAVIE.

(The last line is in Davie's writing, and was evidently written hastily, as the paper shows that it was folded without blotting, and in consequence the ink of these words is set off on the sheet opposite. Of the persons mentioned, Bryan was Samuel Bryan the N. C. Tory, Kinloch was either David, Lieutenant 71st, or David, Captain 80th regiment, probably the latter. Major Webster was one of the best officers in the British Army, and was soon after killed at the battle of Guilford Court House. Henry Rugeley was the South Carolina Tory planter, who in December, 1780, was ingloriously captured by Col. William Washington.)

## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

### LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO RICHARD HENRY LEE

[Letter from Washington to Richard Henry Lee, detailing some of the difficulties in his way as Commander of the troops besieging Boston.]

CAMP AT CAMBRIDGE, Aug't 29th., 1775.

DEAR SIR:

Your favour of the first Inst by Mr. Randolph came safe to hand—the merits of this Young Gentleman added to your recommendation & my own knowledge of his character induced me to take him into my Family . . . Mifflin, who I have appointed quarter Master Genl from a through perswation of his Integrity—my own experience of his activity, and finally because he stands unconnected with either of these Governments; or with this, that, or 't'other Man; for between you and I, there is more in this than you can easily imagine.

As we have now nearly completed our lines of defence, we have nothing more in my opinion to fear from the Enemy, providing we can keep our men to their duty and make them watchful and vigilant; but it is among the most difficult tasks I ever undertook in my life to induce the people to believe that there is or can be danger till the Bayonet is pushed at their breasts; not that it proceeds from any uncommon prowess, but rather from an unaccountable kind of stupidity in the lower class of these people, which believe me prevails but too generally among the officers of the Massachusetts part of the Army, who are nearly of the same kidney with the privates. There is no such thing as getting officers of this stamp to exert themselves in carrying orders into execution—to curry favour with the men (by whom they were chosen, and on whose smiles possibly they may think they may again rely) seems to be one of the principal objects of their attention.

I submit it therefore to your consideration whether there is, or is not, a propriety in that Resolution of the Congress which leaves the ultimate appointment of an officer below the Rank of General to the Governments where the Regiments originated, now the Army is become Continental? To me it appears improper in two points of view; first, it is a giving . . . weight to an Independent Colony which ought . . . damps the Spirit & ardour of Volunteers from all but the four New England Governments as none but their people have the least chance of getting into office—would it not be better to refuse to have the warrants

which the Commander in Chief is authorized to give Pro tempore, approved or disapproved by the Continental Congress, or a Committee of their body, which I should suppose in any . . . stand an equal chance of being promoted, according to his merit; in the other an officer will be confined to the Inhabitants of the 4 New England Governments which in my opinion is impolitick to a degree.

I have made a pretty good stand among such kind of officers as the Massachusetts Government abounds in since I came to this Camp, having broke one Col'o and two Captains for Cowardly behaviour . . . for drawing more provision and pay than they had men in their company—and one for being absent from his Post when the Enemy appeared there, and burnt a House Just by it. Besides these, I have at this time one Col'o, one Major, one Cap'n & two subalterns under arrest for tryal—In short I spare none & yet fear it will not all do, as these People seem to be too inattentive to every thing but their own Interest. I have not been unmindful of that part of your Letter respecting point Alderton—before the receipt of it, it had become an object of my particular enquiry, but the accts of its situation differ exceedingly, in respect to the command it has of the Ship Channel . . . have been confined to enquiries only: if I had ever been in a condition since my arrival here, to have taken possession of such a Post; but you well know, my good Sir, that it becomes the duty of an officer to consider some other matters, as well as a Situation—namely, what number of men are necessary to defend a place—how it can be supported—& how furnished with ammunition. I conceive our defence of this place (point Alderton) must be proportioned to the attack of Gen'l Gage's whole force, leaving him just enough to man his Lines on Boston & Charles Town necks—& with regard to the second, and most important, as well as alarming object, we have only 184 Bar'ls of Powder in all (including the late supply from Philadelphia) wch is not sufficient to give 25 Musket Cartridges to each man and scarcely to serve the artillery in any brisk action . . . Under these circumstances, I daresay you will agree with me that it would not be very eligible to take a Post 30 miles distant (by Land) from this place, when we have already a line of Circumvalation round Boston of at least 10 miles extent to defend, any part of which may be attacked without our having (if the Enemy will keep their own Council) an hour's notice of it; and that, it would not be prudent in me, to attempt a measure which would necessarily bring on a consumption of all the ammunition we have, thereby leaving the Army at the mercy of the Enemy, or soon dispers'd; and the Country to be ravaged and laid waste at discretion—to you I may acc't for my conduct,

but I cannot declare the motive of it to every one, notwithstanding I know . . . I shall stand in a very unfavourable light in the opinion of those who expect much & will find little done, without understanding or perhaps giving themselves the trouble of enquiring into the cause—such however is the fate of all those who are obliged to act the part I do. I must therefore submit to it, under a consciousness of having done my duty to the best of my abilities.

On Saturday night last we took . . . & within point blank shot of the Enemy on Charles Town Neck—we worked incessantly the whole night with 1200 men, & before Morning got an Intrenchment in such forwardness as to bid defiance to their Cannon; about nine o'clock on Sunday they began a heavy cannonade which continued through the day without any injury to our work and with the loss of four men, only two of whom were killed . . . not daring to make use of Artillery on acct of the consumption of powder, except with one Nine pounder placed on a point, with which we silenced & indeed sunk, one of their Floating Batteries.

This move of ours, was made to prevent the Enemy from gaining this Hill, and we thought was giving them a fair challenge to dispute it (as we had been told by various people who had just left Boston, that they were preparing to come out) but instead of accepting . . . learn that it has thrown them into great consternation . . . Yesterday afternoon they began a Bombardment, without any effect as yet

There has been so many great and capital errors & abuses to rectify—so many examples to make & so little Inclination in the officers of inferior Rank to contribute their aid to accomplish this work, that my life has been nothing else since I came . . . one continual round of . . . In short, no pecuniary (reward) could induce me to undergo what I have, especially as I expect, by showing so little (countenance) to irregularities & publick (abuses) to render myself very obnoxious to a good part of these People. But as I have already greatly exceeded the bounds of a Letter, I will not trouble you with matters relative to my . . .

As I expect this Letter will (reach) you in Philadelphia I must request the favour of you to present my affec't & respectful compliments to Dr. Shippen, his Lady and Family, my Brothers of the Deligation and any other Enquiring friends.—& at the same time do me the Justice to believe that I am, with a sincere regard,

Y'r affec't friend & obed't Servt.

G<sup>o</sup> WASHINGTON.



You recollect I spoke of having made mention of you in the "Star"; in my notice of the Am. Monthly I did so:—but it was in such high terms of praise, that Mr. Brantley thought it would be too much for *him* to appear to say;—and at his desire I omitted it.

Of N. P. Willis I desire to know but little: I know now enough to convince me . . . he has not got the deep poetry of the soul in him; and his chief merit consists in descriptions, which are sometimes cold transcripts of nature without the life of abstract thought, and colored far too highly with affectation. Where is there anything of Willis' which will compare with Longfellow, or Bryant, or the better things of Brooks, Peabody, Halleck or Percival? I would be the last to deny him the possession of considerable genius, but it is of a light, unvarying, sentimental and affected kind, which his influence in society and the servility of a great many Editors have contributed to render popular. He is not popular among the high spirits of our country, and unless he evince more feeling and less affectation, he never will be. He has had every advantage on earth, and the applause which he has received should have made him seek a better applause from higher sources. Instead, it has made him content, and he has reached his level, in my opinion. I should like to see him do something worthy a reputation which aristocracy alone sustains for him now, and which the world at large will soon annul. I am willing his magazine should succeed; indeed I hope it will. But to be a Reviewer he should be impartial. *His* reviews are partial and flippant. If I guess rightly respecting him I should say he was a young man who walked the streets as if afraid of soiling the soles of his feet—who evinced in all his actions the *Dandy*, rather than the *Man*. Although I don't wish to have you fill up your letter too much with him, yet you would oblige me by giving me an accurate description.

Rockwell promises, but he must write something *newer*—I would give double for your prospects than for Willis' or his. You have only to press forward to succeed. Bob Morris is a genteel, clever fellow; we are very intimate—and our secrets are passed like brothers. He has a good deal of talent, and a wonderful facility both in poetry and prose. Some say he is . . . (illegible), but don't believe it; he has always been true . . .

You speak of Pierpont;<sup>1</sup> I should like dearly to know him. He preached here last Summer, but I did not know it until too late. Do you know G. W. Doane? He has written some beautiful things, and for

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Pierpont.

Peabody I have a kind of holy reverence. I should like to know what Pierpont thinks of some of my affairs. How natural is this feeling.

Do send us in your next, something for the "Star" something from which a sort of moral may be drawn. In my next I will give you something for the "Manufacturer." My studies give me but little time to polishing pieces. By the way, Mr. Brantley is one of the most perfect of all gentlemen: an excellent scholar—and has got a lovely family—and some beautiful girls. One, with whom I am very intimate, is an angel in human form.

She is now in New York. My time passes with them happily. In my leisure I am at their service, and we jaunt off to Fairmount or Gray's Ferry, or the Pagoda Gardens, and I am rapt at those times in pleasure.

Let me hear from you without unnecessary delay;—give us the "portance of your travel's History"

Excuse this dull and dry epistle and believe me to be

Sincerely yours

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

P. S.—The pleasure which you say you have in listlessly gazing upon the sky makes me think of my old school hours at Onondaga Academy, when I used to sit and with my window open look out for hours upon the landscape, when the fresh winds were fluttering the neglected Horace or Virgil. *Juvat meminisse hec.*<sup>2</sup>

W. G. C.

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#### AN INSIDE VIEW OF SECESSION

[Letter from Brigadier-General Paul J. Semmes, C. S. A. (killed at Antietam), to Adjutant-General Wayne, of Georgia, two weeks after the State had seceded.]

COLUMBUS, GA., 1 Feby, 1861.

COLONEL:

Your letter of the 26 ult., acknowledging mine of the 21 ult., was duly rec'd.

I hand you herewith enclosed a letter of date 5 ult., from Aug. Viele, Esq., West Troy, N. Y., in regard to gun carriages, &c., & a copy of my

<sup>2</sup> *Haec olim meminisse juvabit*—Virgil, *Æneid*, i.

reply thereto, of the 14 ult. Also a copy of my letter of the 14 ult., to Wm. Kemble, Esq., New York, in regard to the inspection of the above gun carriages, &c, and his reply of the 21 ult. thereto. Also a letter from Capt. J. G. Burton, of date the 3 ult., to Col. Hardee in regard to the inspection of field guns & projectiles at West Point foundry, Cold Spring, N. Y. Also two letters from Mess. E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. of Wilmington, Del., of the 22 & 23 ult., relating to the shipment of Powder, cannon & musket cartridges, &c., and a copy of my reply.

Very respectfully

Your obdt Servt

PAUL J. SEMMES

COL. H. C. WAYNE Adj. Gen'l.,  
Milledgeville, Ga.

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#### LINCOLN AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

[The original autograph message to Congress, sent December 1st, 1863, entirely in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting and signed by him in full.]

The original Proclamation of Emancipation was burned, and this is one of the few public documents relating to the subject in existence outside of Government archives. It was presented to JOHN G. WHITTIER by CHARLES SUMNER, and the fact was certified to by Mr. Whittier's literary executor. The following is the full text of the Message:

*To the Senate and House of Representatives: Herewith I lay before you a letter addressed to myself by a committee of gentlemen representing the Freedmen's Aid Society in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The subject of the letter, as indicated above, is one of great magnitude and importance, and one of which these gentlemen, of known ability and high character, seem to have considered with attention and care. Not having the time to form a mature judgment of my own, as to whether the plan they suggest is the best, I submit the whole subject to Congress, deeming that their attention thereto is almost imperatively demanded.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*



It became evident soon after the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation that the freedmen were helpless and must be looked after. A committee of fourteen gentlemen, representing the Freedmen's Aid Societies of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Boston, with a long address on the matter, said they spoke not only for the societies but:

"The ANXIETIES and sympathies of the American people in regard to the present position and future prospects of the FREEDMAN CREATED by YOUR PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION."

This address was sent with the above Message to Congress, where, in the Senate, Charles Sumner suggested the creation of a Freedman's Enquiry Commission. Much valuable and interesting information regarding this Message and the circumstances surrounding it will be found in Vol. I. Senate Executive Documents, 38th Congress, 1st Sess. 1863-64.



## THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

### CHAPTER II—*Concluded.*

**T**RUE, he felt convinced in his own mind, that he should never dare to look her full in the face, or enjoy either ease or pleasure in her society. Yet still her abode so near him would furnish a new and charming object for his abstract devoirs and solitary contemplations. She would become the ideal companion of his rambles; the bright vision of his imagination and give a zest to his existence in that visionary world which furnished almost all the materials of his happiness. He was excessively anxious to see her, and punctual in his attendance at the mansion house while the storm lasted and there was no immediate prospect of the young lady's arrival; but the moment the *Patroon* came in sight his heart failed him, and he retreated into the fields, there to enjoy an imaginary meeting which he dared not encounter in reality. He embraced his cousin; kissed her cheek; made the most gallant, eloquent speeches; gazed in her face with eager eyes of admiration; and, in short, enjoyed in imagination a scene exactly opposite to that which the reality would have presented. Happy, thrice happy is the man who can thus create a paradise around him, and spin his enjoyments, as it were, from his own materials. This is a species of domestic manufacture that certainly ought to be encouraged by the government.

Mr. Dennis Vancour was somewhat indignant at the ignominious retreat of Sybrandt, to whom he delivered a Dutch lecture at their next interview, on his sheepishness. The good man took especial care not to recollect that it was, in a great measure, owing to the system of education inflicted upon him by the dominie, with his entire approbation. He insisted on his accompanying him, the next morning, to pay his devoirs to the young lady; and accordingly an interview took place between them. On the part of Sybrandt it was shy and embarrassed, a mixture of pride and timidity; on that of Catalina, sprightly and good-humored, with a sly expression of slighting superiority, which to one of his quick feelings was calculated to increase his embarrassment, and make him appear still more awkward and stupid. The noisy, but well-meaning Ariel, made

which the Commander in Chief is authorized to give Pro tempore, approved or disapproved by the Continental Congress, or a Committee of their body, which I should suppose in any . . . stand an equal chance of being promoted, according to his merit; in the other an officer will be confined to the Inhabitants of the 4 New England Governments which in my opinion is impolitick to a degree.

I have made a pretty good stand among such kind of officers as the Massachusetts Government abounds in since I came to this Camp, having broke one Col'o and two Captains for Cowardly behaviour . . . for drawing more provision and pay than they had men in their company—and one for being absent from his Post when the Enemy appeared there, and burnt a House Just by it. Besides these, I have at this time one Col'o, one Major, one Cap'n & two subalterns under arrest for tryal—In short I spare none & yet fear it will not all do, as these People seem to be too inattentive to every thing but their own Interest. I have not been unmindful of that part of your Letter respecting point Alderton—before the receipt of it, it had become an object of my particular enquiry, but the accts of its situation differ exceedingly, in respect to the command it has of the Ship Channel . . . have been confined to enquiries only: if I had ever been in a condition since my arrival here, to have taken possession of such a Post; but you well know, my good Sir, that it becomes the duty of an officer to consider some other matters, as well as a Situation—namely, what number of men are necessary to defend a place—how it can be supported—& how furnished with ammunition. I conceive our defence of this place (point Alderton) must be proportioned to the attack of Gen'l Gage's whole force, leaving him just enough to man his Lines on Boston & Charles Town necks—& with regard to the second, and most important, as well as alarming object, we have only 184 Bar'ls of Powder in all (including the late supply from Philadelphia) wch is not sufficient to give 25 Musket Cartridges to each man and scarcely to serve the artillery in any brisk action . . . Under these circumstances, I daresay you will agree with me that it would not be very eligible to take a Post 30 miles distant (by Land) from this place, when we have already a line of Circumvalation round Boston of at least 10 miles extent to defend, any part of which may be attacked without our having (if the Enemy will keep their own Council) an hour's notice of it; and that, it would not be prudent in me, to attempt a measure which would necessarily bring on a consumption of all the ammunition we have, thereby leaving the Army at the mercy of the Enemy, or soon dispers'd; and the Country to be ravaged and laid waste at discretion—to you I may acc't for my conduct,

but I cannot declare the motive of it to every one, notwithstanding I know . . . I shall stand in a very unfavourable light in the opinion of those who expect much & will find little done, without understanding or perhaps giving themselves the trouble of enquiring into the cause—such however is the fate of all those who are obliged to act the part I do. I must therefore submit to it, under a consciousness of having done my duty to the best of my abilities.

On Saturday night last we took . . . & within point blank shot of the Enemy on Charles Town Neck—we worked incessantly the whole night with 1200 men, & before Morning got an Intrenchment in such forwardness as to bid defiance to their Cannon; about nine o'clock on Sunday they began a heavy cannonade which continued through the day without any injury to our work and with the loss of four men, only two of whom were killed . . . not daring to make use of Artillery on acct of the consumption of powder, except with one Nine pounder placed on a point, with which we silenced & indeed sunk, one of their Floating Batteries.

This move of ours, was made to prevent the Enemy from gaining this Hill, and we thought was giving them a fair challenge to dispute it (as we had been told by various people who had just left Boston, that they were preparing to come out) but instead of accepting . . . learn that it has thrown them into great consternation . . . Yesterday afternoon they began a Bombardment, without any effect as yet

There has been so many great and capital errors & abuses to rectify—so many examples to make & so little Inclination in the officers of inferior Rank to contribute their aid to accomplish this work, that my life has been nothing else since I came . . . one continual round of . . . In short, no pecuniary (reward) could induce me to undergo what I have, especially as I expect, by showing so little (countenance) to irregularities & publick (abuses) to render myself very obnoxious to a good part of these People. But as I have already greatly exceeded the bounds of a Letter, I will not trouble you with matters relative to my . . .

As I expect this Letter will (reach) you in Philadelphia I must request the favour of you to present my affec't & respectful compliments to Dr. Shippen, his Lady and Family, my Brothers of the Deligation and any other Enquiring friends.—& at the same time do me the Justice to believe that I am, with a sincere regard,

Y'r affec't friend & obed't Servt.

G<sup>o</sup> WASHINGTON.



You recollect I spoke of having made mention of you in the "Star"; in my notice of the Am. Monthly I did so:—but it was in such high terms of praise, that Mr. Brantley thought it would be too much for *him* to appear to say;—and at his desire I omitted it.

Of N. P. Willis I desire to know but little: I know now enough to convince me . . . he has not got the deep poetry of the soul in him; and his chief merit consists in descriptions, which are sometimes cold transcripts of nature without the life of abstract thought, and colored far too highly with affectation. Where is there anything of Willis' which will compare with Longfellow, or Bryant, or the better things of Brooks, Peabody, Halleck or Percival? I would be the last to deny him the possession of considerable genius, but it is of a light, unvarying, sentimental and affected kind, which his influence in society and the servility of a great many Editors have contributed to render popular. He is not popular among the high spirits of our country, and unless he evince more feeling and less affectation, he never will be. He has had every advantage on earth, and the applause which he has received should have made him seek a better applause from higher sources. Instead, it has made him content, and he has reached his level, in my opinion. I should like to see him do something worthy a reputation which aristocracy alone sustains for him now, and which the world at large will soon annul. I am willing his magazine should succeed; indeed I hope it will. But to be a Reviewer he should be impartial. *His* reviews are partial and flippant. If I guess rightly respecting him I should say he was a young man who walked the streets as if afraid of soiling the soles of his feet—who evinced in all his actions the *Dandy*, rather than the *Man*. Although I don't wish to have you fill up your letter too much with him, yet you would oblige me by giving me an accurate description.

Rockwell promises, but he must write something *newer*—I would give double for your prospects than for Willis' or his. You have only to press forward to succeed. Bob Morris is a genteel, clever fellow; we are very intimate—and our secrets are passed like brothers. He has a good deal of talent, and a wonderful facility both in poetry and prose. Some say he is . . . (illegible), but don't believe it; he has always been true . . .

You speak of Pierpont; <sup>1</sup> I should like dearly to know him. He preached here last Summer, but I did not know it until too late. Do you know G. W. Doane? He has written some beautiful things, and for

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Pierpont.

Peabody I have a kind of holy reverence. I should like to know what Pierpont thinks of some of my affairs. How natural is this feeling.

Do send us in your next, something for the "Star" something from which a sort of moral may be drawn. In my next I will give you something for the "Manufacturer." My studies give me but little time to polishing pieces. By the way, Mr. Brantley is one of the most perfect of all gentlemen: an excellent scholar—and has got a lovely family—and some beautiful girls. One, with whom I am very intimate, is an angel in human form.

She is now in New York. My time passes with them happily. In my leisure I am at their service, and we jaunt off to Fairmount or Gray's Ferry, or the Pagoda Gardens, and I am rapt at those times in pleasure.

Let me hear from you without unnecessary delay;—give us the "portance of your travel's History"

Excuse this dull and dry epistle and believe me to be

Sincerely yours

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

P. S.—The pleasure which you say you have in listlessly gazing upon the sky makes me think of my old school hours at Onondaga Academy, when I used to sit and with my window open look out for hours upon the landscape, when the fresh winds were fluttering the neglected Horace or Virgil. *Juvat meminisse hec.*<sup>2</sup>

W. G. C.

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#### AN INSIDE VIEW OF SECESSION

[Letter from Brigadier-General Paul J. Semmes, C. S. A. (killed at Antietam), to Adjutant-General Wayne, of Georgia, two weeks after the State had seceded.]

COLUMBUS, GA., 1 Feby, 1861.

COLONEL:

Your letter of the 26 ult., acknowledging mine of the 21 ult., was duly rec'd.

I hand you herewith enclosed a letter of date 5 ult., from Aug. Viele, Esq., West Troy, N. Y., in regard to gun carriages, &c., & a copy of my

<sup>2</sup> *Haec olim meminisse juvabit*—Virgil, *Aeneid*, I.

reply thereto, of the 14 ult. Also a copy of my letter of the 14 ult., to Wm. Kemble, Esq., New York, in regard to the inspection of the above gun carriages, &c, and his reply of the 21 ult. thereto. Also a letter from Capt. J. G. Burton, of date the 3 ult., to Col. Hardee in regard to the inspection of field guns & projectiles at West Point foundry, Cold Spring, N. Y. Also two letters from Mess. E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. of Wilmington, Del., of the 22 & 23 ult., relating to the shipment of Powder, cannon & musket cartridges, &c., and a copy of my reply.

Very respectfully

Your obdt Servt

PAUL J. SEMMES

COL. H. C. WAYNE Adj. Gen'l.,  
Milledgeville, Ga.

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#### LINCOLN AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

[The original autograph message to Congress, sent December 1st, 1863, entirely in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting and signed by him in full.]

The original Proclamation of Emancipation was burned, and this is one of the few public documents relating to the subject in existence outside of Government archives. It was presented to JOHN G. WHITTIER by CHARLES SUMNER, and the fact was certified to by Mr. Whittier's literary executor. The following is the full text of the Message:

*To the Senate and House of Representatives: Herewith I lay before you a letter addressed to myself by a committee of gentlemen representing the Freedmen's Aid Society in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The subject of the letter, as indicated above, is one of great magnitude and importance, and one of which these gentlemen, of known ability and high character, seem to have considered with attention and care. Not having the time to form a mature judgment of my own, as to whether the plan they suggest is the best, I submit the whole subject to Congress, deeming that their attention thereto is almost imperatively demanded.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*



It became evident soon after the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation that the freedmen were helpless and must be looked after. A committee of fourteen gentlemen, representing the Freedmen's Aid Societies of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Boston, with a long address on the matter, said they spoke not only for the societies but:

"The ANXIETIES and sympathies of the American people in regard to the present position and future prospects of the FREEDMAN CREATED by YOUR PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION."

This address was sent with the above Message to Congress, where, in the Senate, Charles Sumner suggested the creation of a Freedman's Enquiry Commission. Much valuable and interesting information regarding this Message and the circumstances surrounding it will be found in Vol. I. Senate Executive Documents, 38th Congress, 1st Sess. 1863-64.



matters still worse, by occasionally urging the young man to "buck up," as he called it, to the young lady, and show his breeding. Poor Sybrandt wished himself a thousand miles away. By the time dinner was served, his head felt like a great bag of wool, and his heart ached with an oppressive load of imaginary contempt and ridicule, which he thought he saw in the eyes of everyone, more especially those of Catalina. Ariel, who sat next him, was perpetually jogging him in the side, to offer some civility to the young lady, and at length wrought him up to the hardihood of asking her to take a glass of wine, which he did in a voice so low that nobody heard him.

"Try again," whispered Ariel; "zounds! man, you could not hear yourself, I am sure."

Sybrandt tried again, but his voice died away in murmurs. Ariel was out of patience. "A-hem!" roared he in a voice that made Sybrandt quake.—"A-hem!—Catalina, your cousin asks you to drink wine with him." The glasses were filled, but unfortunately Ariel, who was none of the smallest, sat directly between the young people and intercepted Sybrandt's view of his cousin. When Sybrandt leaned forward to catch the lady's eye, Ariel did the like, from an inherent sympathy with motion, originating in his inveterate antipathy to sitting still; and thus they continued bobbing backward and forward till Catalina could restrain herself no longer, and laughed outright. Habits and dispositions like those of Sybrandt's never fail to take the laugh and the ridicule all to themselves, even when they are the only parties concerned. The young man actually perspired with agony, and when at length he gained an opportunity of bowing to the lady, his nerves were in such a state of agitation that he was incapable of swallowing. The wine took the wrong way, and nearly suffocated the luckless lad, who was only relieved by an ungovernable fit of coughing, during which he precipitated his draught in the face of honest Ariel.

"Blitzen!" exclaimed Dennis, in an undertone; for he was extremely anxious his adopted son should do credit to his education.

"A-hem! zounds!" cried Ariel, wiping his eyes, "why, Sybrandt, one would think you mistook it for a dose of physic." The young lady exchanged a significant smile with her mother, and the good Egbert, according to his custom, said nothing.

The dinner passed off without any other catastrophe, though poor

Sybrandt trembled to his very heart-strings, and shuddered when he put anything into his mouth, lest it might go the wrong way. He escaped as soon as possible, and sought his usual communion with his friend and counsellor, solitude. Here his imagination revelled in tortures of its own creation, and painted in the most exaggerated colours the scenes that had just occurred. Under the Doric roughness and simplicity of his appearance and manners, this young man concealed a proud sensibility, that withered under the sense of ridicule and contempt. The very thought, the very shadow of a thought, that he had been the object of either, stung him with a feeling of self-abasement, of keen-cutting mortification, that brought drops of agony from his heart and wrung the perspiration from his aching forehead. Such a temper aggravates the slightest matters into stings and nettles; with a watchful, anxious solicitude, it lies in wait for poisons to nourish its own infirmity, and makes its own keen sensibilities to the merest trifles the measure of the feelings of others. In five minutes after Sybrandt's departure from the mansion house, every circumstance connected with his mortifications was entirely forgotten by all but himself. But the recollection continued to rankle in his mind for a long while afterward, rendering him, if possible, a thousand times more shy, apprehensive, and sensitive than before. He never entered the old mansion that the scene of the dinner-table did not present itself with accumulated circumstances of mortification, paralyzing his gayety, oppressing his understanding, and giving to his actions a degree of awkward restraint that made his company painful as well as irksome to Catalina. It was indeed but seldom that he could be induced to seek her society, though she was ever the companion of his solitude; the theme of a thousand airy visions of the future, which he indulged without the remotest idea, or even wish to realize. He lived upon his own imaginings, of which, though self was always the center, the circumference comprehended the universe. The influence of solitude on the selfish principle is almost omnipotent. He who lives to himself, and by himself, becomes, as it were, the object of his own idolatry. Having little to draw off his attention from himself alone, the claims, the actions, the desires, the happiness of his fellow-creatures never intrude, or if they intrude at all, it is as mere auxiliaries, or obstacles to his supreme dominion. Upon him the social feeling, which is the source of a thousand virtues, never operates, except perhaps in some imaginary revery that calls up a momentary impulse of kindness or humanity, which dies away without ever being embodied into

action. He lives and moves, and has his being, his enjoyments, his regrets, and disappointments concentrated in himself alone.

Sybrandt was an example of these truths. His principles were all good, and he practised no vices. Yet neither his talents nor his virtues were ever brought into exercise in a communion with his fellow-beings, because his pride, timidity, and sensitiveness drove him continually from society, to nourish the perpetual contemplation of self, by pondering on the ridicule and contempt which was ever present to his imagination. Thus all his acquirements and all his good qualities lay dormant, amid the violent action of feelings and considerations that were exclusively selfish. It remained to be seen what such a being might or would become when placed in conflict with his fellows, under the incitements and temptations of the world.

### CHAPTER III

#### A YOUNG LADY WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD HAD SHE LIVED LONG ENOUGH

CATALINA VANCOUR was a very pretty and, in the main, a very good girl, although she had been bred at a boarding-school at New York, and danced with an aid-de-camp. She had lost much of the Doric, but had acquired a corresponding portion of the Corinthian. She often sighed for the more piquant and gorgeous amusements of the capital, and more especially the society of the gay gallants in scarlet uniform. But still she had not quite lost the rural feeling, nor entirely thrown off the witching influence which nature and her various beauties exercise over the hearts of those who, though they have sat at the world's great banquet, still preserve a relish for more wholesome aliment and plainer luxuries. She sometimes, in the gayety of her heart, sported with the feelings of poor Sybrandt, and rallied his shyness, unconscious of the pangs she inflicted upon his apprehensive self-love, and without noticing the dew of agony that gathered upon his forehead, as she playfully reproached him with being afraid of the young ladies.

The intercourse of young people at those times was very different from what it is at present. I pretend not that one age is, upon the whole, wiser or better than another; or to sit in judgment upon my contempo-

rarities. But I often catch myself contemplating, with something like sober regret, those days of unostentatious simplicity, easy, unaffected intercourse, and manly independence. Who, indeed, that hath gathered from history and tradition a picture of the manners, modes, and morals of the ancient patriarchs of Albany and its neighborhood, but will be inclined to contrast them dolefully with those of the present times? Who but will sigh to behold their places usurped by gilded butterflies, ostentatious beggary, empty pretence, and paltry affectation? In the room of men independent of the smiles and frowns of bankers or bankrupts, he will find speculators glittering in their borrowed plumage for an hour or two, then passing away, leaving nothing behind them but the wrecks of their unprincipled career. Where once sat the simple magistrates, administering the few simple laws necessary to regulate the orderly community over which they presided, is now collected a body of garrulous, ignorant, visionary, or corrupt legislators, pampering their own private interests at the expense of the public good, and sacrificing the prosperity of one portion of the State to the grasping avidity of another. In the room of prosperous yeomanry and independent mechanics, we behold crowds of hungry expectants, neglecting the sure and only means of competency, and begging, in the abjectness of a debased spirit, permission to sacrifice their independence for a wretched pittance, held under the wretched tenure of a man who has no will of his own. The once quiet city, where the name and the idea of political corruption was unknown, is now a whirlpool of intrigue, where empty bubbles are degenerated and kept alive by the agitation of the waters, and boiling and conflicting eddies gather into one focus all the straws, and chaff, and feathers, and worthless nothings that float upon the surface of the stormy puddle.

Undoubtedly, simplicity of manners is one of the great pillars of morality. It circumscribes our wants, and thus diminishes those besetting temptations to extravagance and dishonesty which originate in and receive their power from the love of dress, splendor, display, and luxury. Those who set an inordinate value upon the qualification of these vanities will come in time to sacrifice to their attainment all that solid stock of happiness which is derived from the possession of integrity and independence. An age of simplicity is therefore an age of morality; and thence it is that the wisest writers of antiquity have made simplicity of manners essential to the preservation of that liberty which cannot be sustained by a luxurious and corrupt people. That our own high feelings of independence are rapidly fleeing away before the quick steps of ostentation and

luxury, and that the love of wealth, as the means of attaining to these gratifications, is becoming the ruling passion, must be obvious to all observers.—But enough of this; the subject belongs to graver heads than ours.

One smiling morning in June, when nature, to use the fashionable phrase, sent out her cards of invitation to all the living imps of earth, from two legs to a thousand, to come and revel at her banquet of flowers, zephyrs, and woodland harmonies—not forgetting the strawberries and cream—Catalina, according to the Doric fashion of the times, had made a party with some of the lads and lasses of Albany to visit a little island lying lengthwise along the river, a mile or two below the mansion-house. Such parties were common in those days, when rural fields, and smiling landscapes, and woody recesses, where vines and wild flowers, and tuneful birds and whispering zephyrs, came in the place of crowded rooms, conflicting vanities, soul-cloying confectioneries, sleepy fiddlers, and midnight revels. Here, on the soft bosom of tranquil nature the young people rambled about till they were tired, and then sat down on the green sward under the protecting shade of some little copse of half-grown trees canopied by grape vines, forming a vast umbrella over their heads. Here, at a proper time, they brought out their stores; and a collation, to which health, exercise, and cheerful innocent hearts gave zest, succeeded. Many a sober youth and red-ripe damsel were first awakened to a gentle preference in these rich smiling solitudes; and many a long-uncertain beauty was here brought, at last, to know, and acknowledge her own mind to the chosen swain.

Catalina was resolved that Sybrandt should accompany the party; not that she admired her shy and awkward cousin, or valued his society: but, I know not how it is, there is a wayward wilfulness in woman which, being common to all past times, is probably a gift of nature. We allude to the propensity to carrying a point, whether a favorite one or not; to overcome opposition—in short, to have their own way in everything. Had Sybrandt sought her society, or discovered a disposition to be attentive, Catalina would have probably been tired to death of him in a little while, and affronted the youth downright. But he kept at a distance; he avoided her whenever he could; he sometimes excited her curiosity and sometimes her anger, by his lonely habits, and total neglect—in short, he was not to be had at all times, or at any time, and ~~was~~, therefore, in spite of himself, an object of consequence to his cousin. But

the difficulty was to catch this wayward monster, and Ariel was deputed for that purpose. There was nothing he loved like being employed upon the affairs of other people; and Catalina had gained his whole heart by sending him to Albany every day, to purchase a paper of pins, a skein of thread, or a pennyworth of some kind or other.

Ariel, who knew some of the haunts of Sybrandt, took his gun, and went, as he said, to hunt this strange animal. Among the rugged hills that bounded these rich flats inland, was a deep romantic glen, through which a fine stream tumbled in foaming volumes from rock to rock. It was overshadowed by vast pines and cedars, which threw their gloomy arms and locked their fingers half way across the abyss. Here was a perpetual twilight, throughout all times of the day and every season of the year. In the hottest days of summer there was a refreshing coolness diffused around, that came with exquisite zest to the lazy and relaxed frame, and made the spirit wax fit for vigorous thoughts. Every rock, and stump, and half-decayed branch of a moldering tree was coated with velvet moss; and all along the margin of the brook, the green fringe kissed the foamy waters as they glanced away. It was here that Sybrandt was often found, deep in the reveries of a wandering mind, seeking some steady rational object of pursuit, and floating clumsily about without purpose, like a bark away from its anchor. His mind was a perfect chaos, wanting the powerful stimulus of some master-passion, some great pursuit to arrange its intellectual forces, and marshal them to usefulness if not to deeds of noble daring.

Ariel was an astonishing man for killing two birds with one stone. He always had two irons in the fire at once; and nothing was more common with him than to forget them both in pursuit of a third. It is related of him, that being one day waiting with his horse to cross the ferry at Albany, he was so taken up with the "d—d stupid blundering" of the ferryman in bringing his boat to the stairs, that he let go his own bridle, whereat his horse trotted gallantly away. His master pursued, and finally came up with him. But just as he seized the bridle and turned round, he saw the ferry-boat leaving the stairs. Whereupon he let go the bridle, and ran as fast as his little short drumsticks would permit toward the boat, hallooing to the "d—d stupid blockhead" to stop. The man, being now in the current of the stream, could not or would not return. Whereupon Ariel turned round in a great passion to his horse; but the horse was gone too, past all recovery, having this time

mended his pace to a gallop, and made straightway for home. So Ariel missed both ferry-boat and horse by not attending to one at a time.

As he was proceeding in the execution of his commission for Catalina, lucklessly for the wishes of that young lady, Ariel espied at some distance a noble flock of pigeons perched on a dead tree. The last thing and the last object was always sure to carry all before it with Ariel. He forgot everything else, and trudged away with all his speed toward this new and powerful attraction. He got a copse between him and the birds; he advanced cautiously under cover; he gained a station within gunshot, while the unconscious victims sat perfectly quiet; he cocked his piece, raised it to his shoulder, and was just taking aim, when his irresistible propensity to clearing his throat came across him, and he essayed such a stout magnificent "a-hem!" that the birds took the alarm and flew away. "D—n it," quoth Ariel, and scampered after, following them with his eye, till he unfortunately plumped into a ditch, where he got most gloriously garnished with a coat-of-mail, and was fain to make the best of his way home, leaving the pigeons to their fate and Sybrandt to his solitude.

"Well, uncle," said Catalina, when she saw him, "did you see the white savage?"

"No, zounds! they all flew away," replied Ariel, thinking of the pigeons.

"Flew away! what are you talking about uncle?"

"Why, zounds! I tell you, just as I was going to let fly at them, they flew away, and I fell into a ditch trying to follow."

"Follow whom," said the young woman, who began to suspect honest Ariel had lost his wits.

"Why, the pigeons."

"Pigeons! I thought you went in search of Sybrandt?"

"Bless my soul! a-hem! bless my soul, so I did. But the truth is, Catty, I took my gun with me, by way of company, and met a flock of pigeons that led me plump into a ditch, and I forgot all about it."

The young lady was half-vexed, half-diverted, though well acquainted with her uncle's inveterate habit of running after the last object



which presented itself. He once lost an excellent opportunity of getting married, by stopping on the way to show some boys how to catch minnows.

"I'll go this minute and look for him," added Ariel, after a moment's hesitation.

"Do, uncle; but don't take your gun with you."

"No, no."

"And don't run after the pigeons."

"Oh, no."

"And take care you don't fall into the ditch."

"Oh, never fear," and away went the good-natured Ariel, clearing his throat with a sonorous "a-hem!"

On his way to the house of his brother Dennis, he saw a number of little peach-trees, just fit for budding, which tempted him sorely. But luckily for the consummation of his errand, he had left his jack-knife at home, and there was an end of the matter. He proceeded on, therefore, and found Sybrandt at home. He had been considering all the morning whether he should go over and see his pretty cousin, and had just wrought himself up to the feat, when Ariel arrived with his message, which threw him into great perplexity. In going to see her of his own accord, and alone, he had privately come to an understanding with himself, that if his heart failed him by the way he could turn back again, and nobody would be the wiser. But here was a different predicament, a message and a companion, and he felt greatly inclined to demur.

"Come, come! zounds, man, why don't you stir yourself? When I was of your age, if a pretty girl sent for me, I was off like a shot."

"Yes, but you never hit the mark, uncle," said Sybrandt, smiling.

"A-hem," quoth Ariel, "but, zounds! come along, will you? I've got fifty things to do this morning. Let me see—I promised to show the dominie how to ring his pigs' noses—after that, I must go and tell the widow Van Amburgh how her geese ought to be yoked—then to squire Vervalen's to show them how to stew mushrooms—then to Brom Van Riper's, to see if his sugar-pears are ripe—and—but come along; d—n it, I shall never get through half my business this morning." Ac-

cordingly he seized the youth by the arm and dragged him along, half-willing, half-reluctant. A man is sometimes pleased with a little violence, which saves him the trouble of making up his mind when he don't know exactly what he would be at; and so is a woman if she is not very much belied.

"Well, here he is—I've caught him at last," shouted Ariel, as he entered the hall where Catalina sat enjoying the sweet south breeze that gathered coolness as it sailed up the river.

"What, uncle—the pigeons?" and the young lady smiled at the recollection of yesterday's disaster.

"No; the goose," replied Ariel, bursting into a great laugh at his own happy rejoinder.

Reader, art thou a modest, bashful, or what is still more, a sheepish young person, as proud as Lucifer, and with feelings more wakeful and skittish than a wild partridge and hast thou ever been made the object of laughter? If so, thou wilt be able to enter into the agonies of Sybrandt, as he stood perspiring under the consciousness that he cut rather a ridiculous figure. No one can ever know what a man suffers in such a situation, except persons of the temperament I have described. If they did—if they could enter into the recesses of their hearts, and see the strings quivering with keen and bitter mortifications, the most ill-natured, malignant being that was ever created would be careful not to play rudely upon an instrument so easily disposed to tormenting discords. There are thousands of young persons, and all of the higher order of intellect, who in the days of their probation, before their hearts are seared in the fires of indulgence, or deadened by disappointments, suffer more from the careless disregard to their feelings, and the thoughtless ridicule indulged in by the domestic circle in which they move, than from all other causes combined.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

*(To be continued.)*

## GENEALOGICAL

All communications for this department (including genealogical publications for review) should be sent to George W. Chamberlain, 92 Front Street, Weymouth, Mass.

### RECENT DISCOVERIES IN PILGRIM ANCESTRY

A brief summary of an article that recently appeared in the Boston *Transcript*, will be appreciated by our readers:

An important genealogical discovery was recently made concerning the Rev. John Robinson, famous as the pastor of the Pilgrims in Holland, and the Rev. Thomas Helwys, a somewhat less noted Separatist. For many years it has been known that Robinson was connected with the Pilgrim church at Scrooby, in the northern part of Nottinghamshire, England, and that Helwys was associated with John Smith, the leader made famous by self-baptism, in the church at Gainsborough, some miles east of Scrooby.

From these facts searchers for Pilgrim ancestry have directed their attention to the northern part of the shire. The publication of the marriages in the parishes of the southern part of Nottinghamshire has enabled Mr. William Prescott Greenlaw, until recently editor of this department, in connection with long study of the subject, to identify the marriage of the Rev. John Robinson with the parish of Greasley and the marriage of the Rev. Thomas Helwys with the parish of Bilborough, both some thirty-

five miles from the churches with which it had long been known that they were associated.

The entry from the Greasley parish register reads as follows: "Mr. John Robynson & Mistress Bridget Whyte [married] 15 February, 1603." (Nottinghamshire *Marriages*, Vol. viii., p. 99.)

This date to be understood should be 1603-4, and we have in this identification the place and the date of the marriage of the Rev. John Robinson as new information. The title "Mr." and "Mistress" indicate that both parties were persons of note and strengthens the identification.

Morton Dexter in his "The England and Holland of the Pilgrims" (1905), upon which his father, Rev. Henry Morton Dexter, D.D., spent over thirty years in preparation states, on p. 631, that Rev. John Robinson was from Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, and with others, including Jane White, his sister-in-law, bargained for a house in Holland, Jan. 27, 1611, and calls him "pastor of the Pilgrim Church." The same work on p. 632 names Bridget (White) Robinson and gives her probable origin as "from Worksop, Nottinghamshire." This parish is only a few miles from Greasley where the marriage took place.

The marriage of Rev. Thomas Helwys as found on the Bilborough parish register is as follows:

"Thomas Helwys & Joan Ashmore [married] 3 December 1595." (Nottinghamshire *Marriages*, Vol. vi, p. 94.)

Here we have the place, the date of the marriage and the family name of the wife of Thomas Helwys—items which genealogical searchers have heretofore failed to discover after years of search.

In 1890-91 Dr. Dexter published in the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Second Series, Vol. vi, p. 54, a "List of English Exiles in Amsterdam," in which he names Thomas Helwys as from Basford, Nottinghamshire, and Joan Helwys as his wife.

Basford is a parish about four miles from Bilborough—a distance so near as to make the identification of this marriage reasonable and probable.

Rev. Thomas Helwys is reputed to have been a member of the Brownist congregation at Amsterdam and to have formed at Pinner's Hall, in London, the first Baptist congregation. He was a "Puritan devine," and Arber in his "Story of the Pilgrim Fathers," p. 140, states that his company returned to London about 1613.

In connection with this study of the movements of the Pilgrims, many interesting facts are brought out. Both John Robinson and William Brewster were

educated men, both had common interests, and so far as we can judge at this distance of time, their associations were most friendly. When the question of leaving Holland was raised it appears that the Pilgrims were not all of one mind as to their future course.

It seems to have been agreed, before final action was taken, that if a majority voted to emigrate, the pastor, Rev. John Robinson should go, but if less voted to emigrate that Elder William Brewster should accompany the minority. A few less than half of the company voted to embark for England and the New World.

Hence we find the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620, and thereafter under the leadership of Elder William Brewster.—  
EDITOR.

#### QUERIES

28. *a.* MUNSEY—Ten dollars will be paid to the first one sending proof of the parentage of William Munsey of Kittery, Maine, and of Dover, N. H. He was in Kittery from 1686 to 1688; then at Dover to 1694 or a little later.

*b.* PALMER—Ten dollars reward will be paid to the first one sending the proof of the parentage of Trueworthy Palmer said to have been born in Hampton, N. H., July 20, 1749, and to have died in Conway, N. H., June 25, 1830. At one time he lived in Loudon, N. H. P 1.

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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## CANBY'S CAMPAIGN IN NEW MEXICO

THE plan of operations urged by General Scott in 1861, was to abandon all the frontier posts, and concentrate every regular soldier in front of Washington in the first general engagement. The effect which the presence of 13,000 disciplined troops would have produced on the result of the first battle of Bull Run, is too obvious to admit of discussion. In May, 1861, the government tried to correct its blunder by ordering all regulars on the frontier to proceed East at once—but it was soon seen that the opportunity had passed; and the order was countermanded.

I intend to show that in all probability, this countermand, as regarded the regulars in New Mexico, was fraught with consequences of the greatest National importance; that had the result of General Canby's campaign been different, the mighty conflict in the East might possibly have had a different termination. In view of the remoteness of the field of conflict and the small forces engaged, this may seem a rash assertion; but never, since Cortez and Pizarro, did the possession of such vast areas of the globe depend upon such small detachments of troops. The result of the struggle between these few involved the possession certainly of Western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and part of Southern California—probably of all California—or in all, more than half a million square miles of territory.

These considerations seem to justify my attempt to rescue the little fights of Valverde and Cañon Glorieta from the oblivion covering many encounters in the East between much larger bodies of men than those in New Mexico, and also to record the brilliant strategy by which Canby snatched victory from defeat, and saved to our side a territory twice as large as Austria.

Baylor's regiment of Confederate cavalry reached Western Texas early in the summer of 1861, and occupied abandoned Fort Bliss, opposite El Paso. On the 27th of July, the garrison of Fort Fillmore, 700 men

of the Seventh Infantry and Mounted Rifles, on the retreat to Fort Stanton, was surrendered by the commander, Major Lynde, 7th Infantry, to Baylor's force of only 350, against the protest of all his subordinates but one (who afterwards joined the Confederates). Major Lynde's previous history justifies the conclusion that his conduct was due solely to the imbecility of extreme old age. The disgrace was a retribution for the failure of Congress to provide an honorable retirement for superannuated and worn-out officers.

On hearing of the surrender, Canby concentrated his remaining forces at Fort Craig and Fort Union; the order for removal East having been countermanded. He was compelled to thus divide his forces, because the Confederate, Van Dorn, was organizing in Northern Texas, a force to enter New Mexico. To aid in the defense of the country, five regiments of New Mexico volunteers were mustered into service. In January, 1862, Canby had at Fort Craig, three companies each of the Seventh and Tenth Infantry, and five of the Fifth; two of the First and five of the Third Cavalry, McRae's<sup>1</sup> battery of six guns, and a company of Colorado volunteers, about 1100 men in all, besides 2700 New Mexico volunteers and militia—a weakness, as they were worthless in action, except Kit Carson's regiment, which did fairly well; but it was not much exposed and would not have stood much of a strain. The Confederate force under General H. H. Sibley, was composed of three regiments of infantry, Baylor's cavalry and two batteries of artillery, and as it was apparent that he was heading for the Valverde Ford, about five miles above Fort Craig, Canby determined to resist him there. He sent Lieut. Col. B. S. Roberts, Third cavalry, with five companies of cavalry, two of infantry, six of volunteers, four of McRae's guns, and two 24-pound howitzers, under Capt. R. H. Hall,<sup>2</sup> Tenth infantry to occupy the ford and hold the "bosque" (grove) on the east bank. The enemy were ahead of Roberts at the ford, but under cover of the guns, he effected a lodgment on the east bank, and drove the enemy into the woods. Carson's regiment soon arrived and was sent up the west bank a little over a mile, to keep back the enemy and prevent him from crossing there.

At the ford, the contest continued between the skirmishers and artillery, the enemy being driven back into the woods and his guns silenced, three being disabled and abandoned. These would have been captured had Major [Thomas] Duncan, Third cavalry, obeyed the oft repeated orders of Colonel Roberts to charge the woods vigorously—as

<sup>1</sup> Alexander McRae, Captain Third Cavalry.

<sup>2</sup> Now Brig. Gen. retired.

it was, the Texans carried them off by hand right in the face of our skirmishers. At noon, the command of Major H. R. Selden, Fifth infantry arrived—four companies of the Fifth, two of the Seventh, one of the Tenth, and Dodd's company of Colorado volunteers. Selden was ordered by Colonel Roberts to move up-stream at double quick, and cross five-eighths of a mile above the ford. As fast as they could climb the steep bank, this was done, the line formed and the woods cleared with the bayonet. At about three hundred yards, the line was deployed as skirmishers. Company B, Fifth infantry, Captain Roderick Stone, was held in reserve in rear of the right wing, to cover the gap between us and our troops on the right, while Company H, of the Tenth, was the left wing reserve. At six hundred yards the enemy rallied in an old river bed where a sand ridge formed a strong natural entrenchment. The interval of a hundred yards between the two lines was devoid of cover of any kind. The enemy's left would have been exposed to an enfilading fire from our troops at the ford, commanded by Major Duncan, had he obeyed Colonel Roberts's orders to occupy the woods in his front. At the moment Selden had ordered a rush at the sand ridge, a lancer company of the enemy burst through a gap in the bank, in column of fours. Captain Plympton of the Seventh, commanded at the point attacked. He rallied his own men and the left of Dodd's command, and as the front rank almost met ours, a line of fire flashed in the faces of the Texans, and the few survivors galloped back into their lines. At the same time a column of cavalry (supposed to be Baylor's regiment), passed through the gap between Selden and Duncan and in rear of our right flank. Stone's company, which had been ordered to lie down, was right in the path of the charging column, and apparently unseen by them. At a few yards' distance, Stone gave the command "rise," fired a volley into the head of the column and charged with bayonet. Men and horses recoiled and the charge was broken, but Captain Stone was mortally wounded, dying a few days later. Major Selden assumed from the attack on his front and rear, that Duncan must have been driven back; he therefore withdrew his line about three hundred yards nearer the river. Firing having ceased, Roberts ordered Hall's and McRae's guns across the river, withdrew Carson, and ordered him and Selden into the gap between our line and Duncan. At 2:30, Colonel Canby arrived and took command, so McRae's was left in its position much too far to the left and almost on the river bank. Canby's plan was to pivot on his left so as to enfilade the enemy's strong position behind the sand ridges and double up his left wing. To prevent this,

gain time and divert attention from his intended attack in force on McRae, the enemy, under Major Raguet, charged Duncan with about 250 cavalry. Canby had sent Company E, Seventh infantry, Carson's regiment, and finally Selden's battalion to the supposed point of danger. This left in our line the same fatal gap that existed before; most of our forces were massed on the right, and McRae was left with inadequate support. Raguet's charge was easily repulsed, he receiving a volley from Selden and Carson, and being roughly handled in front by Hall. Simultaneously McRae was attacked by all of the enemy's remaining artillery and by a dismounted force of about a thousand men. Plympton's men made a brave counter-attack, but were thrown into confusion by some fugitive volunteers rushing through their ranks. The battery was taken, after a desperate resistance by the gunners, and Captain McRae killed. But few men escaped. The gap in our lines could have been closed in time by Pino's Second New Mexico Volunteers, but most of them cowered under the east bank, and the rest refused to cross the river.

Colonel Canby, Colonel Roberts and staff, were near McRae, and just as the fighting among the guns was hottest, a squadron of the Second Cavalry, commanded by Captain Richard S. C. Lord, passed between them and the battery. Roberts shouted in a loud, clear voice, "Charge, charge the cavalry." The column hesitated, halted, its captain ordered "Dismount, to fight on foot;" the battery and the battle were lost. The men of the squadron were swept by the fugitives across the river. Canby, misled as to the gravity of the situation on the right, felt compelled to withdraw that part of our force. When Selden arrived to support Duncan, he saw the feebleness of the attack there, and took the responsibility of ordering back Captain [Benjamin] Wingate, with four companies of the Fifth, to his former position in the line. This detachment—about 150 men—was overlooked by the officer carrying the order for our right wing to retire, so that when it reached McRae's battery (then held by the enemy), it was alone on that side of the river. Captain Wingate fell, mortally wounded, and Lieutenant (Franklin) Cook was the only other officer. In this desperate situation, to gain time and give the men something to do, three volleys were deliberately poured into the battery, and then the battalion slowly fell back to the river, crossing in deep water below the ford, but carrying Captain Wingate with it. On the west side, the regulars were rallied, and fell back in good order to Fort Craig. According to the official reports our force was about 1000 regulars, and Dodd's company, besides 2000 or 3000 New Mexico volun-



teers (their numbers being unimportant). Texan force, 1750. Union loss, 263 killed and wounded. Confederate, 186.

Roberts's impetuosity led him to violate the adopted plan, in thus forcing the passage of a difficult river, and attacking the enemy in such a strong position as to leave the advantage all on the other side.

McRae would have been in no danger had Pino's regiment taken its indicated place in line. It would have supported Major Duncan; Selden would have remained where he was, on Plympton's right; and their joint attack on the flank of the column attacking McRae would have defeated it.

The only error seems to have been the crowding A, F, and H, of the Tenth, and E Seventh, in the narrow space behind McRae. Had they been deployed to the left they would have aided materially in resisting the Texan charge.

The enemy remained two days at Valverde and then entered Santa Fé, March 5.

Intending to remain at Fort Craig for reinforcements, Colonel Canby sent the militia and most of the volunteers up the country ahead of the Texans to remove or destroy all government stores, and induce the people to remove their cattle, sheep and provisions.

March 10, Slough's regiment of 950 Colorado volunteers arrived, and he took command (as brigadier) of all the forces in the northern part of the territory. Disregarding both Colonel Canby's orders and the written remonstrance of Major Gabriel R. Paul, 8th Infantry (Col. 1st N. M. Vols.), then commanding at Fort Union, he pushed forward 400 men under Major Chivington, who surprised the enemy's outpost in Apache Cañon, twenty-five miles from Santa Fé, March 26, made seventy-five prisoners and inflicted considerable loss on the enemy.

The next day at Pigeon's Ranch, twenty miles from Santa Fé, Slough with 1320 men, encountered Sibley with 600 (according to the latter's report). He sent Chivington with 450, including Captain W. H. Lewis's company of the Fifth Infantry, to ascend the mesa on his left and reach the enemy's train in the rear. This left the opposing forces in the Cañon Glorieta about equal in numbers. The Colorado troops fought well, but were slowly forced back until at sunset the enemy held the field, the Unionists retreating—but certainly not routed. Meanwhile

Chivington had surprised the Texan train at Johnson's ranch, four miles away, routed its guard of 200 men, taken and spiked the single cannon, captured the mules and burnt wagons, ammunition and supplies. While Glorieta was a tactical defeat to us, the enemy never recovered from the loss of the train, as it left them destitute of supplies, in a destitute country. Captain Lewis contributed largely to the success.

On April 1, Canby left Fort Craig with about 1150 men, and attempted to reach Albuquerque before Sibley—who, however, anticipated him and occupied it in so strong a position that Canby, making a feint of attack from the eastern side so as to keep open the road to Fort Union through the Tijeras Cañon in the Sandia mountains, retired by that road until joined by Colonel Paul's command from Fort Union. Now stronger than Sibley, he overtook him at Peralta, twenty miles from Albuquerque, on the night of the 14th. The Texans were unprepared, most of their officers at a dance and half the men on the opposite side of the river (Rio Grande). Had Canby had the rations with which to feed prisoners, he could by a sudden dash have captured most of the force; but he could get no supplies from the country and his own force was on reduced rations. He therefore determined to force the enemy to retreat through the devastated country—made a demonstration the next day and the Texans crossed the river to the west bank and began their retreat with the Union army on the east bank, and therefore between them and their base, within plain view and often within cannon shot. At La Joya, Sibley put his few remaining rations on pack mules, left all his wagons except those carrying ammunition, and with his artillery left the river and took a wild trail which kept the rugged Madalena mountains between him and the river. The first part of the march lay through a trackless region of mountains and cañons. The energy and devotion these men displayed in hauling the artillery over apparently insurmountable obstacles, was wonderful; but they soon had to destroy the wagons and most of the ammunition. Canby pressed on with about half his force (all he could feed), until forty miles from Fort Craig and a hundred and twenty from Albuquerque, he was forced to stop for want of food. The remnant of the enemy's force reached the Rio Grande at Fort Thorne and proceeded thence to Mesilla and Fort Bliss. Thence they retreated in small parties, across the barren waste of seven hundred miles to San Antonio. The whole retreat was a thousand (from Albuquerque) and according to reports at the time, all the way was strewn with sick and dying. In the mountains west of the river, Canby's men

found men ill with smallpox, measles and pneumonia, and did all possible for them. The enemy, thirty-five hundred when they left San Antonio, was not over seven hundred and fifty on their return.

During these events in New Mexico, a column for the relief of the Union army there was organizing in California by Brigadier General James H. Carleton, and its advance reached Fort Thorne July 4, and hastened the departure of the last detachment of the enemy. Thus ended the second Texan invasion of New Mexico, even more disastrously than the first, in 1847 (the famous "Texas-Santa Fé" expedition).

All military operations by civilized people on the Mexican Plateau, from Cortez down to our time, have partaken more or less of romance and improbability; and this campaign was no exception. The entire scene of combat had been so stripped of food that when the final struggle came, the Confederates were half starved, the Unionists on half rations, with their base of supplies a thousand miles away, across a desert waste. Hence, toward the last the conflict resolved itself into a desperate struggle for existence, as neither side could feed the other if captured—the only alternative seemed to be victory or starvation. It was with the utmost difficulty that Canby succeeded, during the first two months after the Texans' flight, in supplying the reduced force he left at Fort Craig.

From a military standpoint the campaign is a remarkable and interesting one. It is a striking illustration of the difficulties which had to be overcome in moving and supplying troops in our Western desert regions before the advent of railroads—and its careful study gives the military student some insight into the surroundings which formed the school in which were educated the officers of our unrivalled quartermaster, commissary and ordnance staff during the Rebellion. They were trained and developed in Indian warfare in our vast Western wilderness, and their achievements in the great war, in supplying our armies over long lines, in regions destitute of roads and in the face of such formidable adversaries, will forever remain the astonishment and admiration of the military historian. Moreover, the campaign is believed to be without a parallel in history, in that, while the winning army was tactically defeated in every important engagement, it subsequently won a decisive victory by its commander's brilliant strategy. But it is further claimed for this campaign that its most important consequences were the political influences which resulted from its success. Had the Texans captured Fort Craig and its garrison, Fort Union would soon have fallen, and owing to the formidable

barrier of the Great Plains, the Confederates would have been ensured possession of the territory. Their success would also have encouraged them to largely reinforce the army of New Mexico and prosecute their original plan of invading California. To judge fairly of the probable result, we must remember that the Unionists had a majority in that State, but the rebels a strong minority. In Southern California, where the attacking column must enter, they had a decided majority, and the sympathizing Mormons around San Bernardino would have provided a safe foothold for the invaders on the California side of the desert. The rebels were concentrated in the coast towns, and the valleys which furnished agricultural supplies, while the Unionists were chiefly in the mountain mining towns, which were not agriculturally self-supporting. Then, too, the National troops available for the field would have been reduced by the necessity of garrisoning the forts around San Francisco, the Mare Island Navy Yard and other points—while the rebels could have concentrated at the most favorable point for attack. Six or eight thousand Texans, most of them inured to war by a successful campaign, could have been thrown into the State before the struggle ended, *provided* Canby had been captured at Fort Craig. Then the invaders would have entered California with the chances strongly in their favor. I do not mean to ignore the good qualities of the California volunteers. Better material for soldiers than the men of Carleton's column were not on earth—nor a better regiment than the Eighth, which I had the honor to command. But as between them and an army of victorious Texans, it would have been the old story of raw troops against veterans. Had the rebels conquered California, the flood of gold that filled our coffers and maintained our credit would have been diverted from Washington to Richmond.

Often the recognition of the Confederacy by the European Powers trembled in the balance. Would not the conquest of so large a part of our domain, the possession of open seaports from which to send out rebel cruisers, and the securing of the gold supply, have rendered that recognition certain? As it was, the conquest of the South was a military miracle. With all the additional advantages resulting from the conquest of California, would not their subjugation have been impossible?

LATHAM ANDERSON,

*Late Colonel U. S. V.*

(Read before the Ohio Loyal Legion.)

## ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF MARCH, 1817

*written for the occasion by*

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.<sup>1</sup>

Tune—*Anacreon*.

While the vassals of tyranny rivet their chains  
By birthday effusions and base adulation,  
Let freemen express in their holiday strains  
The voice of a people—the choice of a nation.  
Let laureates sing  
The birth of a king,  
'Tis ours to rejoice for the first fruits of spring;  
For still shall the fourth day of March ever yield  
A harvest of glory in liberty's field.

Encircled with glory the chieftain retires,  
Who led us in safety through war's dread commotion;  
While the spirit that raised him another inspires  
To watch o'er our rights with equal devotion.  
MONROE shall preside,  
His countrymen's pride,  
The soldier, the statesman, the patriot well try'd.  
And thus shall the fourth day of March ever yield  
A harvest of glory in liberty's field.

To legitimate tyrants no freeman shall bow—  
To *virtue* alone will we pay veneration;  
The chiefs of Columbia are call'd from the plough  
And retire from the chair to the same occupation.  
Thus TOMPKINS<sup>2</sup> arose

<sup>1</sup> Woodworth is best known as the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket." The tune is the same as that of "Hail Columbia."

<sup>2</sup> Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of New York, 1807-17; Vice-President, 1817-25.

In the face of his foes,  
For the path of a patriot the "farmer's boy" chose.  
And thus shall the fourth day of March ever yield  
A harvest of glory in liberty's field.

Then hail to the day that beholds us once more  
Place the chaplet of power on the brow of true merit;  
'Tis the sacred insignia our WASHINGTON wore,  
A legacy none but the good shall inherit.  
To the patriot MONROE  
The tribute we owe,  
Till the people reclaim it again to bestow,  
And the fourth day of March be again made to yield  
A harvest of glory in liberty's field.

Let freemen unite on this festival day  
To celebrate liberty's triumph in chorus;  
Awaken the trumpet—our banners display,  
And hail the bright prospect that opens before us.  
In pæans of joy  
Your voices employ,  
For the patriot MONROE and our own "FARMER'S BOY,"  
*And ne'er may the fourth day of March cease to yield  
A harvest of glory in liberty's field.*



## LETTERS FROM VIRGINIA. 1774-1781

### I

**A**MONG a very large collection of family papers\* which were lately given to me to examine, were two boxes labelled "Charles Steuart, America," and it is into this collection that I propose to make a short excursus.

A word however is necessary about the original owner of the Correspondence, who if once known is now I fear entirely forgotten in America. Charles Steuart was a Scotsman born in Orkney of a good family in 1725. He went out in 1741 to Virginia and was for many years settled as a merchant at Norfolk, where he became a friend of Governor Fauquier and in 1762 the protector of some Spanish officers shipwrecked there, who had incurred public hostility, and this caused him to be well received by the Spanish Ambassador when he returned to London. He went back to America, having been appointed by Mr. Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Surveyor General of Customs in North America; an office of trust which, we are told, "he discharged during the difficult times of the Stamp Act with the approbation of his superiors and the applause of the people." He rose to the position of Receiver General of Customs, which brought him in touch with the leading men there, until he returned to Great Britain in 1769, where he was "by the continual troubles of the times confined thereafter." He never left Britain after that, dying at an advanced age in Edinburgh, 27 Nov., 1797, having been by his kindness and wealth a "providence" to his family and to hordes of needy friends, many of whom were fugitive American "loyalists."

But though kind, Mr. Steuart was a gentleman of the old school. It is evident from his correspondence that neither he nor his friends had the slightest sympathy for the cause of independence in America. Perhaps it could not be expected that the head of the British Customs there would have. And it is this whole-hearted opposition shown by his correspondents to the aspirations of the "Patriots" that gives their letters some real interest. An incident connected with Mr. Steuart's

\* In the possession of James Stewart, Esq., 10 Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh.

life will show his opposition to new ideas. It is from the naïve pen of his subordinate in the Customs, George Chalmers.

"While enjoying in London his well earned fame and ease, his quiet was interrupted by a singular instance of ingratitude: his Negro, Somerset, becoming idle from indulgence and base from idleness, deserted his service and insulted his person. An indulgent master was thus induced to send a thankless slave on board a ship in the Thames which was bound for Jamaica. Prompted by a little party spirit, the law now interposed. Somerset was brought by the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, before Lord Mansfield and the Court of King's Bench and it was at length decided in 1772, that a master could not forcibly send his Negro servant from England to the Colonies. From this decision it followed, whatever such judges as Talbot had thought or Hardwicke said, that Negroes could not be considered, in this country, as slaves." \*

The letters from which extracts follow, are mainly from friends whom Mr. Steuart left behind him at Norfolk, chiefly from Mr. James Parker, a merchant there, and his brothers-in-law, William Aitchison<sup>1</sup> and Jacob Elligood.<sup>2</sup> A good many others remain, from his subordinates in the Customs Office at Boston, but these are little cited here, as being earlier in date they would need more lengthy annotations. One from John Swift, dated Philadelphia, March 27th, 1771, shows, however, that Charles Steuart had foreseen the rising of the storm:

"I think you was quite right in not accepting an office that is so very disagreeable to the people of the country in which you was to reside, I think nobody can have much satisfaction in holding it under such circumstances, tho' I believe it is not quite so bad as it has been. The people of Boston are very quiet at present, and the commissioners walk the streets without any molestation."

We will take a few of the letters which still exist and, leaving out the dull business matters with which they abound, give, with as little comment as possible, the contemporary views of Steuart's American correspondents of the stirring times in which they lived.

No letter describing the "Boston Tea Party" has been found, but Nathaniel Coffin writes from Boston on 5th Jany, 1774:

"Though the storm since the destruction of the Tea is somewhat abated, I have been daily apprehensive of the Town being taken in

\* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1798, Pt. I.



another raging fit on account of the residue of the Tea, which was cast away at Cape Cod and which was exported to this town; but it seems it is at last landed at the Castle under the direction of the Collector and Comptroller. There is at present a calm, which if I find like to continue, I shall move my books and papers to the office. I am apt to think our Demagogues will remain quiet till they hear of the event of this last grand manoeuvre."

James Parker writes from Williamsburg, June 17, 1774:

'Several of the County Courts have stop (ped) setting till the Boston Act is repealed. Nansemond was carried (not set) by one vote, against the power of old Coll Roddick.<sup>3</sup> There was some violent debates here about the association. George Mason, Pat. Henry, R. H. Lee, the Treasurer,<sup>4</sup> as I am told, were for paying no debts for Britain, no exportation or importation, and no courts here, Paul Carrington was for paying her debts and exporting; in this he was joined by Carter Braxton, Mr. Pendleton, Thos. Neilson Junr.,<sup>5</sup> and the Speaker.<sup>6</sup> Tho the whole Colony and I believe the Continent are against the Taxes without consent, yet there are many who do not justify the Bostonians. . . . It seems the Western Indians, irritated by the behaviour of our pert settlers, have taken up the hatchet, murders have been committed on both sides and this week word was brought down that some small parties were within 40 miles of Winchester. . . . Lord North has been hanged and burnt in effigie in Northumberland, I fancy he will convince them he is too far *North* to regard such proceedings."

He continues from Norfolk, 17 May, 1774:

"Our assembly met about 10 days ago, the Governor's speech was very short, recommending to them that the country('s) business might be done with temper and dispatch; they have gone very smoothly but next Friday they intend entering into some letters received from the Committee of Correspondence in Rhode Island relative to the steps taken by Government about the *Gaspee* Schooner—so says one of our sapient members, T. M."

Wm. Aitchison (whose correspondence is of a more news-giving turn), writes from Norfolk on July 16th, 1774, telling of his daughter Nancy's wedding to Mr. Samuel Inglis:<sup>7</sup>

"He is her own choice and very agreeable to us all. . . . I had the honour of Ld Dunmore's comp<sup>y</sup> at the Wedding, he was very pleasant

and agreeable all the evening;” and we get a glimpse of politics also from him—“our Assembly on sight of the Boston port Bill began immediately to resolve etc., and were dissolved in a few days after I wrote you. Almost all the countrys have had meetings and have deputed their late members to meet at Williamsburg the 1st of August in order to concert measures for the safety and Liberty of America, and had enjoined them to make choice of some of their ablest Patriots to meet what they term a Continental Congress to be held at Annapolis (or) Phil<sup>a</sup>.”

James Parker writes next day and tells of the spread of printed polemical matter:

“We have a press lately established here. As a specimen of their performance I send you the first six *Gazettes*, being all that is yet printed. Our political writers [in Virginia] are Andrew Ronald<sup>8</sup> under the signature of ‘Columbus,’ ‘Candidus,’ a man who lives with Miss Gilchrist, and Taylor said to have been a party writer in London, named Morrison, Dr. Skinner is said to be the *American* in No. 3; by that you would think he had something to lose (but) I would not give a nutshell for all he is worth, and ‘Slyboots,’ who is unknown has almost turned the creature’s brain. ‘Vindex’ is a Lawyer Davis,<sup>9</sup> Clerk to the Committee, Son of the Presbeterian Davis of Hanover, I do not know any of the others.”

He continues on Septr. 26, 1774: “The last account of Lord Dunmore [was that] he was at Pittsburg, I fear he will find it very difficult to do anything to purpose with the Indians they are so scattered, it will be an expensive jobb, and it is highly probable he may find the Assembly as ungenerous in reimbursing.” . . . “The country people, meaning the ‘honest planters’ downwards know little or nothing of this cursed dispute, they say as how they hear that some folks are for going to War, but ‘dem it’ they will be for the old King George.”

He writes again on Octr. 14th, giving news from Boston that the “Bostonians have burnt a quantity of straw intended for the Barracks and maltreated many of the Episcopal Clergy;” but Virginian news was scanty, as Lord Dunmore was still away reconciling the Indian Nations, among them the Delawares: “he has purchased a large tract of country from them and is gone further west to settle matters with some other nations.”

James Parker was of a singularly hopeful nature, for Capt. Robert Mackenzie,<sup>10</sup> General Howe’s Secretary, sends a letter from Boston

Camp, August 15, 1774, telling of public affairs and bewailing the "present influence which prevails," encouraged by the Southern Colonies not only, he says, by their influence but with most liberal money contributions, "to establish their sentiments more firmly Col. or Gen. Lee came here the 2nd inst. from New York, where by his harrangues and writings he effectually overset the friends of Government and was in daily conference with S. Adams and his abettors during his stay of course he avoided all military connections. The Delegates for the Congress at Philadelphia having set out, he followed soon afterwards leaving it is said an extraordinary letter for Gen<sup>l</sup> Gage and Ld. Percy accounting for his conduct."

James Parker continues, Norfolk, 7 Sept., 1774:

"We are expecting news from the North, the Congress being now all met at Philadelphia. They expect great things from their labours. . . . The Carolina people, North, I mean, have at last met and sent members too. J<sup>no</sup> Henry was Moderator, and Mr. Hewes with two others are sent, the Governor issued a proclamation forbidding the meeting, but it had no effect. There was a piece wrote—said to be by J. Randolph,<sup>11</sup> the Attorney General—which has greatly disgusted the patriots; it was soon suppres'd so that I cannot send it you." The next letter, of October 26th, gives news of another "Tea Party," this time at Annapolis. "A vessel in 9 days from Salem brings advice that some tea was found in a house there near the Custom House. The mob pretended it was smuggled. The following night the house, . . . and other houses was burned down. The military are daily insulted and the common people in the country travell armed. We have also news from Annapolis that a Brig belonging to our friend Anthony Stewart had arrived from London with goods shipped by Mr. Russel, amongst which was some tea; letters was soon wrote to different Committees of Correspondence and a number collected, who took out all but the Tea and set the vessel afire and burnt her up . . . by a gentleman from thence on whom I can depend I am informed that about two hours before the mob assembled Mrs. Stewart was delivered of a Child, they gathered round the house and erected a Gallows opposite her chamber window and in terms which distracted her commanded her husband that he might go and burn his vessel or be hanged. His Father in law Mr. Deck, seeing how matters were going . . . gave orders to burn her." This latter part of the story he states later was "not trew" though "some indeed still mention it."

The next letter 27 Novr., 1774, has the signature carefully erased, it speaks of stirring times also: "I would willingly hope the patriotic fever here is at the hight as we have lately had some of the most extravagant proceedings you have heard of. Mr. Norton's <sup>12</sup> ship arrived about the time the Assembly met, and the meeting of the merchants at Williamsburg. She happened to bring two quarter chests of tea for Mr. Prentice's store; this being known a great many people went from W<sup>m</sup>sbg proceeded on board and destroyed the tea—they intended to have burnt the ship but that could not be done where she lay. . . . At Williamsburg there was a pole erected by order of Coll. Arch<sup>d</sup> Cary,<sup>12</sup> a stray patriot, opposite the Raleigh Tavern, upon which was hung a large map and a bag of feathers and under it a bucket of tar." This was on account of known importation of tea by two merchants. The letter describes a stormy "Occasional Committee" at Williamsburg and then gives news of Lord Dunmore: "Our Governor has been missing sometime, and the assembly prorogued till March. After the first accounts from him which I wrote you formerly, he went further west. The Indians (supposed about 1200) formed themselves and attacked Coll. Andrew Lewis<sup>13</sup> they had a whole days fighting; the Indians fled in the evening, it is not known how many were killed, our loss was about 40 killed and wounded. Col. Charles Lewis is amongst the slain . . . by the last we hear that two days after the fight the Indians submitted to the Gov<sup>r</sup> and have relinquished all claim to any land east of the Ohio river, and have given up 6 of their Chief men as hostages." \*

William Aitchison went, during the fall, to Boston but he seems not to have liked his northern expedition in spite of being at the end of the year "much mended in point of health." He writes, 5 Decr. "Boston is a very agreeable place and I esteem some of the people in it, but the bulk of 'm I have no opinion of. I got there just the night after Commissioner Hollowell had been pursued into town, which occasioned the report all over the Continent that the troops were marching against the people assembled at Cambridge and the ships begun to fire upon the Town." . . . "Our Courts of Justice are in a manner shut up, and I contrary to my inclination have been obliged for peace to sign the American Association, and Tea is now entirely disused in our family." This last seems as bitter a blow as the impending change of allegiance.

\* The next letter calls them "Black Wolf," "the Young Cornstalk," and the "Young Snake," etc. By the peace they engaged "never to lift the hatchet against any of the British Subjects." Lord Dunmore walked with them dressed in a Dutch blanket.

James Parker 28 Decr. 1774, writes from Norfolk:

"Nothing from the North since Capt McKenzie, Genl Gage is perfectly easie at present and I am still of opinion notwithstanding all the noise of arming and mustering, the Colonists never will attempt fighting."

There is a fragment enclosed in one of Mr. Nathaniel Coffin's letters from Boston about this time which must be quoted, as it describes Lee:

"A very extraordinary genius has lately made his appearance amongst us, one Coll. Lee, an half pay Major in His Majesty's service with the rank of Lt. Colonel. This man hath contributed much to blow up the coals by seditious harrangues and publications here and at New York. It seems he is a sour discontented disappointed man; he is generally allowed at the same time to be very sensible and clever, and to be possess'd of great military skill. If we should have a Colony war in all probability you will hear of this gentleman being at the head of our armies. His only Society since he came to this Town hath been Adams, Young, Cooper, Warren etc., He proceeded a few days since to Philadelphia."

## II

During the year 1775, all the American letters in this collection which I have found are from James Parker. He was still in Virginia and hoping against hope.

"Norfolk, 27th Jany. 1775.

"There is no alteration in the face of affairs here since my last. Everything is managed by Committee, settling and pricing goods, imprinting books, forcing some to sign scandalous concessions and by such bullying conduct they expect to bring Government to their own terms. We heard from Boston about ten days ago; they make much noise about enlisting and mustering men, they only will figure on paper. In the Town of Boston and neighbourhood all is very quiet . . .

Our governor (Lord Dunmore) has prorogued the Assembly till May, last week his daughter was baptised Virginia, he is as popular as a Scotsman can be amongst weak prejudiced people."

11th Feb. 1775.

"Our patriots do not cool so fast, many of them have all at stake, upon the restoration of justice they will be obliged to pay their debits and sink into oblivion."

6th April.

"The convention at Richmond is now over and you have the proceedings enclosed. Something very extraordinary was intended, but a disagreement amongst the Patriots put a stop to it. There was a motion made by P. Henry supported by T. Jefferson, G. Washington and R. H. Lee for referring to a committee the raising eighty-six men out of each county, and equipping them with arms, ammunition, etc. This was carried by a majority of 65 to 60 but the Committee could not agree upon the ways and means for their support. What flattened them all down was a hint of a Plea to be presented by P. Henry, no less than the taking of Government into their hands appointing Magistrates and levying money. The Treasurer, Coll. B. Harrison, Bland and Col. Ridduck saw into this and formed an opposition to this which overset the scheme . . .

You never heard anything more infamously insolent than P. Henry's speech: he called the K— a Tyrant, a fool, a puppet and a tool to the ministry. Said there was no Englishmen, no Scots, no Britons, but a set of wretches sunk in Luxury, they had lost their native courage and (were) unable to look the brave Americans in the face . . . This Creature is so infatuated, that he goes about I am told, praying and preaching amongst the common people."

Mr. Parker was always we observe, very hopeful for the success of the British Cause, and "P. Henry's" name must to him have been Anathema.

6th May 1775.

"You would observe by the paper sent Mr. Elusly that Ld Dunmore had ordered the powder out (of) the Magazine at Williamsburg on board the *Magdalen* schooner. This has occasioned a great deal of blustering. We hear of 2000 men coming from Fredricksburg headed by James Mercer,<sup>14</sup> and as many from Hanover. There was a few men got together about Fredricksburg not however a tenth part of the report, and Young Man Page<sup>15</sup> came down to know the truth of matters. The speaker went that way to the Grand Congress to quiet the

minds of the people, and [the] thick headed treasurer who finds it more difficult to extinguish a flame than kindle it, is in a terrible panic, writing letters over all the country to prevent there meetings. Williamsburg did well enough for the seat of government during the golden age; it will not do now, it should be here (Norfolk) or some place where a ship can go. What can a governor do without a little force? No man can, I believe make a better shift than ours [Lord Dunmore] on such an occasion, like Charles XII. he has fortified his House, with several guns at the windows, cut loop-holes in the Palace, and has plenty of small arms. His Lady and familie are on board the *Fowey* at York. . . . It is suspected the patriots intended that powder for their friends at Boston. Lord Dunmore's letter to the Earl of Dartmouth galls the very souls of them. . . . We have an account of a brush between our troops and the Rebels in Massachusetts bay, said to be on the 20th April at Concord and Lexington. I will not trouble you with it, presuming it only a Yankee trick to alarm the other colonies and to get all they possibly can involved in guilt with themselves."

June 12 1775.

"Patriot Dixon<sup>16</sup> son of the once beautiful and good natured York Lady, with some others went in the night to rob the magazine. There being no ground (?) about it 'tis said some of the seamen of the *Fowey* when at W<sup>m</sup>sburg set some of the guns, so as to go off if a string near them was touched, accordingly off went a gun; when the patriots went in to steal; none of them were wounded. They immediately alarmed the town, swearing that the magazine was full of armed men and 40 guns had been fired at them. You will see the Gov<sup>r</sup> with his familie on board the *Fowey* again, I do not think his Lady will return to Williamsburg. 'Tis said he will, provided the shirt men are sent away. These shirt men or Virginia uniform are dressed with an Ozna-burg shirt over their cloaths, a belt round them with a Tommyhawk or Scalping Knife. They look like a band of Assassins and it is my opinion if they fight at all it will be in that way." He ends "I am still of opinion when General Gage begins to act on the offensive the Rebellion will be immediately crushed."

27 June still continues: "Lord Dunmore remains still on board the *Fowey* [his wife and family had left for New York] but he is expected to reside at Portsmouth. I have no doubt but some private inquiry was intended him. Old Dick Bland<sup>17</sup> talked very fluently in

the house of hanging him, and Whiting<sup>18</sup> of Gloucester made some foolish speeches to the same purpose. . . . "

14th July has only news of the increase of armed men at Williamsburg, the sage advice "if the head of the Serpent is effectually crushed in the North we will soon be quiet here" and the wonder "we are every moment expecting to hear how the Lexington affair sits on your Stomachs." and on 19 July he sends rumours of more "bad news."

"There is an account brought this day by Ja<sup>s</sup> Randolph from Williamsburg, that our troops have been repulsed with great loss in attempting to dislodge the rebels from Roxborough. Washington is said to have commanded and that it was the 1st this month he was in N. York by the Newspapers the 26th ult. You have better and sooner accounts of those things than we have."

4 August.

"Lord Dunmore remains at Gosport, the *Mercury* and *Mars* are with him, he has a ship filling up on board of which he will remain till he can get some forces, or the times alter, he is most unjustly and ungenerously used in this colony, to serve which he risked his life and has really its good very much at heart. He has lately had 60 soldiers from St. Augustine and expects 40 more daily, they are part of the 14th Regt. which were at the Negroe hunt at St. Vincent's. . . . We have had letters from Capt. Bob McKenzie since the battle of Bunker's hill where he was wounded in three places but now (is) in a fair way to do well."

Correspondence now began to be more difficult and the next letter (Sept: 25) says "you are right in supposing there is danger in writing freely on the present dispute" and speaks of the exodus from Norfolk, and on Oct: 2, of the seizing of the printing press and types then in the Town by Capt: Squires who carried them off to his ship the other sloop. and after 9th Oct: we hear nothing of James Parker for a few months. He entered on a career as an Agent Victualler of the Army and Navy. It was a life not without its dangers as one of his letters mentions his having sent home "a full account of my travells since I was made prisoner."



## NOTES TO LETTERS FROM VIRGINIA 1773-1781

<sup>1</sup> William Aitchison was a prominent Scotch merchant of Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup> Jacob Elligood, member of an old family of Princess Anne County, was commissioned as a Colonel by Lord Dunmore. His long imprisonment arose from the Virginians' refusal to consider him as a British officer and therefrom subject to exchange. They claimed that he was a rebel and traitor to his State. After the Revolution he became a man of some prominence in Nova Scotia. He was one of the few native Virginians of any prominence who were Tories: the great mass of Tory Virginians being English or Scotch merchants or factors, who had but little permanent interest in the country.

<sup>3</sup> Should be Riddick—a family which in Colonial and later times repeatedly represented Nansemond County in the Virginia legislature.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Carter Nicholas.

<sup>5</sup> Should be Nelson—the Governor of Virginia and signer of the Declaration of Independence.

<sup>6</sup> Peyton Randolph.

<sup>7</sup> Inglis, as Inglis & Willing, of Norfolk, represented Willing & Morris, of Philadelphia. He was a brother of Captain Samuel Inglis, of the British navy.

<sup>8</sup> Afterwards a prominent lawyer.

<sup>9</sup> William Davies, afterward Colonel in the Continental army, and son of the eminent divine, Samuel Davies.

<sup>10</sup> Formerly a Virginia officer in the French and Indian War and later commissioned in the British army.

<sup>11</sup> John Randolph, Attorney General of Virginia at the outbreak of the Revolution, was a tory, and went to England where he died. By his wish, however, his remains were buried in the chapel of William and Mary College. He was brother of Peyton, and father of Edmund Randolph.

<sup>12</sup> John Norton, a Virginia merchant in London. The affair created a stir at the time, and there is mention of it in the *Virginia Gazette*. He returned to Virginia, and has many descendants there.

<sup>13</sup> Archibald Cary, of "Amphill," Chesterfield County, was a wealthy planter, and one of the Revolutionary leaders. He was Chairman of the Committee of the Virginia Convention of 1776, which reported the resolutions instructing the Virginia delegates in Congress to propose independence.

<sup>14</sup> This was the battle of Point Pleasant.

<sup>15</sup> A prominent member of the House of Burgesses. Afterward a judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals. I believe, however, that the person referred to was Hugh Mercer, afterward General, and mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton.

<sup>16</sup> Mann Page, Jr., of "Mannsfield," Spottsylvania County, was a wealthy planter, and member of both the House of Burgesses and of Congress.

<sup>17</sup> Probably John Dixon, son of Reverend John, professor of divinity in William and Mary College.

<sup>18</sup> The distinguished patriot Richard Bland, of Jordan's Point, King George County.

<sup>19</sup> Thomas Whiting, long member of the House of Burgesses and Conventions, and State Commissioner of the Navy during the Revolution.

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

(Communicated by Gen. James Grant Wilson.)

N. B. For the notes I am indebted to the Virginia Historical Society. Ed.

(To be Continued.)

## VETERANS OF THE MEXICAN WAR

THE recent death of Major-General Thomas J. Wood, perhaps the most distinguished survivor, in recent years, of the Mexican War, and the pitifully small convention of veterans held in Washington in February emphasized how rapidly the survivors of this unrighteous war, as General Grant called it, are passing off the stage. General Wood himself was merely a lieutenant during the conquest of Mexico, as were Grant, Sherman, Johnston, and a host of others, who won high rank in the Civil War. General Wood's renown came from his splendid work in that great contest as a brigade, division, and corps commander. There were very few general officers, if any, who were in the field longer than General Wood, who declined to be invalided and leave his troops even when he was wounded. Although never a soldier of the class of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, General Wood was the kind of able subordinate who made victories for the bigger men possible, and with all the quarreling and charging and counter-charging which occurred in the Civil War, his reputation was never assailed. In the long list of battles in which he took part are the following: Shiloh, capture of Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and all the many battles and actions and conflicts of the Atlanta campaign. He was for three years in command of his division until promoted to the command of the Fourth Corps at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, November 30, 1864. This corps he commanded until it was mustered out.

General Wood was graduated from the Military Academy when eighteen years old, on July 1, 1845, as a brevet second lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers. Many of the cadets of this class afterwards became famous in either the United States or Confederate armies. Among those from this class who served the Union were Edward B. Hunt, William F. Smith, Charles P. Stone, Fitz-John Porter, Josiah H. Carlisle, Henry Coppée, George P. Andrews, John P. Hatch, John W. Davidson, Delos B. Sackett, Gordon Granger, Henry B. Clitz, William H. Wood, David A. Russell, and Thomas G. Pitcher. Those who cast their fortunes with the Confederacy were William H. C. Whiting, Thomas G. Rhett, Edmund K. Smith, James M. Hawes, Richard C.

W. Radford, and B. E. Bee. Captain Whiting died on Governor's Island in 1865, while a prisoner of war. General Grant and General Wood occupied a room together during one term at the academy, and they afterwards became great friends. Generals McClellan and Hancock were also at West Point with General Wood.

Wood was at once ordered to report for duty to General Zachary Taylor, who was in command of the army of occupation, and who had his headquarters at Corpus Christi, Tex. After a hard winter, which was passed under canvas at Corpus Christi, the army marched to the Rio Grande, which provoked a declaration of war on the part of the Mexican Government. Lieutenant Wood was engaged in the battle of Palo Alto, the battle of Monterey, and the battle of Buena Vista. Finding that promotion was slow in the Topographical Engineers, Lieutenant Wood asked to be transferred to the cavalry arm, and he was assigned in 1846 to the Second Dragoons, then on duty with the army of occupation under General Scott. This also gave him more opportunity for participating in actual conflicts. At the battle of Buena Vista 4,500 American soldiers, under General Taylor, defeated and scattered more than 20,000 Mexican troops under General Santa Anna, the dictator. During the invasion of Mexico, two of General Wood's classmates at West Point were killed. First Lieutenant Joseph F. Farry lost his life at the battle of Molino del Rey, and Second Lieutenant John A. Richey, while bearing dispatches, was killed at Vilagran. Wood became a second lieutenant in December, 1846, and a first lieutenant in June, 1851. He remained on duty in Mexico until that country was evacuated by the American troops in the summer of 1848. The brevet of first lieutenant was conferred upon him for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Buena Vista. In the fall of 1848 General Wood went with his regiment to the Indian frontier of Texas, where he remained for eleven years. He served as aide-de-camp to General Harney at San Antonio and at Austin in 1849, and was adjutant of the Second Dragoons from September, 1849, until July, 1854. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a captain of cavalry. Four years ago he delivered an address at West Point to some of the survivors of the Mexican War, and was active in all matters of interest to the veterans up to his death.

There are now but seventeen officers on the retired list of the army who served during the Mexican War. Of the survivors nine are brigadier-generals, two lieutenant-colonels, and three majors. Six are gradu-

ates of West Point, four are medical officers, one entered the army from civil life, three from the volunteers, and three served in the ranks before being commissioned in the regular army. General Daniel H. Rucker is the oldest in point of service, having been appointed a second lieutenant in the First Dragoons in 1837. Probably the most distinguished survivor of the Mexican War in the army to-day is General Orlando B. Willcox, who took part in the Washington meeting, and who is now in his eighty-third year. He served from September, 1847, until June, 1848, with Light Battery G. General Willcox also fought in the Seminole and other Indian campaigns. After the war with Mexico General Willcox was on duty on the plains and served with the Fourth Artillery and the marines in the Anthony Burns riot in Boston in 1854, and was also with a company in Florida during the Billy Bowlegs war in 1856 and 1857. He resigned from the army shortly after and engaged in the practice of law at Detroit. He served during the Civil War, and at the battle of Bull Run he was severely injured in a charge and captured. He was a prisoner for over a year in Libby and other prisons and was finally exchanged.

Of the medical officers who served during the Mexican war four are still living—J. F. Head, J. E. Summers, Robert Murray, and E. I. Bailey, the first being in his eighty-sixth year. Another, General John Campbell, died last December. Colonel James Oakes had an exciting career while he was on active duty in the army. A graduate of West Point of the class of 1846, he served in the principal battles and engagements, ending with the operations before and the capture of the City of Mexico. The secession convention in Texas sent him a note of thanks enrolled on parchment paper for sending an expedition against hostile Indians after the State had seceded, which resulted in driving the Indians across the Rio Grande. But for performing this service he was reprimanded by the department commander. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas J. Eckerson, another of the veterans, is only twelve days younger than Surgeon Head, having been born in this State, January 22, 1821. He served as a private during those stirring days, and during the Civil War was military storekeeper at Vancouver Barracks.

*Evening Post, N. Y.*

## GLACIERS IN OUR COUNTRY.

**A** LARGE glacier, wholly unknown, was discovered last November by a daring mountain guide on the northern slope of Fremont's Peak, Wyoming. The region in which it was found is so rugged as to be almost inaccessible, and lies in the heart of the Wind River Mountains.

We usually think of glaciers as being only in Greenland or Alaska, but there are hundreds of ice rivers flowing from the perennial snows which silver the rocky crests of the mountains of California, Washington, Oregon and southwestern Canada. The area in which glaciers are found in western North America has been described as a crescent, one arm descending through the Selkirks to the High Sierra, the other stretching out among the Aleutian Islands, while the region of greatest breadth at the center of the ice crescent is in the vicinity of Mt. St. Elias. There the mountains are white to their bases and the ice rivers flow to the sea. At the ends of the crescent the glaciers never reach the level of the sea. They end a mile up in the air. For the snow line, above which the snow never melts, rises from 1000 feet on the Alaskan coast to 6000 feet in the Cascades.

The snow fields and glaciers which still exist on our mountains are all mere remnants of greater ice rivers of past times. From our Eastern mountains, which in the glacial period were covered by a broad ice sheet, like that now present in Greenland, the ice has entirely disappeared. Even the shady snow banks of the White Mountains melt away by August or September. But an Arctic butterfly still flutters at the summit of Mt. Washington, and on some shaded northern slopes of the Appalachian foothills grows a Greenland primrose, fragile yet lasting traces of the presence of ice on these mountains in former times. The glaciers on our Western mountains were of a different type. Then, as now, they were not broad ice sheets, but ice streams, valley glaciers, like those of the Alps. They have merely shrunk greatly in number and size, but retain their former character.

The discovery of the glacier on Fremont's Peak, though of great

interest is not wholly surprising, because on the neighboring range of the Big Horn Mountains there are four small glaciers. These cluster beneath the crest of Cloud Peak, the highest point of the Big Horn, which reaches an altitude of 13,165 feet. The largest of its ice streams begins a thousand feet below the summit and flows down the mountain for three quarters of a mile, where it ends in a lake. This lake is the source of the South Fork of Piney Creek.

The Wyoming glaciers are foreshadowed by the perennial snow-fields of Colorado, which have sometimes been described as glaciers. The glaciers of Wyoming are the most eastern and nearest home of all our glaciers.

Except for some small and little known glaciers on the high volcanic peaks of Mexico, the most southern of our living Western glaciers are in central California.

Directly east of San Francisco in the High Sierra, near the beautiful Yosemite Valley, is Mono Lake, "the gem of the Sierra." Nine glaciers lie within the drainage area of this lake. On the western shore the mountains rise abruptly 6000 feet above the lake, which itself lies nearly 13,000 feet above the sea. Among these lofty peaks is Mount Dana, which bears on its northern face a small glacier some 2000 feet long. It shows in miniature an upper snow field, or *névé* of granular snow, and a lower portion of true ice, the glacier proper. Its surface is fractured with crevasses, and it carries a moraine of rock *débris* fallen from the surrounding cliffs. A similar glacier is on the slope of Mount Lyell. On the *névé* of the glacier red snow was seen by Professor Russell. The red color was plainly seen in the untrodden snow, and borders of the rills on the melting snow were outlined by pencillings of crimson. This strange phenomenon is sometimes noticed on the Alps, and a Swiss mountain lake is said to turn to blood and has given rise to many superstitions. The red color is caused by a very small alga of the *Protococcus* group.

The noontide melting in the summer sun by which the glaciers chiefly waste away is described on Mount Lyell by Russell. Before sunrise the great amphitheater in which the snow is cradled lies hushed in profound stillness. As the sun rises little rills start flowing on the surface of the glacier and gather strength till by noon brooks rush through the channels of ice until they plunge into crevasses and disappear. At mid-day the murmur of the water is heard everywhere, but with the chill of evening

the music of the streams ceases and a death-like silence reigns again over the frozen solitude.

The earliest account of a glacier on Mount Shasta was given by Clarence King in 1870, during the exploration of the fortieth parallel. This ancient volcanic peak stands alone, and can be seen for a hundred miles towering above the surrounding country in solemn repose and grandeur. It rises 14,440 feet above sea-level. At 8200 feet the lofty trees which clothe the lower slopes grow stunted, and the tree found farthest up the mountain, at a height of 10,130 feet, was as small as the palm of one's hand. It was like the stunted trees six inches tall of Greenland.

Above the limit of vegetation the mountain on its northern face is one great body of ice and snow. Here and there the great névé is interrupted by ridges of lava. An east and west line divides the mountain into a glacier-bearing and non-glacier-bearing portion. Five principal ice streams flow from the broad, northern névé, the Konwakiton, the Wintun, the Hotlum, the Bulam, and the Whitney.

From beneath the foot of the Konwakiton glacier a milky, ice-cold stream flows into a rugged gorge. At the upper end this stream falls in cascades, and further down in beautiful waterfalls, 400 feet high. The name Konwakiton means the mud glacier.

The Wintun, so called from a neighboring Indian tribe, flows over two precipices, and is broken into curving crevasses, and shattered into ice pinnacles by the rapid descent. The ice cascades are of great beauty. When they occur in the névé the granular snow tends to break into huge blocks and cubes of dazzling white, but the ice is shattered into sharp pinnacles. Seen by moonlight, these pinnacles seem the pillars and spires of ruined temples of marble.

The Bulam glacier, on the northern face of Shasta, is deeply fissured with crevasses. These are the chief danger in ascending a glacier, for often the great rents must be crossed on frail bridges of snow. These are often fifty feet wide, and several hundred feet long. Whatever their size, they first form as mere cracks in the ice, but with a roar and trembling of the ice as if an earthquake had shaken the glacier. They slowly open under tension, and close again at a point in their descent where the strain no longer exists. The walls of a great crevasse have been described by Russell as like the blue of the unfathomable sea. The sides are hung with

ranks of pendant icicles and garlanded with snow wreaths. When the sunlight enters the chasm the walls seem encrusted with iridescent jewels, and the water which partly fills the crevasses reflects the crystal walls and makes the depth seem infinite.

The first mention of living glaciers in the United States seems to have been made by Gen. Kautz in 1857. He attempted to ascend Mount Rainier, but found his way barred by a glacier. In 1870 the first ascent of the mountain was made by Stevens and Van Trump, and a few months later it was explored by members of the Fortieth Parallel expedition. Now the southern side of the mountain is a favorite camping ground between two of the glaciers, the Nisqually and the Cowlitz, while Paradise Park, near by, is famous for its lovely flowers.

Mount Rainier, as its form at once suggests, is a volcanic cone. It seems to have been active in later Tertiary (Pliocene) times. The residual heat of its once molten rocks now gives rise to jets of steam that escape from among the snows which partly fill the lifeless crater. Dense forests of such lofty firs and cedars that the winds which play in the tree tops rarely stir the undergrowth of brush and devil's club clothe its lower slopes. Through the overarching branches glimpses are sometimes caught of the wonderful snow-clad dome. The summit of the mountain is completely crowned with a flowing wreath of glaciers.

There are many hundred existing glaciers in the mountains of British Columbia and Alberta. The Canadian Pacific road furnishes easy access to many of these. Where the railroad crosses the mountain glaciers exist in a belt one hundred miles broad in the Rockies and the Selkirks. Of all these the most famous is the Illecillewaet, which is in sight from Glacier House, and is seen by thousands of travelers every year.

Near where the Illecillewaet (the great glacier) descends in an ice cascade is the Sir Donald glacier, flowing in a beautiful fan-like form towards Beaver Creek. Eastward from Sir Donald range on range of mountains rise, fading into purple and blue, and above them the Rockies bearing silvery white glaciers. To the southward lie undulating snow-fields.

In the Selkirks some of the glaciers about the higher peaks, like the Illecillewaet, descend below the timber line and enter the deep green coniferous forests. The general character of the Selkirk glaciers is the



same as those of the Cascades, but those of the Selkirks are longer and their shining snowfields are broader.

An interesting difference exists between the glaciers of the central and eastern Rockies and those of the western Rockies. The former have little or no névé, and are fed chiefly by avalanches, while the latter have large snowfields. Typical of the first group is Victoria glacier which is the source of the famous Lake Louise, and of the second the Wapta glacier at the head of the Yoho valley.

The glacier of the Ten Peaks is remarkable in the fact that it is advancing. For the lower mile of its course it is now overriding a large forest. Great spruce trees and moss-covered hemlocks are mowed down like grass before a scythe. The trunks, crushed and splintered, are piled in confused heaps and overridden by the slow but resistless advance of the ice. Centuries later such buried forests are sometimes revealed by the backward retreat of the ice.

The glacier of Consolation Valley is remarkable for the presence of lakes on the surface of the ice. These are formed by the melting back and widening of the walls of crevasses.

With very few exceptions the glaciers of North America and of Europe are all retreating more or less rapidly. It is evident that we are in the midst of a climatic cycle which is unfavorable to their growth. The few cases of advance are in general those which are protected from melting by a thick covering of rock débris. As an example of slow retreat the Victoria glacier may be cited, which in the year 1899-1900 shrank back only six feet. The Illecillewaet glacier is receding rapidly. Its average annual recession is about sixty feet. But as with the great glacial ice sheet there were many oscillations of advance and retreat, so there are minor oscillations in the glaciers of to-day. Thus the Asulkan receded twenty-four feet in 1899-1900, but it is now advancing. These ice bodies are sensitive to slight changes of temperature and precipitation. A single severe winter in the Big Horn Mountains has given rise to snow drifts which at the beginning of the next winter were fifty to one hundred feet deep and 1000 feet long, showing how slight a change may cause the growth of a glacier. Yet in spite of minor advances the glaciers as a whole are waning.

C. J. MAURY.

## SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

**Q**UITE likely the acquisition of New Netherland by the English has usually appealed to the majority of people much in the same manner that a humorist described the discovery of America—"Come boys," said Columbus, "let us discover America." So they sailed, and they sailed, and they sailed, till the ship ran upon the shore. "This, boys," said Columbus, "is America." Whereupon the Indians looked sheepish, threw down their tomahawks and exclaimed: "It's no use, fellows; we are discovered."

So one is apt to think that King Charles sent Colonel Nichols<sup>1</sup> with his ships, which anchored off Governor's Island on that September morning, as a sort of after-breakfast resolution. As a matter of fact, the transaction was the culminating act of a policy that had been taking shape during about two score years. Except in an incidental way, it was not a question of either statecraft or conquest; on the contrary it more closely resembles a case of sandbagging such as a great corporation, for instance, might employ in order to possess itself of the business of a weaker rival. True, such a transaction would not stand the test of the moral law, but a Stuart was impressed by the moral code only when the axe was suspended over his neck. Moreover, neither the West India Company nor the good men of New Netherland saw the slightest obliquity in setting New Sweden on end and taking possession of about everything in sight.

Following the struggle which cost Charles I. his head, and the civil war which came of it, there was a great emigration of Cavaliers to Virginia. A few years earlier a relentless persecution had driven many thousands of Puritans to New England. The Cavaliers could not go south of Virginia because Spanish possessions were beyond; the Puritans could not go far northward without intruding upon French territory. So the former pushed their limits northward and the latter southward into the neutral zone that by the charters of the London and Plymouth Companies was open to either. Now this neutral zone included the territory occupied by the West India Company. Manhattan and Long Islands were just south of the line of the Plymouth Company, the latter passing through the vil-

<sup>1</sup> More properly Nicolls.

lages of Port Chester on the mainland, and Sag Harbor on Long Island. The West India Company, representing New Netherland, claimed everything from Cape Cod to Cape May, but Governor Stuyvesant afterwards agreed that Point Judith should mark the northerly limit of New Netherland.

When the two great streams of immigration occurred, an intrusion upon the West India Company's domain, as has been shown, was about the only thing possible. As early as 1638 English settlers began to gather on Long Island, in the vicinity of what is now Nassau County, and there were several thriving settlements upon the eastern end of the island. The governors of New Netherland did not molest them, because they owned a nominal allegiance to the Company. Several years before that date—probably in 1634—one William Holmes had built a fort at Windsor, Connecticut, near the junction of Farmington and Connecticut rivers; in the year following a fort that marks the site of Saybrook was built. The doughty Wouter Van Twiller sent an armed vessel to each and ordered the forts to be at once evacuated. Then, metaphorically shaking his gubernatorial fist and emphasizing his demand with the equivalent of a "himmel, kreigs, und donnerwetter," he left the forts severely alone. When, however, a number of English came up the Delaware and took possession of Fort Nassau, Van Twiller actually mustered the spunk to capture the whole crowd—and immediately turned the alleged culprits over to an English ship!

So matters went on for a score of years; villages sprang into existence all over Connecticut, along the Sound, in the Connecticut Valley, and in Long Island—many, if not most of them on territory that was plainly within the limits of the West India Company's rights. There was no attempt to interfere with the fort at Saybrook beyond a perfunctory notice to vacate, but when one Jonas Bronck established an outpost somewhere near the present site of Mount Vernon, New York, Governor Kieft, seeing the handwriting on the wall, did two very business-like things: he forced the people of Greenwich village to acknowledge Dutch sovereignty, and he purchased from the Indians the land south of a line connecting Norwalk and Sing Sing. These transactions, for a while, were a brake upon the inevitable.

In Governor Stuyvesant's time matters came to a head again over the proprietorship of Long Island. To have intimated that it was not the property of the West India Company would have made good Peter Stuy-

vesant<sup>1</sup> speechless with rage. Nevertheless, he must have known that it had been granted to the Earl of Stirling. Even when dapper Andrew Forrester went to New Amsterdam and demanded its delivery to Lady Stirling, Stuyvesant took no further notice of his impudence than to hustle him on board the first outgoing vessel. King Charles II. was wiser and lost no time in taking note of the affair in a most business-like way; he bought the Countess's claim for £3500—and kept still.

Stuyvesant was no mean diplomat, however, and in making a bold bluff for his corporate masters, he could be a past-master. The New Haven colony had become somewhat uppish and needed a lesson in loyalty. To have interfered directly, however, would have been to court the crisis that the West India Company feared. An opportunity came in good time. A Dutch ship, the *San Benino*, was so forgetful as to sail into the harbor of New Haven and open trade without going through the formality of getting a license from the West India Company or paying the required port dues at New Amsterdam. The opportunity was the chance of a lifetime for Stuyvesant. One Sunday morning in New Haven just as Pastor Davenport had reached twenty-thirdly, loud words interspersed with louder cannon shots split the air. Very quickly about the whole population of New Haven was at the dock. A revenue ship sent by Governor Stuyvesant had seized the *San Benino* and was forcibly taking her to New Amsterdam where she was confiscated for a violation of the revenue law.

There was a vigorous protest on the part of Governor Eaton of New Haven, but one must imagine Stuyvesant's chuckle when he asked if a Dutch governor and Director of the West India Company must ask permission of the English subjects of a Dutch colony to punish the skipper of a Dutch ship for defying the law of the land. Besides, he could call on the pretending governor of the English people to bear him witness that not the hair of an Englishman's head was disturbed, nor yet a stuyver's worth of an Englishman's property damaged.

The friction growing out of this incident, together with Governor Stuyvesant's rigorous policy had the effect of turning away much of the commerce that otherwise would have come to New Amsterdam. It also irritated the English who were willing to forego the question of ownership for the time being because of the more material question of illicit commerce. People were beginning to realize then, as now, that commercial interests often outweigh political interests. It is undoubtedly carrying

<sup>1</sup> The name "Stuyvesant" literally is "sand stirrer."

the argument too far to claim that "nations exist for the sake of commerce, and not commerce for the sake of nations," yet we must agree that no barriers can be permitted to restrict a free and wholesome intercommunication between the peoples of the world.

Now, in spite of the Navigation Laws and also of the West India Company's monopoly, there was a large and rapidly growing trade between English merchants and the American colonists. Under the restrictions imposed by the Navigation Laws, a Dutch ship could not carry even a bottle of schnapps to an English colony without incurring a severe penalty. Nor could an English ship take away so much as a beaver skin from Manhattan Island. Nevertheless, the merchants of both sides were very busily engaged in enterprises that, although crimes against the statutory law were not sins against the moral law. Both the schnapps and the fur pelts could be traded off for tobacco, and surely that was no offense. The colonist who purchased the schnapps did not demand a certificate that the contents of the bottle were "made in England," and the skipper who loaded with furs did not trouble himself about a written permit from the West India Company.

But Stuyvesant's fidelity and loyalty to the Company was sadly interfering with a trade that both Holland and England were profiting by. It was therefore necessary to admonish him. Thereupon he was invited to attend a conference at Hartford to consider the question of jurisdiction and boundaries. The Dutch settlers of New Netherland, who were fast becoming impoverished by the loss of their trade, insisted upon his going; the English settlers encouraged it, and had many a friendly word for him. The journey through Connecticut was most certainly an object lesson. Either the Connecticut or the New Haven colony was a match for New Netherland, and behind them was the power of the New England Confederacy. When Stuyvesant returned to New Amsterdam his contingent of the Board of Arbitration had signed an agreement that left New Netherland with but little more than Manhattan Island, the present County of Westchester, and that part of Long Island east of Oyster Bay. The States General of Holland ratified the decision of the Board of Arbitration; the English Government did not take official notice of it. The former must have admitted the hopelessness of their claim to any part of North America.

When the first war between England and the Dutch Republic was on in 1652, there was a feeling of unrest both in New England and New

Netherland lest hostilities should extend to the New World. The Connecticut colonies would have welcomed a chance to pounce upon New Netherland, but Massachusetts held back because of a fear that the Indian tribes might make a general attack. As for New Amsterdam, it might have been taken by a force of five hundred men. The English Government knew this well—and knew moreover that it could be taken at any time.<sup>1</sup> Peace had been restored for only a short time when an incident occurred that one would naturally take to mean “I hereby put a chip on your shoulder.”

One Thomas Pell sauntered across the Greenwich border “with slaves, furniture and cattle” and, having purchased a considerable area of land just back of Anne’s (Anne Hutchinson) Hook, established Pelham Manor (now within Greater New York). Governor Stuyvesant swore great oaths that Pell should get himself beyond the Greenwich border or “take the consequences.” Pell seemed to have a taking way about him, and so decided to add Governor Stuyvesant’s “consequences” to his inventory of chattels: he simply said nothing and did nothing. Stuyvesant again sent commissioners to confer with a committee appointed by the General Court of Connecticut. When the Dutch Commissioners pointed out the fact that Pell’s action was a direct violation of the Hartford treaty the Connecticut men replied that with that matter they had nothing to do. Their duty was merely to point out the fact that the lands of the Connecticut colony extended to the Pacific Ocean, and therefore included Pelham Manor. “Shew where lies New Netherland” asked Stuyvesant’s commissioners, producing the charter of the States General. The good men of Connecticut proceeded to examine the document and then gave their decision: “A charter to be valid must bear the mark and seal of His Majesty King Charles II.; as for the document in question, it is merely so much waste paper.” In vain the commissioners of Governor Stuyvesant pointed out the fact that, in the case of New Netherland, discovery had been followed by settlement, and that none less than Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth had declared that these acts made a valid title to new lands; the Connecticut men replied that Queen Elizabeth was not Charles II., and the signature of that monarch alone was to count when affixed to a charter.

After that the forcible occupation of New Netherland was merely a matter of time and convenience to Charles II. and when Colonel Nicolls’

<sup>1</sup> A squadron was actually fitted out at Boston, the four ships of which were furnished by Cromwell.

fleet appeared in the bay, the Dutch, quite as much as the English, were ready to acquiesce. Even Governor Stuyvesant must have found that bluffing with a wooden gun was tiresome strategy. The whole matter was one purely of "business," and there were two questions to consider. In the first place, so long as Manhattan Island and New York Bay were in possession of the Dutch, there could be no enforcement of the Navigation Laws with which the trade of the colonies was afterwards to be strangled. With New Netherland a possession of England, on the contrary, all the commerce could be controlled by the English merchants to their own profit. In the second place, Hudson River was the gateway to the most valuable fur-trading territory in existence. The West India Company had the monopoly of it in name, but practically every man in New Netherland possessed of a little ready money was an illicit fur-trader. Now the English merchants wanted this wonderfully profitable trade, and the preceding paragraphs describe the way in which they got it. It was business—fine business.

So far as the moral argument is concerned, the facts are easy to understand. The English occupation of the continent began at Jamestown in 1607 and at Plymouth in 1620. The Dutch claim was based on Henry Hudson's exploration of New York Bay in 1609. This the English admitted, but claimed that there was no occupation "worthy of mention" until 1623: So, after all, the question depended on what constituted an occupation "worthy of mention." Between individuals the interpretation of moral right frequently depends on a judgment of a court; between nations it is more apt to depend upon the weight of the other fellow's "mailed fist."

JACQUES W. REDWAY, F.R.G.S.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.



## EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

### ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

#### I

**I**NDENTURE made the 21st April, 1694, in 6th year William and Mary, between Francis Halley of London, Gent.; Son and Heir of William Halley, late of Peterborough in the County of Northampton, Gent.: . . . Edmund Halley of London, Gent. and Richard Pyke, Citizen & Poulterer of London, Gent.; . . . and Robert Huntman of London, Gent. [whereby] Francis Halley [for five shillings paid him by] Edmund Halley and Richard Pyke or one of them [sells some property] heretofore in the . . . tenures of John Hayton and William Worthington, and as the same used are in the [? present] occupations of the said Richard Pyke and one Francis Niccolls, Blacksmith . . . in Minceing Lane and Fanchurch Streete, in the parish of All-Hallows-Stayneing; Old All Hallows-Stayneing, in London, on the ground heretofore purchased by the said William Halley of Susan Sandwith heretofore of London, & afterwards of Altonbury in the County of Huntingdon, widow deceased, . . . unto the said Edmund Halley & Richard Pike, their heirs and assigns forever." . . . [In "Close-rolls," vol. 53, in Round-room of Public Record office, London.]

The foregoing document amounts to a method which English lawyers invented for the purpose of altering "the course of heir-ship," when a landed property had previously been bound by other lines and conditions. It has occasionally been termed "breaking the entail."

Samuel Endewes married, March, 1687-8, Elizabeth Haley of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, London, at St. James, Duke's Place, as per register of latter.

William Pike married Joan Haley, 18th September, 1774. (Brookfield parish church, Somerset. See Phillimore's Series of Parish Registers, County of Somerset, vols. 5 and 6, in British Museum, press-mark 9903aa. Contains also following):—



1695; 24 Feb. Francis Pike & Susanna Richards.  
1702/3; 4 Feb. Francis Pike & Mary Silbey (or Sibley).  
1723; 16 Feb. James Ferguson & Susanna Pike.  
1724; 16 Aug. James Sibley & Deborah Ferguson.  
1753; Wm. Dawe & Eliabeth Pike  
(and many others, down to 1812).

The London poll-lists of livery companies have:—

1700/1; Richard Haley in Brewers company.  
“ Robert Pike in Joiners company.  
“ Henry Pyke in Leathersellers company.  
“ Richard Pike in the Poulterers.  
“ John Pyke in the Sadlers.  
1710 Richard Pyke in the Poulterers.  
“ James Pike in the Weavers  
(and others in later electioneering lists).

Bishop of London, marriage licenses, as below :

1616; May 14, Robert Haley, City of London, Draper, & Dorothy,  
dr. of Nicholas Colquite, Draper, *ditto*.

1633; July 30, John Griffin, Gent. of St. Stephens, Coleman St.,  
& Anne Hailey, dr. of John Hailey, mercer, of St. Faith's.

1611/12; Feb. 19, Richard Pyke, tailor, St. Giles in Fields & Anne  
Gregory, *ditto*.

1613/14; Mch. 7, Walter Lawrence of St. Georges, Botolph Lane,  
Gent., & Anne Pyke, same parish, the daughter of William Pyke, De-  
ceased, late ship carpenter of Wapping.

Richard Pike, merchant tailor, buried 13 Sept., 1682, at St. Mary,  
Aldermary, London.

Lysons' London Environs shows (vol. 2, page 247) that Edgware

church has floor tablet to Richard Haley, Gent., died 1662. The same work (vol. 3, page 12) mentions burial in Hendon churchyard, John Haley of Mill-Hill, 1763, & Diana 1768 his daughter married J. Brazier.

Richard Pike (or Pyke) of Cheshire, plebeian, entry Brazenose College, 28th Mch., 1617, aged 16. (Perhaps minister of St. Mary, Aldermary.) In 1638, he married Margaret, daughter of Walter Bateman, Gent., deceased. (See Foster's "Alumni Oxon.")

Richard Pike (Pyke) M.A., 1521. Became Rector of Corton Dinham, Somerset.

Hugh Pike of Co. Somerset, entry 1606, aged 18, Rector 1624 in Devon.

James Pike (Pyke) son of Wm. Pyke of Easton, Wilts, entry 1627, aged 18. (Foster's "Alumni Oxon.")

Hasted's History of Kent, in 4 vols., has:

1716 Rev. Thomas Pyke, vicar of West Malling, Kent; and 1747 Rev. Richard Pike, vicar of Temple Ewell, in Kent.

Robert Pike, son of Stephen Pike of Crewkerne, Somerset, entry 1680, aged 18.

William Pike (Pyke) 1528 was a Rector of Brockley, Somerset.

Francis Halie (or Hayley) son of Nicholas H., of Eltham, Lee, Kent, gentleman, entered Oriel College, Oxford, 10 May 1667, aged 18.

John Haley, an M.A., in 1513 (*From* Foster's "Alumni Oxon.")

Oxford University Register shows Lawrence Halley, a B.A. in 1568.

Marriage licenses in the Faculty office, Knighttrider Street, "Doctors' Commons," London:

1707; 12 July, Francis Pyke & Anne Bucktrout.

1680/1; 5 Jan., Richard Pyke & Mary Smith.

1702; 12 May, Richard Pyke & Anne Biscoe.

1709/10; 6 Feb., Richard Pyke & Ann Man.

1700; 12 April, William Pyke & Ann Simms.  
1694/5; 2 Jan., Henry Pyke & Elizabeth Spencer.  
1713/4; 27 Feb., Isaac Pyke & Anne Perry.  
1700; 13 July, John Pyke & Elizabeth Fannock.  
1705/6; 16 Feb., John Dailly & Martha Pyke.  
1703; 14 June, John Jones & Susannah Pyke.  
1697; 15 July, Thomas Pyke & Elizabeth Petley, widow.  
1702/3; 6 Feb., Thomas Pyke & Hannah Drew.  
1707; 25 April, Thomas Daxon & Frances Pike.  
1708/9; 14 Feb., John Pike & Mary Lee.  
1708/9; 18 Feb., John Halley & Sarah Randall.  
1684; 11 June, Wm. Halley & Sarah Greygoose.  
1662/3; 2 Mch., Arabella Haley & John Inwood.  
1687; 22 Dec., Ralph Thompson & Elizabeth Haley.  
1709; 19 May, Lancelot Loather & Elizabeth Haley.  
1684; . . . . . Richd. Haley & Mary Justice.  
1694; . . . . . Richd. Haley & Elizabeth Toller.  
1701; . . . . . Wm. Haley & Susannah Castle.

The above Richard Halley (or Haley) who married Mary Justice was a son of John of Edgworth Bury, Wilts; his father was also of Edgware in London.

Foster's "Alumni Oxonienses" also shows: Lawrence Halley, St. Johns College, 10 July, 1568, a B.A.; *and* Robert Halley (or Hulley), 1648, Magdalen College. It gives furthermore the entry 24 July, 1673, Edmund Halley, aged 16, son of Edmond H., of London, Gent.

Edmund William Pike, born 1838, was a postmaster in the House of Commons, 1878-1903. His father bore the same name. (*See the English "Who's Who?" 1906.*)

A curious broadsheet is in the Guildhall library, London, entitled: "A True Discovery of Mr. Edmund Halley of London, a merchant found dead at Temple Farm, Rochester"; published 1684. Of this personage (who was the father of Dr. Edmond Halley, born in 1656) the decease in 1684 is confirmed by the grant of Letters of Administration of his estate, London, 30th June 1684, to Sir John Buckworth and Richard Young, "*in usum et beneficium Joannæ Halley relictæ dicti defuncti et Edmundi Halley, filii dicti defuncti*." (See "Historical Essay on the first publication of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia," by S. P. Rigaud, p. 38; Oxford, 1838.)

In the Hearth Tax returns for London and Middlesex, Lady day, 1666 (Public Record office, London, Lay subsidies, 252-32) appears under Parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, Finsbury: "Edmund Halley, IX." Nine hearths in those days indicated a house of considerable size.

Gentleman's Magazine, advertisement 14 April 1741, Thomas Haley, Esq., of Chichester, Sussex, married to a daughter of Thomas Yates, Esq., M. P. for Chichester.

It is possible that pedigrees of the families of Halley and Pike are filed in the College of Arms, London. Several coats armorial of Halley and Halle, are described in the "Armorial Général," by J. B. Rietstap, tome I., page 875; Gouda, 1884. Other arms of Halley, Halleley, Hallely, Halliley, are given in "The General Armory," &c., by Sir Bernard Burke, London, 1878, while one of Halley appears in Fairbairn's Crests of the Families of Great Britain, etc., vol. II.

Of Dr. Edmond Halley's own family, John Aubrey gives the coat in colors: "Sable, a fret and a canton argent." (See Aubrey's "Brief Lives" edited by Clark, vol. I., page 282; Oxford, 1898.)

There are many allusions to the families of Halley and Pike, in the publications of the Harleian Society. This present collection was formed in an effort to discover the ancestry of a soldier of the American revolution, Captain James McPike, who died about 1825. He is said to have taken part in the storming of Stony Point, under Wayne. His mother was, according to tradition, a granddaughter of Dr. Edmond Halley (1656-1742). See the London *Notes and Queries*, ninth series, vol. XI., pages 205-206. An account of Dr. E. Halley's ancestry and descendants

appeared in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, vol. XXXIV., pp. 52, 106, of which a copy is bound with certain documents, in the British Museum, press-mark 10882k.25. Notes on the descendants of Captain James McPike were published in the *Old Northwest Genealogical Quarterly* for October, 1904, while in *Scottish Notes and Queries* (Aberdeen), second series, vol. VI., p. 119, was given a bibliography of the McPike family. The study of genealogy, even if confined to one family, opens up many lines of historical inquiry, and often throws light upon ancient problems.

EUGENE FAIRFIELD MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

(To be continued.)



## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

### LETTER OF FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE AND JOHN BANISTER TO THOMAS JEFFERSON

[Letter of Francis Lightfoot Lee and John Banister, to Thomas Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia. It is dated at York, Pa., where the Congress was then sitting.]

YORK TOWN, *March 23, 1778.*

SIR:

Nothing of moment having occurred since Col: Lee's last letter, we have only to communicate the earnest desire of Congress that the new Levies of Troops may be sent forward with the utmost Expedition. The necessity of pushing this business with vigour arises from the present weakness of our Army, and the great Probability of the Enemy's taking the Field early with augmented Forces and over-running the Country, or attempting something decisive against our Army before it is reinforced. The next grand object is to secure all the Provision that can be engaged for the Troops, as many disappointments & difficulties have intervened to lessen the Prospect of the abundant supplies that were expected. Col. Harrison's Regiment of artillery is much wanted at Camp, and Congress wishes them to march immediately. It is reported, and, we fear, not without Foundation, that the Troops at Rhode Island have embarked with an Intention of joining Gen'l Howe. If this is the case, without the greatest Exertions it is much to be apprehended the Enemy will open the Campaign with great advantage over us.

We are with the highest Respect,

Your Excellency's mo. obed't Servants

FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE,

JOHN BANISTER.

P. S.—Since writing the above General Smallwood mentions in a letter to General Washington that a fleet of Vessels, Ships &c., &c., amounting to near an hundred, had passed by Wilmington & anchored at Reedy Island; he supposes they were going to forage either up the Bay or Potomack.

## LETTER OF GENERAL SAMUEL H. PARSONS TO —————

Letter of General Samuel H. Parsons to ————— about Indian affairs in the West; he having been recently appointed one of the commissioners to treat with the Western Indians. Letters of his are rare. He was drowned in the Ohio in 1789.

FALLS OF OHIO, 8th. Dec<sup>r</sup> 1785.

SIR:

The very many Measures which have been taken to prevent the Savages from meeting the Commissioners, has necessarily protracted the time of my continuance in this Country beyond the Time I had allotted to myself. I have reason to hope the Treaty will commence next week. I shall return from this to Miami to-morrow, if the treaty proceeds it will be impossible for me to leave this Country sooner than the last of January; if not, I shall return sooner into the Settlements: if the settlement of the accounts which were refer'd to us for adjustment should be postponed by my absence beyond a Time the State of Virginia have a desire to have them clos'd, I am willing Congress should appoint any other Person in my Place. I would beg you to forward the inclos'd to New York or Williamsburgh (Va.—ED.) if Dr. Johnson is there.

I am, Sir,

Your obed't Serv't

SAM'L H. PARSONS.

## LETTER OF HENRY LAURENS TO HIS SON

Letter of Henry Laurens (afterwards President of Congress) to his son (afterwards Colonel, and the last man killed in the Revolution, at the action at Combahee Ferry, S. C., August 27, 1782).

A remarkably interesting family letter, showing the tender interest taken by the father in his son, whose early death closed a career already distinguished, and bidding fair to become much more so.

PARIS, 15th. December, 1772.

MY DEAR SON:

At my arrival here, about six hours ago, I had the pleasure of receiving your letters of the 16 & 30 Novem. The particular detail of your Exercises which you have transmitted shows that you know how to please

your Papa & at the same time that you love to please him—I therefore can't forbear from thanking you for such respectful attention. The sum total of the several enumerated expences set forth in your last mentioned letter, it is true will be very great, & had we been apprized of this at first it might not have been so, but now my Son shall not be cramped in his Education, on the contrary I will continue to do every reasonable thing to draw from him repeated declarations of being perfectly satisfied with his situation.

Your continuance with M. Lullier, & accepting M. Moore's invitation to attend the course of Modern History by M. Mallet were well judged—be careful however, not to crowd too much upon your mind, lest it should have an ill effect upon your Health, your temper or your manners. Avoid Gaming & all approaches to it—as you enlarge your acquaintance temptations will increase. The good account which you give of your Brother affords me additional joy & my Heart is filled with grateful thanks to God.

Letters from England of the 1st Inst—our dear Jemmy is not named, but I hope to embrace him about this day fortnight. If my companions are as much inclined to leave Paris the 19th as I am to quit it this very minute, we shall set out the morning of that day—& according to my calculation be at Dover the 22d., London 23rd, Birmingham 25 or 26th—I mean your Cousin George and myself & perhaps I may accompany him to Acton. I feel great pleasure from a prospect of a happy reconciliation between him & his Father—he has of late conducted himself with great propriety & I hope he will be received at home with open Arms.

You will continue writing to me as often as you can, under the usual direction in London. Mr. Grubb's acc't of Carolina news are:—that a new Assembly was elected in August—Roger Smith in my stead; that the Governor had called the House to meet him in Beaufort (or?) Port Royal, to which place he had removed all the Provincial offices. . . . In the end—this measure on the part of Government reflects no Honour upon their cause, which it seems had not a sufficient foundation to support it—therefore stratagem is to be made use of. I recollect that such a step was once taken by the Government in Jamaica, the Records &c. were removed from Kingston to Spanish Town & a contest was kept alive for many years—both parties will draw precedents from thence, but some



good opinions or reasons were urged there, from the danger of Invasion, which will not hold in Carolina.

A most violent and destructive Hurricane happen'd the 31st August in the West Indies, Antigua, St. Kitts, Nevis, Tortola, Montserrat (English) St. Thomas's & St. Croix (Danish) St. Eustatia (Dutch) & some of the French at St. Domingo Island have suffer'd beyond the effects of any former Tempest—this will produce new Bankruptcies in England—very large Sums have been lent upon Mortgage of Estates in those Islands, and a vast amount is due to England in the common course of commerce, much of which will now be for ever lost.

Carolina was well to the 6th October—New Rice was to break as folks said, at 65/ the want of provision in Europe will be much in its favour. I am sorry you lost my Memorandum & that you did not write to your Uncle & other friends in Charlestown by De Jean—embrace the first opportunity of sending your Letters—I hope to meet Letters from them when I arrive in London & you shall hear all that is worth your attention—do you know that it is now half past 12 o'clock & I believe every creature in Hotel d'Yorke asleep except myself, but I won't quit the Table before I tell you that our Journey to Toulon, Aix, Nismes, Montpellier, Tholouse, Bourdeaux, Rochefort, Rochelle, Nantz, down to this time has been extremely pleasant & satisfactory—when shall I transmit you some of my observation?

perhaps not until we meet at Brussels or Paris—I walked many days 10 to 14 Miles, & am in the best Health—the Gout is offended by my new mode of Living & I hope has taken a final leave to associate with Red Wine & Malt Liquors, to which I have bid adieu.

Mons'r Toillot, long lingering & yet die(d) suddenly—So teach us to number our days that in all states & at all Ages we may apply our Hearts unto wisdom.

Give my love to Harry—my respectful compliments to M. & Mad<sup>e</sup> Chais & their Little Couple—to all other our friends & acquaintance, & accept the Blessing my dearest Child, of your affectionate Father

HENRY LAURENS.

MR. JOHN LAURENS.

## WASHINGTON IN 1805

[Letter from Uriah Tracy, Senator from Connecticut to Samuel Thatcher, M. C., from Maine. Mentions Jefferson, Burr, Wilkinson, Col. Tallmadge—and the frogs. Uriah Tracy (born Franklin, Conn., 1755, died at Washington, 1807) was a prominent figure in Connecticut politics and was Representative from 1793 to 1796 when he was appointed Senator to succeed Jonathan Trumbull. His correspondent was Samuel Thatcher, a Representative from Maine. He was father of Benjamin Bussey Thatcher the author, and died at Bangor in 1872, at the great age of 94.]

WASHINGTON 19<sup>th</sup> March 1805

MY DEAR SIR:

I am still in this pleasant wilderness, misnomered a City, & the Frogs in our pond are serenading us most delightfully. You will recollect the proximity of this pond & of course will realize the benefits which we daily and more especially nightly, are in rec't of, from these croaking gentry. . . .

You have seen the inaugural speech & had you been here, you could only have *seen* it delivered, as I really believe no person heard a single sentence distinctly. It was high life in Pantomime below stairs, and what satisfaction a man or philosopher could take in moving his lips for the space of thirty or forty minutes to an audience, not audience but to 1000 or 1200 spectators, I cannot conceive.

But it went off, as the players say, for a prodigious fine thing, tho' the Democrats allowed that there was a little defect in the delivery, unless it was done so softly as some of them suggested, out of modesty, & if so that was prodigious fine. I went to hear it and agreed to any and all their suggestions, as I was too feeble for making battle of any sort: but that, or going out to vote on Judge Chase's Impeachment, or both, knocked me down again & am not much better now than I thought I was, the morning that you left me.

However, I am now manifestly gaining, and as the weather is now remarkably fine, I expect soon to be able to travel from this place.

I give you joy too, on your Escape from the perils of the Sea, or rather of the river Elk. Col Tallmadge wrote me of your disastrous accident by the oversetting of your boat.

Col Burr left us this morning for New Orleans; what he will do there is mere matter of conjecture.

The President went last week to Monticello, & I seem to be left of all my friends but I keep up good heart. Genl Wilkinson is appointed Gov<sup>r</sup> of Louisiana, which is, I believe, all the important appointment that has taken place since you left us.

The President was informed before he left this, that the Spaniards had occupied a military post, not far from Natchitoches, far within the limits, as he supposes, of Louisiana; this made him perspire at every pore, and almost at the end of every yellow hair on his recreant head.

What will be done I cannot divine; but I suppose some valiant act, which will astonish all Democrats, for its greatness, and all honest men for its meanness.

I am Sir, very respectfully  
Your friend

and Obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>

URIAH TRACY

Hon Sam Thatcher M. C.



## MINOR TOPICS

### THE "INDIAN LADDER."

Former Mayor John Boyd Thacher has purchased three miles of cliffs in the Helderbergs, which will preserve the famous Indian Ladder from following the fate of the Palisades. The purchase includes the Tory House, Helmes's Crack, and Sutphin's Cave. Few Albanians appreciate the value of the maintenance of the cliff in its present state. Those hanging ledges of the cliff which are open text-books to the geologist in his study of their clearly demarked strata, will be supported by the erection of braces to prevent their loss by crumbling.

The section will, as in the past, be open to the hundreds of excursionists and research students who annually visit it, and Mr. Thacher's intention is merely to protect it from the crumbling changes of unreinforced nature and from the inroads of such utilitarians as have broken up the Palisades into building stone and rock piles.

Mr. Thacher is quoted as saying that the section has been the Mecca of geological students, who come to study calcareous cliffs whose fossil and petrified sea shells have made the name Helderberg familiar among geologists throughout the country. The unbroken strata extend from the Hudson to Niagara and on into Canada. The fossil and formation answer to the European Devonian and Silurian Ages. At the Indian Ladder and the cliff these strata are distinctly separate and accessible to examination.

The Indian Ladder took its name from the fact that the Indians of the Schoharie valley, upon their trading trips to this section of the Hudson felled a tree against the face of this cliff, which opposed their trail, and used it as their ladder.

The Tory House is a large circular cavity in the cliff of perhaps 25 or 30 feet in diameter, in which a notorious royalist spy is said to have been captured about the time that Burgoyne was marching toward the plains of Saratoga.

Sutphin's or Hailes's Cave has never been fully explored, but trips into its recesses have been made which have resulted in the statement that it extends back more than two miles.

## A NOTABLE TORY ASSEMBLAGE

Mr. John Skinner, of Albany, N. Y., sends us a description of an old legal document in his possession, which seems to have about as many representative names of those who afterwards cast their lot with the British during the Revolution, as can well be found in the same compass elsewhere. All of these individuals were more or less closely identified with the Colonial and Revolutionary history of New York.

It is an *Indenture* between various members of the De Lancey family, of which mention is made below. The document is a large parchment folio of 2 sheets. "5 day of May, 1769." Signed by Oliver De Lancey, James De Lancey, John Watts, and Ann (De Lancey). Witnessed by Thomas Jones, John De Lancey, Charles W. Apthorpe and Micah Townsend.

Biographical memoranda of the various persons who sign the document, either as an active party, witness, or in an official capacity:

*Active participants who sign.*

Oliver De Lancey was the youngest son of Etienne and brother of Governor James and uncle of the James mentioned in this document. He served with credit during the French and Indian War; joined the cause of the English at the outbreak of the Revolution, and raised a regiment of loyalists, mainly at his own expense, known as De Lancey's Battalion. He became the senior Brigadier-General of the loyalist service. His country seat at Bloomfield, on the Hudson, was burned by the Americans, and the ladies of the family were compelled to spend the night in the open country, about where Central Park now is.

His estates were finally attainted and he fled to England, where he died in 1785.

Oliver signs the document as attorney for Susan Warren, who was the widow of Sir Peter Warren, the uncle of Sir William Johnson. Susan was eldest daughter of Stephen or Etienne De Lancey.

James De Lancey was the son of James, Governor and Chief-Justice of the Province of New York. At the beginning of the French War he entered the army and served on the Niagara Frontier under Sir William

Johnson; Aide de Camp to General Abercrombie in the expedition against Ticonderoga, 1759; succeeded to his father's estate in 1760 and became the richest man in America; leader of the conservative party in the Colonial Assembly from 1768-1775. In May, 1775, he sailed for England with a view of presenting a petition to the home government. Being unsuccessful and the war having commenced, he sent for his family and never returned to America. His immense estates were confiscated and he was banished from the country.

John Watts was born in New York City in 1715. He married Ann, daughter of Stephen De Lancey. One of the wealthiest land proprietors of the Colony. Opposed the Revolutionary War and in 1775 removed to England. His estate was confiscated, but part of it was repurchased and reconveyed in July, 1784, to his two sons, Robert and John.

Ann De Lancey, wife of John Watts, was daughter of Stephen. Ann accompanied her husband when he went to England, but died two months after her arrival.

*Witnesses, etc., and officials who sign.*

Thomas Jones was the Tory historian of the American Revolution. He married Ann, daughter of Governor James De Lancey. After many prosecutions Judge Jones left America in 1781. His estate was confiscated and he never returned to his native home. His "History of the American Revolution" is an invaluable historical work, being an account from a loyalist point of view, and is the only contemporary history written by one living at that time. His signature appears three times on the document.

John De Lancey was son of Peter, son of Stephen, and was a lawyer by occupation. Sheriff of Westchester Co., 1769; Member of Assembly for same, 1768-1772, and after the Revolution, 1793-1795. He remained faithful to the American cause and his estates were not confiscated.

Charles W. Apthorpe was one of the Council of the Colony of New York, 1764-1775. Leading lawyer of New York City; built the Apthorpe mansion, where is now Ninetieth and Ninety-first Street and Columbus Avenue. It stood in the center of a farm of 200 acres, which extended to the Hudson River. Washington had his headquarters here

during his retreat from Long Island. Later on, Howe occupied the house, more to the liking of Apthorpe, who was accused of Tory proclivities. His estate was confiscated in the main, though he continued to retain his Bloomfield estate and resided upon it till his death in 1797.

Micah Townsend represented Cumberland County in the third Assembly, 1779-1780, which held its sessions at Kingston and Albany. Cumberland County was abolished, or rather, New York ceased to claim it, in 1790, and there had been no returns from it for a long time previous.

The document is a release for Mrs. Peter De Lancey's share of the lands in Minninsink and Clifton Park.

The famous Beverly Robinson, connected with the Arnold and André episode, is mentioned in the body of the document as settling a dispute by the use of ballots.

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#### THE WASHINGTON CHURCH IN ENGLAND

An appeal is made to Americans by General Wilson for aid in the restoration of the Purleigh Church tower and the hanging of a fine peal of bells at a cost of \$3,000 to commemorate its connection with George Washington, whose ancestor, the Rev. Lawrence Washington, was rector of Purleigh for eleven years—from 1632 to 1643. Gifts of any amount may be mailed to the Rev. R. T. Love, Purleigh rectory, Maldon, Essex County, England, or to Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson, No. 621 Fifth Avenue, New York. General Wilson when in England recently, became greatly interested in the ancient Washington church, and has undertaken to raise \$1,000 one-third of the required amount, on this side of the Atlantic. Subscriptions of \$25 each have already been received from the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn, Mrs. Frances Evans, Mrs. Morgan Richards, Hon. Levi P. Morton, William K. Bixby, Esq., the Rev. M. E. Dwight, and the Hon. Henry C. Evans. Sums of \$20, \$10 and \$5 have also been sent to General Wilson. An American lady has presented to the parish a large American flag to be unfurled from Purleigh church tower when restored, on every returning anniversary of Washington's birth.

## INDIAN LEGENDS

### LEGENDS OF MACKINAW

**T**HE original Indian name of this island was Mich-il-i-mack-i-nack, signifying mammoth turtle. It is a beautiful spot of earth, and its origin is accounted for by the following Ottawa legend:

When the world was in its infancy, and all the living creatures were wandering over its surface from their several birthplaces, for a permanent home, it so happened that a multitude of turtles came to the southern shore of Lake Erie. They found the country generally level, and were delighted with the muddy waters of the lake, and also with the many stagnant rivers and ponds which they discovered in its vicinity. But while the race were generally satisfied with their discoveries, and willing to remain where they were, the mammoth leader of the multitude resolved upon extending his journey to the north. He was allured to this undertaking by a strange light of exceeding loveliness (supposed to be the Aurora Borealis), which he had frequently observed covering the horizon. He endeavored to obtain a few companions for his intended pilgrimage but without success. This disappointment did not dishearten him, however, and as he remembered that the summer was only half gone, he determined to depart alone. Long and very circuitous was his journey, and many, beautiful and lonely the bayous and swamps where he frequently tarried to rest himself and obtain refreshment. Summer, and nearly the whole autumn were now passed, and the travelling turtle found himself on a point of land which partially divided the two lakes of Huron and Michigan. Already he had been numbed by chilly winds, but his ambition was so great that he still persisted in his foolish pilgrimage. The day on which he made his final launch upon the waters was particularly cold and desolate, and it so happened that in the course of a few days his career was stopped by the formation of an icy barrier, which deprived him of life and left him, a little black spot, on the waste of frozen waters.

Spring returned once more, but while the ice gradually dissolved itself into beautiful blue waves, the shell of the turtle was fastened to a marine plant or tall reed, and in process of time became an island, which



the Indians appropriately named Mich-il-i-mack-i-nack, or the Mammoth Turtle.

The individual from whom I obtained the above story was an Ottawa Indian; and he told it to me as we sat together on the brow of the arched rock which has, from time immemorial, been considered the principal natural curiosity of Mackinaw.

The following legend I obtained from the same source, and, like the majority of Indian stories, it is uncouth and unnatural; but interesting for the reason that it bears a curious analogy to a certain passage in the Old Testament. But this remark is applicable, I believe, to the early traditions of nearly all the aboriginal nations of North America. But to the tradition:

Very many winters ago, the sun was regularly in the habit of performing his daily circuit across the heavens, and when the stars made their appearance in the sky, he invariably descended into an immense hole supposed to be located in the remote west. But in process of time it so happened that a chief of the Ottawas committed an unheard-of crime, and the Master of Life became so offended, that he caused a mighty wind to come upon the earth, whereby the rocky hills were made to tremble, and the waters which surround them to roar with a dreadful noise. During this state of things, which lasted for one whole day, the sun shot through the heavens with an unsteady motion, and when it had reached the zenith suddenly became fixed, as if astonished at the red man's wickedness. All the people of the Ottawa nation were greatly alarmed at this phenomenon, and while they were gazing upon the luminary, it gradually changed into the color of blood and with a dreadful noise, as if in a passion, it fell upon the earth. It struck the northern shore of Mackinaw, formed the cavity of the Arched Rock, and so entered the earth, from which it issued in the far east, at an early hour on the following morning, and then resumed its usual journey across the heavens.

Many, very many winters have passed away since the last-mentioned incident occurred, and it is true that even the present race of Indians (1850) can seldom be persuaded to approach the brow of the Arched Rock. Never have I heard of one who was sufficiently bold to walk over the arch, though the feat might be easily accomplished by any man with a steady nerve. The shores of the island of Mackinaw are almost entirely abrupt—and their general altitude is about one hundred and fifty feet; but the summit of the Arched Rock has been estimated to be at least two hundred feet above the water.

CHARLES LANMAN.

## THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

### CHAPTER III.—*Concluded.*

**I**T was thus with Sybrandt. At once a hundred daggers buried their points in the bosom of his self-love. His apprehensive pride conjured up spectre after spectre, grinning and pointing their fingers at him in bitter or playful scorn; or whispering in his ringing ear, that his cousin had sent for him to make sport with his infirmity. His mind lost its poise, and his faculties became suspended, as he stood in awkward embarrassment, the image of stupid insensibility at the moment his heart and brain were pregnant with feelings which, could he have rallied the confidence to utter, would have astounded his uncle, and waked in the kind bosom of Catalina respect and commiseration. As it was, she considered him a proud, stupid, conceited bookworm, whose neglect of her society and marked avoidance arose from indifference to her person and contempt for her understanding. From the moment she entertained this conviction, he became an object of consequence in her eyes, and she resolved either to overcome this dislike or indifference, or revenge the injured dignity of womanhood, by worrying his pride and laughing at his airs of superiority.

Sybrandt stood twirling his hat, immersed in a chaos of conflicting feelings that took away all presence of mind, when Ariel slapped him on the shoulder, in his good-humored boisterous way, and roared out in a voice that caused the young man to drop his hat on the floor:

“Zounds! man, can’t you speak? Why don’t you ask your cousin what she wants. Hey—a-hem! If I was a young fellow like you, I’d have got it all out of her in less than no time. But I suppose I’d better leave the young couple together—a-hem!” And with a most significant look, he departed to teach the dominie how to ring his pigs’ noses.

This allusion to the “young couple” affronted Catalina, and made poor Sybrandt feel more sheepish than ever. At length the young lady, assuming an air of taunting distance, masked under affected humility, said:

“Mr. Westbrook, I am afraid, is offended at the liberty I have taken in sending for him.”

"Indeed—I—I could not imagine—I was surprised—I——" and here his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

"I beg pardon for the liberty; but I thought it might be agreeable to Mr. Westbrook to go with a little party to-morrow to the island if the day is fair. But I suppose—I see you can't leave your books. These little rural pastimes are beneath a philosopher;" and she concocted her rosy lips and ivory teeth into a pretty sneer, as she uttered this truly female oration.

"I would—I will—I should like much to go with you—but——" and here the demon of sheepishness conjured up a hundred reasons for not going.

"O, very well—I suppose Mr. Westbrook thinks the company of common folks, especially young women who don't understand Greek, beneath his notice."

Sybrandt was a little nettled at this, and anger soon overcomes timidity.

"Miss Vancour is inclined to be satirical, I will not say ill-natured, to-day."

"Wonderful! why he has found his voice. Mr. Westbrook condescends to speak to a poor damsel. Surely he mistakes her for one of the seven wise men of Greece! How could you let down your dignity so!" and the lady made him a low obeisance.

Sybrandt's face and heart glowed with a feeling of insult.

"Miss Vancour does not do me justice if she thinks me proud. She cannot know my feelings, nor enter into the mortifications I suffer daily from the consciousness that I—that I——" and here his proud shy spirit shrunk from disclosing the wayward mysteries of his feelings and deportment. He remained silent and embarrassed; yet his face glowed with an expression, and his eye kindled with a fire Catalina had never seen lighted there before. She was delighted to discover that he had feelings which it was in her power to awaken. It was a proof that he did not think her altogether beneath his notice.

"What is it, then," said she, "that keeps you from my father's house, where you are always welcome; from the society of the young men who would be proud of your company; and from all share in the amusements of our female friends? If it is not pride, what is it?"

Q. Q. Q.

At one moment Sybrandt determined to give his cousin an analysis of his feelings; the next he shrunk from the disclosure; and the conflict of opposing impulses threw his mind into such a confusion, that for the soul of him he could not utter a connected sentence.

"Well, well, Mr. Westbrook," said Catalina, after waiting the event of this struggle, "I don't wish to intrude upon your secrets, nor to persuade you to go anywhere against your will. You had better ask the dominie's permission. I won't intrude any further on your studies." And the young lady left the room, saying within herself, "He is not such a senseless block after all, as I thought him. A man that can blush must have a heart, certainly."

Sybrandt could have knocked his head against a stone wall. He buried himself in the woody solitudes, where his mortified pride and keen apprehensive sensibility dwelt with exaggerated agony, on the ridiculous figure he had made in this interview, the laugh of Ariel, and the cutting ridicule of his cousin. He called himself fool, oaf, idiot, in his very heart, and it may be fairly questioned whether any pang he afterward experienced, arising from actual suffering or misfortune, ever came up to the keen malignity of this his present feeling of mortified pride and insulted sensibility, combined with the consciousness that he had made himself ridiculous.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MORNING'S SMILES, THE EVENING'S TEARS

THE next morning Ariel came over, and found Sybrandt half-willing, half-afraid to accompany the party to the island, of which he was to be the commander-in-chief. Never man was so busy, so important, and so happy as the good Ariel, at having something to do for a whole day. Blessed, indeed, yea, thrice blessed is he whom trifles can make happy. It is this which forms the bliss of childhood and the consolation of old age, each of which finds its appropriate enjoyments in an exemption from the serious labors and oppressive anxieties of the world's great business.

It was a cheerful and inspiring morning as ever shone upon the rich plains of the happy Hudson—happy in being the chosen river on

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whose bosom floats the tide of fashion to and fro; on whose delicious borders dwell in rustic competency thousands of contented human beings, enjoying the fruits of their labors amid the fruitions of a blameless life and a quiet spirit. The day was such a one as I myself prefer to all others; when the sun diffuses his influence through a gauzy veil of semi-transparent clouds, which temper his rays into a mild genial warmth, that, while it takes, perhaps, from the vigor of the body, communicates to the mind a delicious and luxurious aptitude for the indulgence of the gentler emotions. In such days and through such a medium, the beauties of nature exhibit only their softest features; and display their greatest varieties of shade and coloring; the winds are hushed; the waters smooth and glassy; the foliage wears a fleecy softness; the hills appear more beautiful; the mountains, magnified in the misty vagueness of distance, seem blended with the skies; the different shades of green that deck the bosom of the earth become more distinct yet more harmonious than when basking in the glare of the sun; and every sound that meets the ear, like every object that attracts the eye, partakes in the gentle harmony that reigns all around. It is in the remembrance of such scenes in after-life, and amid the struggles, hopes, and disappointments which checker the course of manhood, that we are apt to contrast our present cares with our former enjoyments, exaggerating both, and giving a false estimate of the different periods of an existence, which, if we fairly hold the balance, will be found pretty much the same in all its various changes, from the cradle to the grave.

Our little party consisted of Master-commandant Ariel, chief manager, factotum, &c., as busy as a bee, as noisy as a katy-did, and as merry as a cricket; Catalina, Sybrandt, and some half a score of the beaux and belles of Albany, who had come to the mansion-house bright and early in the morning, all dressed in neat and simple attire, befitting a ramble among the wild roses and clambering vines of the happy island. This little paradise, to speak in learned phrase, was an alluvial formation of times long past, composed of the rich spoils of the surrounding lands, deposited by the river. It was as level as the surface of the stream in which it was embosomed, and covered with a carpet of rich, luxuriant verdure, which, when it was not pastured, gave to the scythe a glorious harvest three times a year. On every side and all around, the banks were fringed with the light silvery foliage of the water-willows, mingled with tufts of wild roses, and growths of nameless wild flowers of every hue and various odors; and canopied at intervals with clambering vines,

whose long tendrils sometimes bent down and waved to and fro on the gliding waters as they passed slowly by. Within this leafy barrier was nothing but a green sward, shaded at various intervals by the vast giants of the alluvial growth—elms and plane-trees, of such towering majesty, that they overlooked the gentle eminences which bounded the flats on either side. The witching murmurs of the waters, as they glided along under the willow branches and nodding vines, mingled with the chorus of a thousand birds, who remained all summer in undisturbed possession; and though the pipe of the shepherd was never heard in these pleasant abodes, it was aptly supplied by the music of harmonious nature, the murmuring waters, and the warblers of the woodlands.

Under the skillful guidance of the active, indefatigable Ariel, the little party arrived at the scene of their anticipated pleasures, all gay and happy, save our friend Sybrandt, who, from the moment he joined the group, felt the spell of the demon besetting him sorely. His gayety was repressed, his faculties benumbed, and his youthful vigor changed to a leaden inertness by that habitual shyness and awkwardness the very consciousness of which prevented all efforts to shake it off. He was always either behind or before the party, and generally too far from it to hear what was said. Thus, when the hilarity of the youthful spirit effervesced into a sprightly laugh, the demon of pride, suspicion, and consciousness, whispered that the laugh was at him. The other young men were, indeed, quite as awkward, and without his knowledge and acquirements; but they made an excellent figure, notwithstanding, and performed their parts with a gay, gallant frankness, such as woman in all situations loves. They had lived in the world at Albany, mixed in its business, and dissipated their self-love in the pursuit of various objects, while poor Sybrandt had passed his youth in nursing the offspring of solitude—sensibility, pride, and selfishness. It is social intercourse alone that, by calling us off from self-contemplation, and making it necessary to remember and to administer to the wants or the enjoyments of others, can make man happy himself, and an instrument of happiness to others.

When they came to the riverside, where lay the little boat which was to take them to the island, Sybrandt had sworn to himself that he would offer his hand to Catalina to assist her in embarking. But he was so long before he could screw himself up to the direful feat, that one of the Albany lads, more gallant as well as alert, was beforehand with him. A bashful man is like a tiger; he makes but one effort, and if that fails,

slinks away to his jungle, and essays not another. I myself have my own experience to vouch for this; having in the far-off days of my gallantry, full many a time and oft, in dining out, gathered myself together with a gallant ferocity to ask the lady of the feast for the honor of a glass of wine with her. But alas! if peradventure the lady listened not to my first demonstration, I was prone to relapse into an utter and incurable incapacity to repeat the mighty effort. The sound of my voice died suddenly, and word spoke I nevermore. So was it with master Sybrandt, who, having expended his powder in a flash of the pan, sunk only the lower for the exertion he had made.

The little party landed, and pursued their pleasures in separate groups, or couples, as chance or inclination prompted. In those days of Doric innocence and simplicity—and thanks to Heaven, it is so still in our happy country—young people of different sexes could enjoy the pleasures of a rural ramble, in parties or in pairs, without the remotest idea of impropriety, and without waking a single breath of scandal. If there be anything in the music, the repose, the fascinating and quiet beauties of nature that excites to love, it is gentle and virtuous love; an awakening impulse rather than an ungovernable passion; and if perchance it works to final mischief, it is rather from accident than purpose—nature than depravity. It is not here that the sensual passions acquire their overpowering energies; but at midnight revels, where dazzling lights, artificial splendors, seducing music, high-seasoned viands, and luxurious wines, pamper the senses into lascivious longings, and swell the imagination to exaggerated conceptions of pleasure, which carry us away we know not and we care not whither. Long may it be before it is the fashion to abridge the freedom of virgins, and extend that of wives, in our country.

Catalina having carried her point in making Sybrandt one of the party, was rather in a better humor with him than usual. She plagued him now and then in various sly ways, and sometimes raised a laugh at his expense. The first fine edge of the feelings, fortunately for mankind, both in pleasure and pain, is worn off by the first enjoyment and the first suffering. Were it not so—but I am insensibly becoming a moralist, when I only aspire to story-telling. Sybrandt by degrees already felt, like a musical instrument, in better tune for being played upon, and two or three times caught himself actually enjoying the scene and the festivity of his companions. The ridicule of women sometimes makes bold men only more bold and confident; and I have known a most exemplary mod-

est person made downright saucy by the freedoms of others. Indeed there is not in the world so impudent a being, as a shy man forced out of his shyness. The very impulse carries him to the opposite extreme. The bent of Sybrandt's mind had, however, been too long and too rigid to be relaxed all at once.

I pity the most exalted of all created beings who cannot feel the inspiration of the balmy air, the music and the smiles of nature; for he can have neither sensibility nor imagination. It was not so with Sybrandt; though apparently a most unpromising pupil for the school of romance, there were, if we mistake not, certain springs of action and certain latent fires hidden and buried in his head and heart, which only required to be touched or lighted to make him a far other being than he seemed just now. As the morning passed, he insensibly began to feel less awkward, and his shyness gradually wore away. He ventured to speak to some of the young damsels, and finally had the unparalleled intrepidity to attach himself to the side of his cousin in a stroll under the vines and willows that skirted the shores of the little island.

By degrees the feelings which nature had implanted in his heart opened and expanded, like the seeds which lie dormant in the deep shades of the forest for years, until the trees being cut down, the warm sunbeams waken them to life and vegetation. The emotions of his heart for a while overpowered his long-cherished timidity, and lent to his tongue an eloquence that pleased, while it surprised Catalina. The rich stores of imagery which long reading and contemplation had gathered in his mind, where they had lain enchained in the icy fetters of timidity, were let loose by the newborn warmth that thrilled through his frame, and flowed forth without study or effort into striking observations, tender associations, and sparkles of a rich and glowing fancy. Catalina listened with astonishment to the animated statue; and as she looked him in the face while pouring forth the treasures of his mind, and saw the divinity that sparkled in his eyes, she once or twice detected herself in thinking Sybrandt almost as handsome as an aid-de-camp. He, too, felt elevated in his own estimation; for the first time in his life he had listened to his own voice without feeling his heart beat with apprehension, and for the first time he could look back upon an hour spent in the society of a female, without a pang of the keenest mortification.

"Sybrandt," at length said Catalina, "why don't you talk so every day?"



"Because every day is not like to-day; nor are you, my cousin, always what you are now."

A silence ensued, from which they were roused by the cheerful, joy-inspiring shouts of Ariel, who had prepared his collation, and was summoning all the rambling lads and lasses to come and partake of the blessings of his prudent forethought. To him eating was an affair of the first consequence; he never joined a party, either of business or pleasure, without first reducing it to a certainty that there would be no starvation attending it; and it was almost as affecting as a last dying speech to hear him relate the melancholy story of the ruin of a brace of the finest woodducks he ever saw, by the "d——d stupid folly" of his cook, who roasted them in a pot instead of before the fire. The good Ariel had spread his stores on a snow-white tablecloth of ample dimensions, laid upon the rich greensward beneath a canopy of vines, that clambered over the tops of a clump of sassafras, whose aromatic buds sent forth a grateful fragrance. Here he marshalled his forces with great discretion, placing the lads and lasses alternately around the rural repast, and enjoining upon the former the strictest attention to his nearest neighbor. As to himself, he could never sit still where there was room for action. He curvetted around the little circle like a merry spaniel; cracked his jokes, and laughed only the louder when nobody joined him; helped himself, and ate and talked, all at the same time, with a zest, an hilarity, and honest frankness that communicated themselves to all about him, infecting them with a contagious merriment. The birds chirped over their heads, the flowers grew beneath their feet, the mild summer breezes played upon their cheeks, hope glowed in their hearts, and youth and health were their handmaids; why then should they not laugh and be merry?

But a plague on Nature! she is a female, after all, and there is no trusting her. As thus they sat unheeding all but themselves and the present moment, Nature had been at work unnoticed by the little crew, gathering into one great mass a pack of dark rolling clouds along the western horizon. The banks of the little isle were, as we said before, fringed all around by trees and shrubbery, and tangled vines, that quite hid the opposite shores, making it a little world within itself. The dark tempest gathering in the west had therefore escaped the notice of the party, until the moment when a burst of merriment was interrupted by a flash of lightning, and a quick, sharp crash of thunder. When the

Creator speaks, all nature is silent; and if, as some suppose, the leaping lightning is the quick glancing of his angry eye, the thunder the threatening of his voice, no wonder if every sound is hushed when they break forth from the pitchy darkness of the heavens. The laugh ceased; the birds became silent in their leafy bowers; the trees stilled their sweet whisperings; the insects chirped no longer, and the river murmured no more. There was a dead pause in the air, the earth, and the waters, save when the Creator of them all spoke from the depths of his vast obscurity.

The merry-makers looked at each other in silence, and in silence sat, until Ariel ventured to clear his voice with "a-hem!" which, to say the truth, lacked much of its wonted vigorous energy and clearness. Sybrandt gained a position whence he could overlook the island barrier, and came back running to announce that a thunderstorm was coming on rapidly—so rapidly that it would be impossible to cross the river and gain the nearest house in time to escape its fury. The damsels looked at the young men, and the young men looked at the damsels. One had on her best hat, another a new shawl, a third her holiday chintz gown, and each and all wore some favorite piece of finery, which, though peradventure Dolly the cook and Betty the chambermaid would scorn to wear, even on week-days, in this age of rapid unparalleled improvement, was still dear to their simple, innocent affections. The boys too, as they were called, and still are called among the old lords of the land, had on their Sunday gear, which, as they never ran in debt to the tailor, it behooved them to nurse with special care. What was to be done in this sore dilemma; for now the quick, keen flashes, the equally keen crashes that came with them, and the dead, dull calm that intervened, announced that the rain and the tempest was nigh.

Ariel was as busy as an assistant-alderman at a fire, and about as useful. Being a man that was always in a hurry when there was no occasion, it may be naturally supposed, that when there was occasion he would be in such a great hurry that his resolves would tread upon one another's heels, or impede their operations by running athwart each other, and breaking their heads. And so, indeed, it happened; he was ten times more busy than when he had nothing to do; swore at the lads for not doing something; suggested a hundred impracticable things; and concluded, good man! by wishing with all his soul they were safe housed in the old mansion.

Catalina had been brought up at the boarding-school in the fear of thunder. The schoolmistress, indeed, always encouraged the young ladies by precept not to be frightened; but she never failed to disappear in a thunderstorm, and was one time discovered between two featherbeds almost smothered to death. It is to be regretted that this natural and proper feeling of awe which accompanies the sublime phenomena of nature should degenerate into abject fear or irrational superstition. Divested of these, the approach of a thunderstorm is calculated to waken the mind to the most lofty associations with the great Being who charges and discharges this vast artillery, and to exalt the imagination into the highest regions of lofty contemplation. But fear is an abject, soul-subduing sentiment, which monopolizes the mind, debases the physical man, and shuts out every feeling allied to genuine piety and faith.

Suddenly an idea struck Sybrandt, which was instantly adopted and put into execution. The boat, a broad, flat skiff, was drawn up the bank, and placed bottom upwards, with one side supported by sticks, and the other reclining on the ground towards the west, so that the rain might run off in that direction. The few minutes which intervened between this operation and the bursting of the torrent of rain were employed by the young men in covering the open spaces about the sides of the boat with grass and branches, as well as the time would admit. There was only space enough under this shelter for the young women, though Ariel managed to find himself a place among them. He was in the main a good-natured, kind-hearted man, but he did not like being out in a storm any more than his neighbors. The young men stood cowering under a canopy of thick vines, which shaded the boat and a little space besides. It was observed that Sybrandt placed himself nearest that end of the boat under which Catalina was sheltered, and that he was particular in the disposition of the grass and branches in that quarter.

A few, a very few minutes of dead silence on the part of our little group intervened before the tempest sent forth its hoards of wind and rain, smiting the groaning trees, and deluging the thirsty earth till it could drink no more, but voided the surplus into the swelling stream, that began anon to rise and roar in angry violence. This storm was for a long time traditionary for its terrible violence; and for more than half a century people talked of the incessant flashes of the lightning, the stunning and harsh violence of the thunder, the deluge of rain, the hurricane which accompanied it, the lofty trees that were either split with lightning

or torn up by the roots by the wind, and the damage done by the sudden swelling of the river on that remarkable day.

The party that found shelter under the boat fared indifferently well; but the others were in a few moments wet to the skin. The little flexible willows bent down to let the storm pass over them; but the sturdy elms and plane-trees stood stiff to the blast that wrung their arms from their bodies, and scattered them in the air like straws and feathers. The rushing winds, the roaring of the troubled waters, were mingled with incessant flashings of lightning, accompanied by those quick, sharp explosions of thunder that proclaim the near approach of the electric power. At length the little party was roused by a peal that seemed to have rent the vault of heaven, and beheld with terror and dismay a vast plane-tree, within a hundred yards' distance, directly in front of them, shivered from top to bottom like a reed. The explosion for a moment stilled the tempest of rain, during which interval the vast dissevered trunk stood trembling and nodding, like one suddenly struck by the hand of death. Another moment, and the winds resumed their empire, the vast monarch of the isle fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, and the force of Omnipotence was demonstrated in the instantaneous destruction of a work which long ages had brought to maturity.

The young women screamed, and the youths shuddered, as they beheld this vast giant of nature yielding in an instant to a mightier power. But soon they were drawn off to the contemplation of a new danger. It is well known how sudden, nay, almost instantaneous, is the swelling of our rivers, especially near their sources, and where they traverse a hilly or mountainous region. The little isle where our scene is laid was but a few feet above the ordinary level of the stream, and its surface as flat as the stream itself, which now began to dash its waves beyond the usual barrier, until at length the situation of the little party became extremely critical. The land had become less safe than the waters, and immediate measures were taken to prepare for the inundation, by turning the boat upon her bottom again. The party was arranged on the benches to the best advantage, and the young men stood prepared to ply the oars the moment the boat was floated off. Soon the tremendous torrent rolled over the surface of the whole island in one mighty mass of dark waters, speckled with white foam; and the boat was carried down the stream with the swiftness of an arrow. The difficulty was to escape the trees and bushes, which still reared their heads above the waters, since it was

obvious that nothing could preserve the boat but her being kept from the slightest interruption in her course. The great object, therefore, was to avoid every obstacle, and to keep her head directly down the stream, till they met with some little nook or cove, where the current was less violent. In times of danger the master spirit instinctively takes the lead, and the lesser ones instinctively yield obedience.

Ever since the coming of the storm Sybrandt had seemed a new being, animated by a newly-awakened soul. The excitement of the scene had by degrees caused him to forget his shyness; and now the presence of danger and the necessity of exertion roused into action those qualities which neither himself nor others were conscious he possessed. He who had trembled at the idea of being introduced into a drawing-room, and shrunk from the encounter of a smiling female eye, now stood erect in the composure of unawed manhood, with a steady hand and a steady eye, guiding the little skiff through roaring whirlpools and angry currents, furiously conflicting with each other, almost as skillfully as a veteran Mississippi boatman. All else sat still in the numbness of irrepressible apprehension. Even the busy Ariel was motionless in his seat, and his active tongue silent as the grave. But neither human skill nor human courage could struggle any length of time with the power of the waters, every moment aggravated by new accessions. In turning a projecting point, round which the current whirled with increased impetuosity, the boat struck the edge of an old stump of a tree just beneath the surface, and was upset in a single instant. Fortunately for some, though, alas! not for all, the current made a sudden inflexion immediately below the projecting point into a little shallow cove, where it subsided into repose. It was in making for this harbor that the boat unfortunately encountered the stump, which, as I stated, was not visible above the waters. It is with sorrowful emotions I record that the accident was fatal to two of the innocent girls and one of the young men, who sat in the bow of the boat, which unfortunately, as she overturned, sheered out into the stream, and launched them into the whole force of the current. They were carried away and their bodies found a day or two afterward many miles below. The others, with the exception of Catalina, were shot directly, and in an instant, by the sudden angle made by the current, into the little shallow, quiet cove, where they were all preserved. Catalina was not one of these. Less strong, and less inured to the sports and perils of rural life, she became insensible the moment the accident occurred, and would have quickly perished, had not Sybrandt swam into the edge of

the turbulent whirlpool where she was floating, and brought her safely to the land.

Sadly the remnant of our little party returned to their respective homes without their lost companions, and sadly they contrasted the beauty of the quiet genial morning, and the happy anticipations that beckoned them forward to sportful revelry, with the uproar of nature, and the gloomy shadows of the evening, which closed in darkness, sorrow, and death. The remembrance of this scene, and of the conduct of Sybrandt, not only before but during the storm, and in the hour of her extreme peril, was often afterward called to mind by Catalina, and not unfrequently checked by her inclination to laugh sometimes, and sometimes to be downright angry with her sheepish, awkward cousin. We need not dwell upon the anxiety of the father and mother of our heroine, nor of the good Dennis, who, in the midst of his fears, could not help crying out against and sparing not this new-fangled custom of making parties for the island, though both tradition and history avouch that these sports were coeval with the commencement of our happy era of honest simplicity. Suffice it to say, that the good parents received their only child as one a second time bestowed upon them by the bounty of Heaven, and that they were full of gratitude to Sybrandt, whose inspiration seemed now departed from him. The crisis that awakened his sleeping energies having passed away, his long-cherished habits again beset him; instead of expressing his joy at having been instrumental in preserving Catalina, and showing his sensibility to the parents' gratitude, he became embarrassed, silent, awkward, stultified—and finally vanished away no one knew whither. We must not omit to record that from this time forward the worthy Ariel attended the Dominie's sermons regularly twice every Sabbath; a custom he had never followed before, inasmuch as he had a most sovereign propensity to falling asleep and disturbing the congregation by snoring.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

*(To be continued.)*

## NOTES AND QUERIES

### AMERICANS IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

Last Spring, when Mr. Choate resigned as our representative at the British Court, this paragraph appeared in the *New York Evening Post*.

Ambassador Choate was last night elected master of the bench of the Middle Temple in London. Among English lawyers this is the most distinguished honor which they could confer on any outsider, and it is the first time in several generations that other than an English subject has been elected a bencher of the Middle Temple, one of the oldest Inns of Court in London. The action calls Mr. Choate to the English bar and elects him member of the governing body of the Middle Temple. Five signers of the Declaration of Independence were members of the Middle Temple. Since then

not a single American has been a member.

The Editor of this MAGAZINE has since made diligent effort, through Messrs. B. F. Stevens & Brown, of London, and the officials of the Middle Temple, to verify the statement about the five "Signers," but without success; the officials saying that a search through their records does not show that any one of the whole body of "Signers" was ever a member of the Temple. It would be very interesting to know how the report originated.

GENERAL GRANT. Persons having in their possession any unpublished letters or war dispatches written by Gen. U. S. Grant, will confer a favor on Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson, 621 Fifth Avenue, New York, by sending him a copy of the same, with a view to their being included in a collection of General Grant's writings, to be issued during the present year.

## BOOK NOTICES

THE EAGLE'S HISTORY OF POUGHKEEPSIE. FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT, 1683 TO 1905. By EDMUND PLATT. Published by PLATT and PLATT, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Quarto, 328 pp. Indexed. Ill. Price, Cloth, \$5.00; Morocco, \$10.00.

In his first chapter on the origin and meaning of the Indian name Pough-

keepsie, the author gives evidence of independent research, the results of which are expressed in good clear English, placing this work above the ordinary newspaper town history.

In its miscellany and in its celebration of the business life of the city, it borders on the modern methods of city advertising, but the author has given enough of the narrative of the early

settlement to make the whole historic in character.

A glance through its pages shows that there is much given at every step. The portions relating to the Revolutionary "Associators," the Colonial officers, and the original land holders are full and invaluable to all whose ancestors lived in the ancient town.

Governor George Clinton, who did so much to render possible the industrial and commercial supremacy of the Empire State, was probably Poughkeepsie's most distinguished son. As the capital of New York in 1777, and as an accessible Hudson river town or city, it has been the home of many celebrities, such as State Attorney Egbert Benson, Chancellor Kent, Judge Zephaniah Platt, and Benson J. Lossing, who as a wood-engraver and a historian earned his reputation at Poughkeepsie.

In this town the New York acts for the gradual emancipation of slavery were passed March 29, 1799, and April 8, 1801.

As an educational center Vassar College—the pioneer among the institutions for the higher education of women—has given Poughkeepsie world-wide fame. Few cities in America have such a landmark.

Among the one hundred and forty-odd illustrations several early maps of Poughkeepsie are noted, together with the reproduction of a number of Lossing's woodcuts, a pleasant reminder of the Bewick school.

A full index makes the book available for reference, but it is to be regretted that this valuable history should have been printed on so heavy a paper, and in a form so large, as to make it unwieldy and without durability.

**HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF LANESBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS, 1741-1905.** Part I. By CHARLES J. PALMER. [1906.] Octavo, 168 pp. Ill. Paper covers. Price \$1.00. For sale by WILLIAM L. PALMER, 66 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Lanesborough in the Berkshire Hills is a town of historic interest. From the Countess of Lanesborough in Ireland, the author traces the name, and gives a brief history of the Lanesborough family from the time of James I. The families of Howard, Mowbray, Bigod, and Butler are traced from beyond the seas. Although lacking somewhat in continuity of arrangement, each chapter has its historic value, not the least of which is the chapter of births, marriages, and deaths, alphabetically arranged.

The chapters on the Old Borough Doctors, an Old Fashioned Training, an Account of Balance Rock, and the Historical Address delivered July 27, 1902, constitute the other principal features of Part I. The full-page illustrations of the childhood homes of "Josh Billings," and Gen. Joseph Barnes, and the views of St. Luke's Church and church yard as it appeared in 1820, are timely and appropriate. A surprisingly large list of Revolutionary soldiers is given.

Part II, in preparation, promises to continue the ecclesiastical history and vital statistics, and to give sketches of Lanesborough's distinguished men such as Henry Shaw ("Josh Billings"), Governor Briggs, and others.

The work is printed on good paper, and is a valuable addition to the local history of Massachusetts.



**THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES, 1655-1905.** Addresses delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York, Thanksgiving Day, 1905. Together with other Selected Addresses and proceedings. Published under the direction of the Executive Committee. 8vo. XIII+263 pp. Frontispiece. New York: The New York Cooperative Society, 358 Fifth Ave.

Something over twenty notable addresses which were delivered in the great cities of the United States on Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1905, in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the Jews in our country, are here brought together. These emphasize historical facts worthy of preservation. Among them may be mentioned that the first Jews came to New Amsterdam (New York) in the ship *Saint Catarina* in September, 1654; that the next year Oliver Cromwell readmitted them into Great Britain from which country they had been expelled by Edward I. in 1290; that at New Amsterdam the Jewish settler, Asher Levy, became the first Jewish land-owner and citizen about

1661; and that from a little company of twenty-three who came in the *Saint Catarina*, they have increased in two hundred and fifty years to over one million.

A graphic account of the circumstances attending the admission to citizenship of Asher Levy is found in the address of Louis Marshall, delivered at Albany. Under the administration of Peter Stuyvesant, the last and ablest of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, it became necessary for the burghers to stand guard for the protection of their homes from attacks of the English by sea and of Indians by land.

It seems that the Governor refused to permit the Jews to stand guard, but in lieu of that obligation required them to pay a special tax. When the tax-collector came to Asher Levy with his warrant, "Is this tax imposed on all of the residents of New Amsterdam?" was the question propounded. "No," replied the collector, "it is only imposed upon the Jews, because they do not stand guard." "I have not asked to be exempted," said the Jew. "I am not only willing, but demand the right to stand guard." "But you are not a citizen," was the objection which met him. "Then what is there to prevent my becoming a citizen?" was the rejoinder. Governor Stuyvesant yielded and Asher Levy became the first Jewish citizen in America, we are told.

The volume is a creditable piece of book-making.



## GENEALOGICAL

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(All communications for this department, including genealogical publications for review, should be sent to George W. Chamberlain, 92 Front Street, Weymouth, Mass.)

### QUERIES

29a. BAILEY—What was the full name, parentage, birth, and residence of a Bailey who married about 1793, Susannah<sup>e</sup> (also spelled Susanna and Susan) Litchfield, baptized at Scituate, Mass., Dec. 14, 1766, daughter of James<sup>s</sup> Litchfield and his first wife Anna Gordin (? Jordan or Gordon)?

Susannah Bailey is named in two divisions of her father's estate in 1793 and in May, 1836. It is said that this Bailey family lived in eastern New York near Lake Champlain. All family data desired.

b. STONE—Anna or Annie Stone is named in the divisions, in 1793 and in May, 1836, of the estate of her father, James<sup>s</sup> Litchfield, named in the above Bailey query. Wanted, full name, parentage, birth, residence, etc. of the husband of Anna Stone.

They are supposed to have resided in eastern New York.

c. HALL—(The wife of John<sup>s</sup> Litchfield of Scituate, Mass., was Sarah, or Sarah J., Hall. She was of Scituate at the time of their marriage in Scituate, Feb. 11, 1789.

Sarah Litchfield died as a widow, in Scituate, Aug. 26, 1838, aged 86 years. Was she born in Kingston, Mass., April 8, 1751, and the daughter of Abner and Sarah (Hatch) Hall? Was she born in Bristol, R. I., and did she have a mother who had m. (2) a Henderson or Anderson before 1793?

d. STOWELL—Who was the husband of Nancy Stowell, born about 1790, who was the daughter of John<sup>s</sup> Litchfield, named above?

It is said that the Stowells lived in or near Boston in 1817.

e. GREEN—Hannah<sup>e</sup> Litchfield, sister of Nancy Stowell, married a Green, said to have resided in or near Boston, about 1817. Was his name Francis, and what can be given about his parentage and family? L1

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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VOL. III

APRIL, 1906

No. 4

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## LETTERS FROM VIRGINIA. 1774-1781

### III

**B**UT in spite of his altered career Parker was still able to make occasional visits to Virginia. He dates one letter "off Norfolk, 21 Feb. 1776." Norfolk had been burned by Lord Dunmore on Jany. 1st, and this had reduced all of his relatives to poverty.

"What was left of Norfolk is now totally destroyed by the Rebels and the inhabitants of that and Princess Anne County ordered away from their plantations. We are informed Sir Peter Parker is on his way out, is to have the command here and convoys out a number of troops their appearance here will soon alter the face of affairs."

His brothers-in-law Messrs Aitchison and Jacob Ellegood had been tried for their British propensities the former allowed to return on bail to New Hampton the latter at Williamsburg on parole. He adds the news.

"Genl. Clinton called at N. York. It seems Gen. Lee was dispatched to the South when they knew Gen. Clinton departure. Lee had got to New York and is expected here. Washington has sent expresses to inform that a number of ships had left Boston and it was expected they were coming South. I believe it is so because last night old Coll. Colvin was brought on board this ship, there were some Rebel officers with him in a flag or truce boat from Hampton. Capt. Hammond stop'd them on board the Roebuck and sent to his LoPP. It seems they have a letter from the Committee of Safety offering to lay down their arms if all the acts of Parliament are repealed that have been made since 1763. If this is all it is doing nothing."

He continues. New York 6 June 1777.

"Several transports have lately arrived which has set everything in motion, all the troops that are going on the expedition are already embarked, the light horse are embarking this day. Washington's head quarters is now at or near Bondsbrook, nine miles from Brunswick towards Philadelphia upon two mountains, his force supposed to be about 7. or 8000 men. McDougal is at Morris Town what force he has is unknown here, and Putnam commands at Parks Hill with about 2000 mostly militia. No account of Gen<sup>l</sup>. Carleton the 27th May. This is the Rebel state of matters."

The next letter is from Miss Jenny Steuart,<sup>2</sup> a little girl who had her first adventure in being detained by a British man-of-war. It is dated 24 Decr. 1777, and in the original it is wholly without stops.

"It has been a long time since I have either had the pleasure of hearing from (or) of writing to you and have at last met with an opportunity and one which I never expected. After being on the Eastern shore almost three year, I was taken crossing the Bay and the Captain has promis'd to convey a letter to you. Our friends have been very much distress'd. I suppose you have heard of Norfolk being burnt. Poor M<sup>rs</sup> Aitchison has lost a fond indulgent husband and a very affectionate mother and M<sup>r</sup> Parker is in the army at New York. M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Inglis is at Philadelphia and I am on board the Emerald. M<sup>rs</sup> Aitchison (and) M<sup>rs</sup> Parker is in Princetown and I was going over to them when I was taken they have met with many losses but I hope it will all be repaid to them M<sup>r</sup> Elligood is a prisoner in Virginia I have nothing more to say."

The letters get more and more scanty now and in 1778 I can only trace two of interest; one dated S: Carolina near Georgetown, 1st June 1778 is from M<sup>rs</sup> Winifred Baird about the death of her husband Archibald Baird.

"It is not in words to express the various distress I have undergone since my departure from London—this most barbarous war has Rob'd me of one of the best of husbands and a lovely infant whose death I shall ever lament. M<sup>r</sup> Baird's treatment was extraordinary,

<sup>2</sup> She married 7 Feb., 1788, Dr. John Cringan, of Richmond, Virginia, and died 26 April, 1789.

he was refus'd salt for his family, Physick for his Child (not a month old) by a sett of men called Patriots altho to many of them he had been a kind parent, his Rice lay rotting in the Barns of which not a person durst buy one ounce, his horses and carts seized for the public works in the space of five months last summer they carried of part of the Negroes three different times (and) still not satisfy'd. About ten days after I was informed of Mr Baird's death two constables came and presented me with loaded pistols, demanding the negroes to build forts at Charlestown. It galled me not a little to see the fortune Mr Baird had laboured for so many years bore of by the rude hand of oppression. With much difficulty I have got them returned. My Brothers and Friends all banished, my own health so much broken that it will oblige me to quit the country next spring." This letter was entrusted to "Mr Keith a Ruff Scotchman but (with) a good Hart and my very particular friend."

James Parker sends much news from New York in December. He was as we have seen "with the army" and evidently considered himself *en rapport* with everything.

"Washington" he writes "is at the house of one Wallace up the Rariton twelve miles from Brunswick. Lord Stirling is at Phills' hill the seat of Philip Van Horn about seven miles from Brunswick drunk 16 hours of the 24. Gen. Knox is at Mr 'Donalds at Pluck-em-in about eighteen miles from Brunswick with the artillery. The whole force those three generals have does not exceed two thousand seven hundred men, which with seven hundred men under General Maxwell at Elizabethstown, Newark and Van Vichhens on Rariton where Genl. Green is, are all the rebel forces in Jersey.

"Moilands<sup>3</sup> Dragoons are gon to Lancaster in Pensylvania. The remainder of their forces is in Connecticut chiefly about Danbury where they have an Artillery park, the number is not known, but it is asserted that the whole Continental troops if all collected do not exceed eight thousand. Several of the Virginians are gone home much disgusted, only 450 remains of a Brigade which lately consisted of 900. . . . Thirty seven of Burgoyne's got in today and say many more are on the way. I talk'd with a sensible private of the 47th Reg. He says several of Buttlers men came amongst them as militia of the country and at

<sup>3</sup> Moylan.

night conducted off several small partys he was in the rear division who crossed Hudson river the 28th Novem. their guards were very apprehensive of an attack from Coll. Buttler. He did not intend it. About 3000 left Boston 1200 of which were British. This small party escaped to Andover ironworks. A Sergeant O'Hays took the command, they put a vote to join Gen<sup>l</sup>. Clinton or Buttler, that being carried they bound themselves by oath to stand by each other and abide by some rules which the Sergeant wrote down. The three first were that drunkenness, betraying the design, or lagging behind should be punished with death. They had three bayonets given them by a woman at whose house they called, about 30 miles from this they fell in with two negroes who brought them through and whom P. Henry very judiciously rewarded with 37 guineas.

I spent last evening at our Loyal Club where Gov<sup>r</sup> Franklin and Coll. Beverly Robison both of y<sup>r</sup> acquaintance were, they very kindly inquired for you, desiring their compliments when I wrote to you, we talk over *old* troubles with a fellow feeling and look forward for better times."

We get a glimpse of the women's life during this troublous time from Mrs Parker in a letter dated Princess Anne 3 Jan'y 1779. Her brother Mr Ellegood was still a prisoner and her husband had escaped—she hoped—to England.

"You will no doubt expect I should say something of our situation here. I shall not attempt to describe what we have suffered within these last three years, it would be impossible, nor do I wish to afflict my friends, (I know your Hearts have often bled for us) with an account of our misfortunes we have now I hope got over the worst of them by learning to bear them. . . . [we all] live together on Dear deceas<sup>d</sup>. Mr Aitchison's plantation—It is a small house for two familys that have been used to be better accomodated but we are very thankful for such an Asylum, many of the poor inhabitants of Norfolk are greatly distressed for any house at all. We spin our own cloaths, milk, sew, raise poultry and everything we are capable of doing to maintain our selves. Everything has got to such prices here that we buy nothing that we can do without. Our girls are all dressed in their own spinning even little Molly, An assists, and your Jenny is as notable at the country work as if she had been brought up to it—it gives me great pleasure to see them

that once had other views submit to everything that is Necessary with so much cheerfulness and good nature tho' I am sorry our present circumstances prevents them from improving themselves by reading, writing, keeping polite company etc. . . . our cousins Newton and Jamieson live at Kemps, they have been greatly distressed for a tolerable house. They talk of building in poor Norfolk in the spring. Oh how it would afflict your tender heart my dear Friend to see that place, you who were a witness and often a partaker of our happiness."

Miss Jenny Steuart also describes the desolation of Norfolk in Nov. 1779.

"Mrs. Parker and myself have just been on a visit to that once agreeable place Norfolk. Nobody could conceive that did not see it how much it is altered. It shocks me exceedingly when ever I see it. There are a great many small huts built up in it. The inhabitants cannot be happy anywhere else." They had been cheered up by a flying visit from Mr Parker who had left the dangerous trade of following the army "he came here in a fleet. They made but a short stay with us and the fear of [our] being ill treated after they went away partly destroy'd the satisfaction we should have had in seeing him." And Parker himself was shortly afterwards again a prisoner.

Capt. Jacob Ellegood whom Lord Dunmore had appointed Colonel of the Militia of Princess Anne County, but who had been taken prisoner as we have seen, writes from New York Oct. 16, 1781.

"O! my good friend what might changes has your once favorite country of Vir<sup>a</sup>. gone through. The very face of the country and even the very genius of its inhabitants are quite altered, many long and what were thought valuable friendships are now intirely desolv'd and persons that thought themselves a few years ago the best of friends are now the most inveterate enemys. Even the very near and dear tye between father and son are in many instances quite done away. . . .

I am sure there has no one given more convincing proofs of loyalty than I have yet as a Virginian I cannot but feel for the distresses of my poor unhappy native country, a country I once thought it my greatest happiness to be a native of, but now alas! that country which still contains all that is near and valuable to me in this life I durst not approach

but at the peril of that very life I received from it when I reflect that I was for five years and four months a prisoner in that very country that gave me birth and that I had not even the smallest indulgence that is granted to the unhappy slaves of that country I sometimes almost bring myself to think it is altogether a dream. . . .

Your old friend my Mrs Ellegood's behaviour on all her trying occasions dos her the greatest honour . . . I left her at her own house and in tolerable circumstances that is a plenty of bread and meat. but I hear she has been plunder'd of every thing God only knows if it be true how she is to subsist as I laid out almost my little all for her support. A French fleet of 30 sail of the line has lain in Lynhaven Bay for six weeks' past, it's probable they have not left much provisions in the country, but Mrs Ellegood was once plundered of every thing before and still made a shift to get the better and I hope she still will . . .

I am still on parole not yet exchang'd, my not being exchang'd prevents my going on our grand expedition to Virginia. we have now here a fleet of 25 sail of the line besides 3 of 58 (?) guns several 40t. and many fine frigates, on board of which fleet his excellency Sir Henry go's in person with the flower of our army the troops all embark on board the men of war. The French fleet lie in a line from Old Plantation quite across the bay to block up York and James River. They consist of between 27 and 30 sail of the line and not in the very best condition. Our fleet have had a thorou repair and are in most excellent order and fairly man'd. I have not a doubt of success. It is my opinion the French do not mean to wait till our fleet get to the Capes but as they have the best intelligence as soon as our fleet puts to sea they will either meet us or go to the coast. I left York Town (V<sup>ia</sup>) about 7 weeks ago, Lord Cornwallis had a fine army Glostre Town was well fortified, our works at York very strong, we had accounts from his Lordship a few days ago. he as well as his army write well and in high spirits, they consist of 6,100 effective men Rank and file besides 1,500 fine sea men and marines and more than 500 volunteers, he has also a large number of black men who answer very well in the works, they save the soldiers from a great deal of hard labour in short the garrison wants for nothing and what is better than all his Lordship is perhaps more beloved in the army than almost any man ever was . . .

The French made an attack on one of our redoubts at the upper end of York they got a very handsome drubing, their loss near 200 Kil'd



and wounded, ours little or non, almost every house in York is pulled down, poor Mrs Riddle I feel for her I was quarter'd at her house while I stay'd in York, her distress and many more must be horrid, that country for many miles round must be ruin'd. If the French fleet are beat from the Chousapeak you may rely that rebellion will soon be over to the South. I was long a prisoner with them and know the reall sentiments of the people perhaps better than almost any man. The bulk of the people are quite against continuing the war, and if we get the command of the Bayard and of course the river a large army can not subsist any time in that country so that I think Mr Washington will take himself of as soon as our fleet gets in. It is very unlucky for me that I cannot go, I think it would be some thing in my way but my own feelings will not admitt of my going untill my parole is fully taken away," which, as well as his pious ejaculation "God send them success prays your friend and that my unhappy country may once more know the blessings of peace and a British government" from his point of view did him credit. Capt. Ellegood continues that he was attempting to get his due pay as a Lieut. Colonel commanding a Regiment—a very small compensation for five and a half years' imprisonment. "I was the first man in America that drew a sword for his Majesty I am now the oldest commissioned officer in his Majesty's American forces" but at that time had not succeeded except the advance of £200.

We hear from Captain Ellegood a year later when he writes from New York March 23, 1782 in happier vein "I am happy to acquaint you that neither my sisters nor Mrs Ellegood has suffered any loss by the Rebels since the misfortune of our army there, they have the good luck still to meet with some friends. Lord Dunmore is at Charles Town, and is soon to be round here indeed we expect him every day, and feel much for his Lordship's disappointment but I have still hopes to see him once more in his Government . . . tho' matters have not been so favourable for us sometime past as I could have wished."

He gives news of his soldier friends; how "J. P." [James Parker] was either a prisoner in old France or dead, and how "your Kinsman Lieut. Traill,"<sup>5</sup> "a very good lad," is on Long Island on parole being

<sup>5</sup> This was Jack Traill, Lieutenant 76th Regt., who succeeded to the estates of Westness and Woodwick in Orkney, his American cousin, Mary Traill, wife of Keith Spence, was grandmother of James Russell Lowell and his brother, Robert T(raill) S(pence) Lowell.

unable to obtain leave, though ill, to go to England. One wishes there were more of Capt. Ellegood's letters in this collection as he was a strong partisan and eventually like most of Charles Steuart's friends, left Virginia. He went to Nova Scotia, "being unable to prevail upon himself to be reconciled to the constitution of his Country."

It is pleasing to find that Mr. and Mrs. Parker were reunited after their long absence; she writes in May, 1783.

"I had the pleasure lately of receiving a letter from my dear Mr. Parker, dated October 13th. It had been so long since I had heard from him that I almost despaired of having that happiness again," but he came home with Charles Steuart's assistance, and is henceforth known as Captain James Parker. In March, 1784, his wife was intending to join him, "it will be a severe trial to part with so many dear friends here [Eastwood, Va.] who have done everything they could to alleviate my misfortunes for these eight years past. . . . Still I shall never hesitate one moment to go where ever my dear Mr. Parker thinks will be most advantageous, and I fear we cannot live here without such insults as neither he nor I could bear. I hope he will soon fix on some plan that we may settle and spend the remainder of our days in peace together. It is impossible to express what I have felt for his situation many years," and with the reuniting of these two martyrs of the Declaration of Independence we may close our dipping into the correspondence of the last Receiver General of Customs in British North America.

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

EDINBURGH.

*(Communicated by General James Grant Wilson.)*

[N. B.—For the notes I am indebted to the Virginia Historical Society.—ED.]



## THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON RIVER

### THE STORY OF THEIR ORIGIN, ATTEMPTED DESTRUCTION, AND RESCUE

(At the Decennial Meeting of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, January 16, 1906, the writer gave a brief account of the origin of the Palisades of the Hudson River, the commencement of their destruction, and the movement for their rescue. At the request of the Editor of the *MAGAZINE*, he has supplemented this short address with additional data, and endeavored to tell a simple and consecutive story of the famous Palisades, which can readily be understood, in its geological part, by even a lay reader. The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to an article in the *New York Evening Post* of March 3, 1906, for paragraphs concerning the movement for the rescue of the Palisades, woven into the following article.)

**I**F, with some mighty sword, one could cleave the crust of the earth in an east and west line from Fort Washington, Manhattan Island, to and beyond Fort Lee, N. J., then remove the earth on the southern side of the cut and examine the vertical section on the north side, he would notice the rocks lying in the following order:<sup>1</sup> The west shore of Manhattan Island is composed of a comparatively hard stone called Hudson schist. Next west of that, underlying the Hudson River, is a softer stone called Stockbridge dolomite. Next west again is the west shore of the Hudson, composed of Newark sandstone at and below the level of the water, and of the hard Palisade rock above it. As one goes westward from the shore of the river toward the Hackensack Valley, the layers of sandstone and the Palisade rock dip gently downward. Before the Hackensack River is reached, and at a point about two miles west of the Hudson, the Palisade rock—or “trap rock” as it is commonly called,—takes a sudden bend downward and disappears almost vertically through the underlying sandstone (and associated shales) into the bowels of the earth. (In this description an effort has been made to use as simple language as possible, and it may be explained that “Newark sandstone” does not mean sandstone found only at Newark, N. J., but is a term applied to an extensive formation in northern New Jersey which can be favorably observed in the vicinity of Newark.)

The almost vertical face of the Palisades on the Hudson River at

<sup>1</sup> This order does not continue throughout the length of the river. North of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, for instance, Fordham gneiss forms the east bank of the Hudson.

Fort Lee has a height of about 333 feet. Toward the north it attains a height of 550 feet at the State line, and towards the south it dips until it disappears at sea-level at Bergen Point.

How many people who look at the Palisades and admire their beauty realize that they were once a molten mass of rock, glowing with the fierce heat of the fiery furnace from which they issued? Their geological history is as fascinating and dramatic as their beauty is picturesque, and while there is some uncertainty concerning the local geological events immediately preceding and succeeding, yet the story of the birth of the Palisades themselves is a comparatively simple one.

Geologists do not measure time by years, but by periods characterized by the forms of rocks and fossils found in them. The Hudson schist which forms the west shore of upper Manhattan was formed in Silurian time, so-called, millions and millions of years ago. It was originally a sort of sandy mud deposited approximately horizontally in shoal water. It was deposited on a softer rock called Stockbridge dolomite, which was an earlier formation, being late Cambrian or early Silurian. Between the time when the Hudson schist and the time when the Newark sandstone which now lies next to it were formed, there was a vast interval of time of which there is no record in the local rocks. We do not know exactly what happened in that period, but we do know that there were changes in the elevation of the land, and that tremendous side pressure caused the layers of rocks,—the schist, the dolomite, and other rocks—to be thrown up and down into huge folds and troughs; and that under the influence of air and water great masses of the surface were worn away. In these changes, the Hudson schist and Stockbridge dolomite were thrown out of their former horizontal position so that now, at the surface, the dolomite lies west of the schist in almost vertical layers.

After that had happened, and about 30,000,000 years ago, perhaps, in Triassic time, there was an extensive hollow or trough in northern New Jersey, connected with the sea. It had such a shallow depth of water that portions of it were covered and uncovered with the flow and ebb of the tide. The ocean was perhaps a hundred miles farther to the southeastward than now. The Hudson River did not then exist, and there was high (probably mountainous) land southeast of the site of the present Palisades, extending over the site of Manhattan Island, the harbor, and beyond to the ancient ocean shore.

The landscape of that time was adorned with plant life, including large ferns, cycads (resembling ferns in some respects and palm trees in others), and evergreens. In the sea and on land monstrous reptiles were rulers of animal life. The ichthyosaurus with his thick body, thirty or forty feet long, and eyes twelve to fifteen inches in diameter, sported in the ocean with his more slender sea-companion the plesiosaurus. On land, huge dinosaurs walked about on their hind legs, leaving the prints of their three-toed feet and long tails in the mud for us to look at in our museums to-day. In the air, strange-looking pterodactyls and other creatures flitted about, but no man saw them, for God had not yet created man, and we only know of their existence by their fossilized remains and impressions left in the rocks.

Under the action of the elements, the surface of the high land to the southeastward above referred to was gradually worn down, and the particles of disintegrated rock washed northwestward into the great trough. This supplied most of the material for the Newark sandstone. As the deposit gradually increased in thickness, the bottom of the estuary gradually sank, thus keeping it below water. This process continued for an enormous length of time, until sandstone from two to two and a half miles thick had been formed.

During the formation of this sandstone some exciting events occurred—exciting to the dinosaurs and pterodactyls. One day there was a frightful commotion in the estuary and neighborhood. There were rumblings and shakings of the earth, and up through some cracks under the water came issuing molten rock, which spread out on the bottom of the great trough, setting up a frightful boiling of the shallow water and sending up clouds of suffocating steam. Every intelligent dinosaur and pterodactyl probably took to the woods in fright. The molten rock cooled off, and subsequently became the Orange (Watchung) Mountains of New Jersey.

This episode, and probably some others like it, did not interrupt the deposit of sandstone, which went on until it attained the enormous thickness before mentioned.

At some period after the Orange Mountains' outflow a slightly different kind of disturbance occurred. There was a rumbling and shaking and heaving of the earth. More molten rock rose through a crack in the earth, about two miles west of the present Hudson River, but before

it reached the surface the overlying strata of sandstone yielded upward to the enormous pressure, and the lava moved eastward between the overlying and underlying strata. This trap rock sheet formed what we now call the Palisades. It was originally about 850 feet thick at Fort Lee and 1000 feet thick at Alpine, N. J. It extended eastward beyond the site of the river and Manhattan Island an unknown distance, gradually thinning out the farther it progressed.

Held in between the ponderous strata of sandstone and shales, the igneous rock radiated its heat into the overlying and underlying rocks, cooled off and solidified. Igneous rock like this, in cooling, forms joints (or lines along which it readily breaks) perpendicular to the plane of radiation. Therefore, as this trap-rock was an almost horizontal sheet, these joints are almost vertical, and as the exposed surface breaks off and wears away, the remaining cliff takes on the columnar appearance which gives it the name of Palisades.

When the Palisade rock was first intruded, it was hundreds and probably thousands of feet below the top surface of the overlying sandstone, and it was brought to light by a series of events covering more millions of years. There were changes in the elevation of the land, which rose and fell gradually and through long periods of time. Mountain chains were formed in the neighborhood and disappeared, and great masses of the earth's surface were worn away.

There was a time in the progress of these events, when what is now the top of the Palisades (being part of what geologists call the Schooley Plain), was practically at sea level. Everything above it had been worn away—sandstone hundreds or thousands of feet in thickness and about 500 feet of the Palisades rock. After the surface had been worn down to nearly sea level, the earth's surface in this vicinity began to rise again, and then the streams began to cut into and eat away the rock once more. The comparatively soft sandstone lying on the western slope of the hard Palisade rock wore away faster than the trap-rock itself, forming the Hackensack Valley. Along the line of the present Hudson River there was a fold of Stockbridge dolomite. This is a rock which disintegrates rapidly under the influence of water containing carbonic acid. The overflowing waters, therefore, cut down into this dolomite, while the hard trap rock on the west side and the Hudson schist on the east resisted, and thus was formed the Hudson channel. The reader interested in geological matters will be repaid by a study of the relation of river-

courses to dolomite formations. The location of the Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Harlem River is due to the presence of dolomite.

As the Hudson cut its way down through this soft rock, the adjacent trap rock broke off in vertical blocks along the joint lines, thus giving us the bold cliff which we see to-day.

The Hudson gorge appears to have been formed before the glacial period, and as the earliest relics of the human race are found in glacial deposits, the Palisades had probably taken substantially their present form before the advent of man. Judging by the rate of erosion of Niagara Falls (which were born with the retreat of the glacial ice), Prof. Hitchcock estimates the elapsed time since the glacial period to be about 19,000 years.

The events from the advent of man to the assault on the Palisades may, for present purposes, be covered in a few words: Adam discovered the earth. Columbus discovered America. Hudson discovered the North River. McAdam, a descendant of the old Adam, discovered how to construct roads with crushed stone. Carpenter Brothers, quarrymen, discovered the Palisades. And the people of New York and New Jersey discovered that one of the most beautiful features of the Hudson scenery was being ruined to supply road material for Havana, Cuba, for Central Park, New York, and for other localities.

The situation became so aggravated that public indignation rose to a high pitch and in many cases found eloquent expression. The late Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, in a letter published when the matter was before the New Jersey Legislature, said: "In all the world there is no such exhibition of the forces of nature, in that period when volcanic eruptions existed in that portion of the globe. It is the most priceless possession in the way of natural interest held by any State in the Union." Had these cliffs been left in the possession of private owners, to be torn to pieces by blasts, divested of their covering of trees, and lined by smoke-belching factories, this "priceless possession"—the natural adornment of our grandest river—would at no very distant period have been transformed into ragged stone heaps, offensive to the eye, with a value governed solely by the cubic foot price of trap rock.

After efforts to secure the coöperation of the Federal Government in a scheme of preservation had failed, and some legal steps to stop the blasting had produced no results, the New Jersey State Federation of

Women's Clubs took the matter up, and appointed a committee to lay the subject before the governor of New Jersey. Governor Voorhees candidly informed the committee that he did not believe anything could be done, as conflicting interests, public and private, would avail to defeat any appropriation by the State sufficient to carry out a practical plan of preservation. The ladies insisted, however, that an effort should be made, and the governor finally told them that if they would secure the passage by the Legislature of an act authorizing him to appoint a Commission to consider the matter, he would appoint two members of the Federation on that Commission. No difficulty was encountered in inducing the Legislature to pass such an act, as it carried no appropriation; it was approved by the governor in March, 1899, and the governor appointed as two of the five members of the Commission Miss Elizabeth B. Vermilye and Mrs. John Holland (*née* Cecilia Gaines). The other members of the New Jersey Commission were Franklin W. Hopkins, of Alpine; W. A. Linn, of Hackensack, and S. Wood McClave, of Edgewater. The only authority this Commission had was "to report on the present condition of the Palisades, and to suggest some remedy or remedies to preserve the Palisades from defacement and depredations."

Meanwhile, strong influences were working on the New York side of the line toward the same end; for, although only a small proportion of the columnar formation of the Palisades is within the State of New York, New Yorkers opposite the Palisades are the only ones so situated as to see them to advantage. One of the earliest instrumentalities organized in New York State for the preservation of the Palisades was the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, incorporated in 1895. Its charter expressly provides that the trustees may "act jointly or otherwise with any persons appointed by any other State, for purposes similar to those intended to be accomplished by this act,"—that is, the preservation of scenery—"whenever the object to be secured or purpose sought to be accomplished is within the jurisdiction of this and any other State, or can only be attained by such joint action." The founder of the Society, the late Hon. Andrew H. Green, "the Father of Greater New York," had the Palisades in mind when that section of the Charter was drafted.

On June 17, 1899, Governor Roosevelt of New York wrote to President Green of the "Scenic Society" (as it is called for brevity),



requesting him to appoint a committee of five to act in behalf of the State of New York in conjunction with the commission appointed by Governor Voorhees of New Jersey, to devise measures for the preservation of the Palisades. In accordance therewith Mr. Green appointed the following members of the Society as commissioners to represent the State of New York: Frederick W. Devoe, Frederick S. Lamb, Abraham G. Mills, George F. Kunz and Edward Payson Cone. Mr. Green, who was also president of the Niagara Falls State Reservation Commission, consented to be an honorary member of the commission.

During the next seven months the representatives of the two States held frequent conferences, with the result that they agreed upon a statement of facts, and on recommendations in relation thereto which they transmitted to their respective State authorities. The report of the commissioners of the Scenic Society in behalf of the State of New York, was transmitted to Governor Roosevelt, December 12, 1899, and by him to the Legislature.

Soon after the presentation of the Palisades report, the "Scenic Society" secured the introduction in and passage by the New York Legislature of a bill "to provide for the selection, location, appropriation and management of certain lands along the Palisades of the Hudson river for an interstate park and thereby to preserve the scenery of the Palisades." This bill provided for the appointment by the Governor of ten commissioners, five of whom should be residents of the State of New York, to be styled "Commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park." The commissioners were empowered to select, and, subject to the provisions of the act, acquire such lands along the river front, from the New Jersey State line on the south to Piermont Creek on the north, as might be necessary and proper for the purpose of establishing a State park and preserving the scenic beauty of the Palisades; and to lay out and maintain the park "in such manner that it, together with such park as may be established by the State of New Jersey, shall form a continuous park, the intention of this act being to provide, in conjunction with the State of New Jersey, for the establishing of a park along the entire front of the Palisades from Fort Lee in New Jersey, to the termination thereof in this State, and thereby preserving the scenic beauty of the Palisades." On March 22, 1900, Governor Roosevelt signed the New York bill.

In February, 1900, the New Jersey Commission sent to Trenton a bill carrying out the same suggestion.

The appearance of this bill at Trenton aroused every private interest which conceived that some injury might be inflicted on it by such a scheme of public appropriation. At that time three concerns were actively engaged in quarrying along the frontage, the most extensive being the Carpenter Brothers, opposite Riverdale, whose operations had already begun eating into the upright cliff, jarring the country round, on both sides of the river, with the blasts. Other owners of cliff and riparian frontage saw in the proposed law means of depriving them of enhanced values which might be expected in the future. The influences usual in such cases were, therefore, set to work to defeat the bill. Some of the newspapers of Bergen County, which had shown a friendly spirit toward the policy of preservation, suddenly changed front, and the direful effect on the county taxes if all this property should be taken from the tax list was one of the arguments urged against the bill. The Commission was told later that the private interests opposing it were powerful enough at Trenton to have defeated any measure to which they would not give their consent.

The Commission made a stubborn fight for "all it could get," realizing that some compromise was necessary, and it secured the passage of an act, before the Legislatures adjourned that year, both at Trenton and Albany, under which the Palisades have actually been preserved. The principal compromise agreed to at Trenton was a limitation of the jurisdiction of the Commission in New Jersey to a line beginning 150 feet west of the high-water line of the Hudson River, and ending at the top of the cliff. The Commission recognized the fact that a complete preservation of the scenic beauty of the Palisades could not be effected if the water front was left subject to the erection of factories, but the private interests along the lower part of the frontage were powerful enough to defeat the entire scheme without this concession.

It may be added here that an amendment to the New Jersey act was secured a year or two later, which gave the Commission authority to acquire this 150 feet along the water front, except south of the southerly boundary of the Borough of Englewood Cliffs, and that a way has been devised by which the Commission may take title to any part of this southerly water front possession of which may be obtained.

On April 2, 1900, Governor Roosevelt named as five resident Commissioners of the ten Commissioners provided for in the act: George W. Perkins of New York City; D. McN. K. Stauffer of Yonkers; J. Du Pratt White, of Nyack; Ralph Trautman of New York and Nathan F. Barrett, of New Rochelle. Governor Voorhees accepted them as non-resident members of the New Jersey Commission and named five more resident Commissioners, whom Governor Roosevelt on May 18, 1900, appointed as non-resident Commissioners for New York State, namely: Abram S. Hewitt, of Ringwood; Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken; Franklin W. Hopkins, of Alpine; Wm. A. Linn, of Hackensack, and Abram De Ronde, of Englewood. The personnel of the New York and New Jersey Commissions was thus identical—a beautiful example of interstate harmony equalled only by the proverbial agreement of the Governors of North Carolina and South Carolina.

The Commission has remained unchanged since its original appointment except that to fill vacancies caused by death, Wm. H. Porter, of New York, has been appointed in place of the late Ralph Trautman and Wm. B. Dana, of Englewood, N. J., in place of the late Abram S. Hewitt.

The Commission organized as two corporate bodies, one for each State, but its work has been conducted practically as a single commission.

Here, then, was the legal machinery for acquiring—and so preserving—the Palisades. There was abundance of legal authority—to do what? Acquire title to 13.86 miles frontage of real estate, the title to which was held by many different owners, with varied views of its value, and a reasonable appraisal of which would run up to some hundreds of thousands of dollars, and no appropriation to pay for any of it. New York appropriated that year \$10,000, and New Jersey \$5,000 for the expenses of the Commission, and these appropriations constituted all the funds in sight.

Very soon after its organization the Commission decided on its policy. There should be as few expenses as possible. No offices were hired, and no salaried clerks or secretaries. The necessary survey of the Palisades frontage, showing the owners and their holdings, must be made, and such a survey was ordered at once, the New Jersey \$5,000 being devoted to this. Then it was determined *to stop the blasting*.

On its ability to effect this, the Commission rested largely its hope of being able to secure the funds to complete its work. It was the blasting opposite Riverdale on which centred the indignation of the public and the press, and the Commission felt that, if this blasting could be ended, success would so impress the idea of its practical character on the public that it would have an efficient backing when it asked for more funds.

Negotiations were at once begun with the Carpenter Brothers, and after months of discussion the sum of \$132,500 was agreed upon as a fair price for their tract and the buildings thereon. With other owners of large tracts an agreement was made that they would sell to the Commission their holdings between the base of the cliff and the river for \$500 an acre.

The Commission was then prepared to approach men of means in New York with this proposition: We can secure for the \$10,000 appropriated by New York an option on the Carpenter property at \$132,500, with a provision that the blasting shall stop on Christmas eve, 1900, and not be resumed before June 1, 1901. Will you agree to contribute the remaining \$122,500 needed to take title under this option if the Legislatures of the two States will appropriate enough money to enable the Commission to acquire the other property on which it has options between Fort Lee and Huyler's Landing? As soon as this proposition was laid before J. Pierpont Morgan by Geo. W. Perkins, he was so impressed with its practical character that he subscribed the whole of the \$122,500 himself on condition that the means should be found for saving the remainder of the Palisades.

With Mr. Morgan's generous gift behind them, the Commissioners paid the \$10,000 for an option on the Carpenter quarry until June 1, 1901, and on Christmas eve, 1900, blasting was stopped—never to be resumed, as events proved.

The press and such bodies as the Chamber of Commerce now urged on the Legislatures the making of appropriations to complete the good work, and the New York Legislature in the spring of 1901 made an appropriation of \$400,000, and that of New Jersey one of \$50,000 (the latter supplemented by some later appropriations for expenses). The conditions of Mr. Morgan's gift having thus been met, Carpenters' quarry was secured before the option expired and the acquisition of the rest of the Palisades has been making steady progress ever since.

The work of securing title to this property has been necessarily slow. There is a stretch of 11.02 miles in New Jersey, and of 2.84 miles in New York. The New Jersey frontage was found to be divided into 147 parcels, held by 112 owners. The width of the land between the river and the base of the cliff varies from 250 to 650 feet, making a total of about 974 acres in the jurisdiction of the Commission. A few owners have steadily refused to make what the commissioners consider reasonable terms, but even where a willingness has been shown to meet the commissioners, many complications have been encountered. When the survey was under way great confusion was found as regards boundary lines and ownership, titles often dating back through several generations of the same family. Undivided interests were encountered, with scattered owners, and there are some pieces to which title will have to be acquired by condemnation proceedings against unknown owners. In one case where one two-hundred-and-fortieth of two and a quarter acres had to be bought (for \$3.28), the deed was sent twice to the State of Washington before it was satisfactorily executed.

Since the publication of the last annual report a frontage of 4,605 feet has been purchased, and other contracts are almost ready for closing. The total holdings of the Commission now amount to 46,428.5 feet frontage, or about 500 acres, the cost of which, including buildings, riparian rights, etc., has been \$370,125. It is expected that all the parcels which can be obtained by friendly negotiations will be in the possession of the Commission by the close of the present year, and the necessary legal steps will then be taken to secure the rest.

The practical work of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission in acquiring title to the property under its jurisdiction, has gone on so quietly that only the comparatively few persons who have followed the annual reports understand its progress and its approach to completion.

The early efforts to preserve this stretch of cliffs proved so discouraging, and the work assigned to the Commission when appointed presented so many difficulties, that the success of the enterprise is a cause of something like national congratulation.

The law under which the Commission is acting gives it authority "to acquire, maintain, and make available for use as a public park" the land which comes under its jurisdiction, and "to lay out, construct,

and maintain roads, pathways, and boulevards upon, across, and over such park."

While the main object of the legislation regarding the Palisades was their preservation in their natural beauty, the study of the land within their control has given the commissioners a growing appreciation of its possibilities as a park. Very few persons, either in New Jersey or New York, have any idea of the character and possibilities of the tract between the river and the cliff. No thoroughfare runs through it for any considerable distance; it can be reached from above at only a few points, and no regular ferry lines connect it with New York City. In summer a small boat plies between the Alpine dock and Yonkers. Through the kindness of H. McK. Twombly, his tract north of Alpine has been placed at the disposal of the Fresh Air Fund of New York, and some twenty excursions every summer take barge loads of children to enjoy its outing facilities. There have been also two excursion grounds in the northern section under private control, with docks, pavilions, etc. One of these the Commission now owns, and title to the other will soon be taken. Aside from these points, which by no means include its most attractive features, the entire river front of the Palisades is terra incognita to the public.

To get some idea of its attractions it is only necessary, on a summer afternoon, to descend to the level of the river by the road leading down from Palisade Avenue, Englewood. This road extends north for more than a mile, and although it may now be classed as abandoned, it enables one to get a practical conception of the character of the territory at the base of the cliff. The land hereabout once nourished orchards and gardens, the protection of the cliff affording an average temperature several degrees higher than that of the summit. A few habitable houses shelter the remaining fishermen, and a neat schoolhouse now owned by the Commission, tells of days when there was a larger population.

A walk along this road will lead any visitor to confess that there is near New York no place to which this undercliff region can be compared. To match it in character one must go to the Catskills or the Adirondacks. The trees are Nature's trees, not those planted by man. The cliff gains in height as viewed from below. There is no dainty turf, with "keep off the grass" signs displayed, but there are not lacking little natural meadows, where one may sit and dream in the shade, and watch the river scene, and the wavelets rippling along the shore. If the road

extended all the way to the northern limit, one would find little waterfalls dancing over the rocks, groves of fine trees, and many a picturesque point at which to enjoy a day's outing or pitch a camper's tent.

It is the wish of the Commission to make this whole thirteen miles of natural park accessible to the public at the earliest date possible, and one of the first requirements to accomplish this must be the making of a roadway from the Fort Lee dock to a point south of Piermont. Foreseeing this, the Commission in 1903 employed Charles W. Leavitt, Jr., the well-known landscape engineer, to make a survey for such a drive. A route was found, which, while not in any way disturbing the natural beauty of the banks, as viewed from the river, will permit of much variety, the road now running close to the shore, now rising to points nearer the base of the cliff, which affords a wider view, and at places leading to the summit, so that one may drive north under the cliff and return by a route along the top. If this boulevard is constructed according to the plans in view, it will afford a drive, accessible from New York, superior in attractions to any that can be found in the existing parks, and entirely different from any of the latter.

The natural park, which will be thus opened up, will find many uses. As a recreation spot, unincumbered by the restrictions necessary in Central Park, it must prove attractive to thousands. Its advantages for campers, who reach it by rowboats, and for canoeists, are already appreciated, and every year the Commission receives requests for a growing number of permits to make use of it in this way. The boat clubs, which are being driven away from the crowded Harlem, will find boundless possibilities along this waterfront. The west shore, protected by the cliff, affording smooth water most of the days in the summer, and by its shoaling banks being well adapted to bathing, will in time be the scene of many a regatta, a view of which the higher points will so well provide.

It is very safe, therefore, to predict that, if means are found to carry out the Commission's plans, the Palisades will in ten years be a recreation ground which will attract thousands from New York, who do not now realize that such possibilities are so near at hand.

The success of the scheme "to preserve the Palisades" has stimulated a desire to extend the jurisdiction of the Commission over the mountain lands lying between Piermont and the State Reservation at

Stony Point. The latter Reservation is by law in the custody of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. The Scenic Society advocated this extension of the jurisdiction of the Palisades Commission, partly for the purpose of permitting the extension of the proposed great scenic drive along the river, but also largely for the preservation of the Hook Mountain just north of Nyack. The Hook Mountain is geologically of the same formation as the Palisades, but it has a different contour, due to the following cause: What are commonly called the Palisades were formed, as we have shown by an *intrusive* sheet of molten rock, which rose part way to the surface through a crack in the earth's crust and then spread out almost horizontally between the layers of Newark sandstone and shales. In cooling, as before explained, it took on a columnar structure perpendicular to the plane of radiation. The planes of radiation being practically horizontal in this case, the Palisades present a vertical columnar appearance. The Hook Mountain, however, is an *extrusive* mass of igneous rock; that is, it came to the surface, cooled and crystallized differently, and so in the course of time has worn away to a different contour.

This mountain is a beautiful landmark. It is considerably higher than any point on the Palisades, being 730 feet high. It is now being blasted for trap rock by four companies, which employ about a thousand men, and have a large amount of capital invested.

In 1902, the New York Legislature passed a bill extending the jurisdiction of the Palisades Commission so as to include Hook Mountain, but Governor Odell vetoed it. In 1905, a new bill was introduced, but the trap-rock quarrymen were too powerful at Albany for the Scenic Society and other advocates, and the bill only passed the Assembly. On January 11, 1906, Senator Francis M. Carpenter of Mt. Kisco, Westchester County, introduced the bill again in a slightly modified form, and on February 16th, Hon. J. M. Wainwright of Rye, Westchester County, introduced it in the Assembly. In addition to the purely scenic reasons for preserving the Hook Mountain, the residents of Westchester County, who had suffered from the sound and shock of the terrific blasts across the river, had very practical reasons for sympathizing with the more immediate sufferers in Nyack.\*

The decision of the matter rests on the view taken of the desira-

\* Since this was written the bill has been passed by the legislature and is now in the Governor's hands.



bility of preserving in its natural beauty this fine peak, while not losing sight of the cost of the enterprise. The State spends millions of dollars to enlarge a canal to increase the business of New York. It spends other millions to complete a system of macadamized roads. It is proposed to spend additional millions to secure title to the whole Adirondack region. Is it not worth while to assume the expense necessary to acquire so fine a mountain, forming a part of the river boundary, and constituting a distinctive feature of the river scenery? The largeness of the force of men now engaged in cutting it to pieces proves that at no distant period it will, unless the State intervenes, be marred beyond reconstruction. The damage once done cannot by any expenditure be repaired. Shall protection be afforded while there is something to protect?

This is for the lawmakers to decide. Some of them have indicated an unwillingness to commit the State to the scheme even without an immediate appropriation, on the ground that a large sum must be provided in the future to carry it out. There is a possibility, however, that, if authority to take title for the public in the desired tract is granted, private contributions, as in the case of the Palisades, will supply at least a part of the purchase price.

EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL,  
*Secretary of the American Scenic  
and Historic Preservation Society.*



## EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

### II

**L**IPSCOMBE'S History of Bucks, vol. 3, page 627, says: "Queen Mary granted (1554) to Wm. Walton of Shapwick, Somerset County; and Jeremie Hally of London, Gent.; their heirs & assigns forever, a piece of land with 'Church-House' in Saunderton, Bucks."

The printed lists of investors in the South Sea Company, have these four items:

- 1731; Richard Pyke, deceased, Parish of St. Catherine Cree.. [This may be the same Richard Pyke mentioned in the deed dated 21st April, 1694.]  
1734; Thomas Pyke, deceased, parish of St. Clement Danes, Strand.  
1789; Sarah Halley, Spinster, & Benjamin Colborn, Bath, Somerset.  
1730; Robert Hall & Edward Pyke, Middlesex.

Chancery proceedings, Queen Elizabeth's reign has:

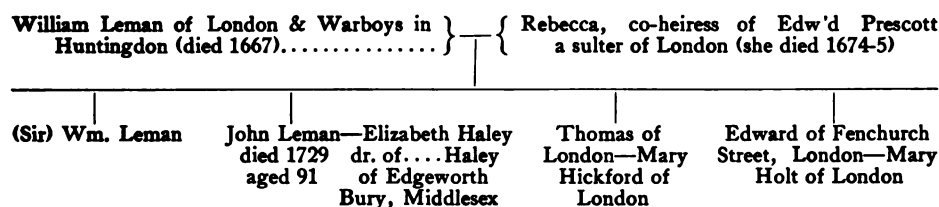
- 1601; Andrew Smith, *versus* Edmund Pyke, London, for relief from a bond of agreement.  
1590; Nicholas Street, *versus* John Pyke, *re* land in Dunster, Somerset County.

The *Times*, London, contained advertisements for next of kin to persons named below:

- 1886; 2nd Feb. Isaac Pike.  
1867; 22nd May. Susannah Pike.

Among the voters of Directors in the South Sea Company lists, is: Isaac Pyke (1723), a subscriber of £500.

Clutterbuck's History of Hertfordshire, vol. 2, p. 414, in a pedigree of Leman family, Northaw (North-Hall) Herts, gives the following:



The Curate of Northaw Parish Church, "1683 to 1692; was Wm. Pyke."

Calendar of Treasury Papers, by Redington, 1708-1714 (page 533) says: "Dec. 18, 1713. Petition of William Pyke, Joseph Boulton and James Pyke to Lord High Treasurer:—they were concerned in bringing over a certain leaf of the Palmetto tree from the Bermudas & West Indies to manufacture it here,—pray that no patent-monopoly be ceded of it to Mr. Zebella Master who seeks a patent of it."

The same volume contains (Sept. 18, 1712) Report of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Halley to the Lord High Treasurer: Had sent for Mr. Cawood *re* his invented instrument (on Navigation), a magnetic needle to stand North & South without variation; but found the results weak and uncertain, &c. (The document is handwriting of Sir Isaac Newton (1713) & dated from "Leicester fields," now Leicester Square, London).

The print-list of "Bank of England, unclaimed moneys," contains these three items:

- 1778; Ann Hayley, widow, deceased, of Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London; leaves one dividend unclaimed on consols.
- 1765; Ann Halley, Spinster, Waybridge, Surrey, leaves one dividend on consols.
- 1778; Elizabeth Pike of Rosoman's Row, Clerkenwell, a widow, leaves four dividends on ann. [? annuities] of 1777.

Joane Hally was left a bequest by her son John White, who was

buried in Westminster Abbey, Aug. 24, 1672. See 'Westminster Abbey Registers' pub. by Harleian Soc., London, 1876, page 177, note 6.

Anna Callendar formerly Hally was given a bequest by her kinsman, Gavin Drummund, Esq., who was buried *ibid.*, Feb. 22, 1773. (*Ibid.*, p. 416, note 4.)

Joan was name of second wife of the father of Dr. Edmond Halley.

Hallely pedigree and arms, in the 'Visitation of London,' vol. I., p. 342; Harleian Soc., London, 1880.

Richard Wroth married Kymborough, dau. of . . . . . Halley of Midd. See the 'Visitation of Hertfordshire, 1634,' pub. by Harleian Soc., London, vol. XXII, for 1886, page 106.

John Pyke of the city of Bristoll had grandson, Walter Pyke, "4 yere old 1623." See 'Visitation of Gloucestershire,' Harleian Soc., vol. XXI., London, 1885, p. 161.

Pyke pedigree and arms in the 'Visitation of London, 1633-4,' Harleian Society, vol. XVII for 1883, page 183, which shows Edward Pyke of London, dier, 1634.

The Rev. Septimus Buss, of Shoreditch vicarage, London, in a card postmarked Sept. 13, 1898, says: "We have searched for three months from Oct. 29, 1656, and . . . have not found the entry of the baptism of Edmund Halley."

Irish Series of State Paper Calendars by Mahaffy, in the Adventures for Land-Holding in Ireland: three receipts by the Treasurer, in all £100; "from Edmund Pyke, of London, Haberdasher" (one page each dated 1 April, 18 June and 13 July, 1642). The same authority shows a Certificate by John King, Edmund Pyke and Wm. Batt, dated 28 June, 1653; while separate volumes contain other items, viz:—"Lots were drawn in the Barony of Decies, province of Munster, by Mr. Pike & Co.," 1654; and, in the same year, a "Ratification of Draw for a Barony in Waterford County, Wm. Ball, Clement Cox, Catherine Smith, Edmund Pyke, Nathaniel Adams & Ephraim Smith." Underwritten and endorsed "DECIES."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761 (page 91) shows: 10 Feb. 1761; "a fire in Thames Street, opposite College Hill. The greater part of Mr. Pyke's meeting-house was also beat in & several persons in the ruins buried." In 1777, one Benjamin Pike, "hosier, Southwark," St. Thomas Street there, appears as a bankrupt.

In 1662, Walter Pike was a claimant for Irish Land Debentures with 120 other persons, account military service since 1649. He was in the Company of Capt. John Galland, and as satisfaction 5597 acres (Coleraine) and 2169 acres (in Kilconway) Antrim are allotted that company's share. (See Irish Series of State Paper Calendars above cited.)

Sir Edward Haley is in a list (1626) of Sergeant-Majors at 7/— daily, as one with seven others having claim for pay as over companies in Ireland. (*Ibid.*)

There is record, in 1653, of appointment by Henry Langhane, Citizen & Mercer of London, of Joseph Smith, Citizen & Draper of London, to draw for him in lots for some Irish Province & county; Munster. (*Ibid.*)

In the Home Office Papers by Roberts is a Warrant or License to take the name of "Pyke," to John Tweed, of Stoke, in County Suffolk, Esq., 16 April, 1774, while in another volume, by Redington is a record of the King's permission, 21 Nov, 1760, for Thomas Crouch, Esq., son of Crouch Pyke, Esq., Parish of St. George Martyr, London, to take name of "Pyke" for self & his heirs, according to will of John Pyke, Birdbrook, Essex.

The Treasury Papers by Shaw contain many interesting items, from which the following have been selected:

- 1740/1; Jan. 27. Warrant to Customs Commrs. to prefer Joshua Halley of the Sloop at Bridlington, Yorks, Commander instead of Robert Martin.
- 1740; Wm. Pyke, Mastor of small vessel "The Endeavor," to furnish two men to Navy.
- 1743; Mch. 29. Richard Haley mentioned as Purser of the "Norfolk" (H.M. Ship, Navy). Deceased.

- 1667; George Pyke is paymaster to Commissioners for bringing in Royal aids.
- 1734; Walter Pyke is mentioned, an Exciseman at Wandsworth in London.
- 1737; John Haley; Moneyer at the Mint, appraises the coining apparatus for Irish money.
- 1705/6; "Mr. Halley," controller of the Mint: [? Dr. E. Halley, 1696-97.]
- 1705/6; Henry Pike, late purser of H.M.S. "Dover."

Domestic Papers by Hamilton and Lomas mentions John Lord Poulett writing, Jan. 16, 1628, to the Duke of Buckingham, telling him "my nephew, Frank Hawley can advertise you how the soldiers are billeted in this County" (Hants). In the same work appears a statement that Colonel Sir Edward Hawley was killed at retreat from Isle of Rhé, in 1627.

"Jeremie sonn of Edmond Haylye baptized," 1656, May 18. *See* Registers of Hartshead Parish Church; Yorkshire Parish Register Society, vol. XVII. These collections contain many additional items, some of which (given next below) are selected:

- 1737; Sept. 28. Jeremiah Haley of Hightown in the Parish of Birstall, Carrier (buried).
- 1775; Aug. 13. Baptised William, son of Thomas Haley, Hightown, clothier.
- 1661; Sept. 7. Buried Nicholas Hayley.
- 1661; Sept. 26. Buried Grace Hayley, widow.
- 1656; June 22. Baptised Martha, dau. of Robert Haylye.
- 1671; May 15. Married, Josiah Halie & Mary Smithson.

EUGENE FAIRFIELD MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

(*To be continued.*)

## RE-MARKING WESTERN TRAILS

**E**ZRA MEEKER, a pioneer and historian of the Northwest, has set out from Seattle with a yoke of red oxen and a "prairie schooner" to trace the old Oregon trail from The Dalles eastward to Indianapolis. "From The Dalles," he says, "I expect to go across the Blue Mountains to Pendleton, then to La Grande, up the Snake River to Fort Hall, and on through the South Pass in the [Rocky] Mountains. Then the trail goes down to Sweetwater, the North Platte, in Nebraska, and the Main Platte to its junction with the Missouri River." Beyond that point, of course, there was no definite trail. Its branches radiated fanwise, and made up the feeders to this main stream of emigration to the Northwest; the one over which Mr. Meeker plodded in 1852 extended to Indianapolis, tapping Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Whatever may be thought of his fantastic reproduction of the trappings of the original trail-makers, everyone with something of the "prairie madness" in his blood, whether it comes from experience or from perusal of Parkman and the early travelers, will wish the old pioneer and his linch-pin wagon luck on the eight months' journey. It will, perhaps, serve to awaken interest in a movement which is surely of more than local interest—that to mark out definitely the old roads which led into the West before first-hand knowledge of them is lost.

"Trail Day" was observed last month in the Kansas public schools for two reasons: first, to teach the children the history of the Santa Fé trail, and, second, to popularize a movement to raise funds to mark the old road's course across the State. The young generation was asked to learn the "Emigrants' Song," which someone of the older generation wrote, and which begins:

"We cross the prairies, as of old  
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homesteads of the free."

Not very good poetry, this, nor wholly sound logic, but it expresses something of the pioneer spirit when we remember that "free" meant only

absence of fences and paucity of neighbors. The vast majority of those who passed westward over the trails were real seekers after "elbow room." California's gold rush drew thousands, as did the report of the fortunes to be made in the fur trade of the Northwest and in traffic with Mexico, but these were movements of limited duration. The trails were open, in the case of the Northwest, practically after Lewis and Clark broke their way into the Oregon country in 1805; and, in the case of the route to Santa Fé, after Zebulon Pike showed the way only two or three years later. From those early dates until the railroad was pushed across the plains, these trails were the great highways of advancing civilization.

The marking of the Santa Fé trail should not be delayed much longer. Already in Kansas City there is a sharp dispute as to the exact course followed by the wagon trains across what is now the city. In the farming counties the plough has been at work for years levelling down the deep-worn ruts. To follow the trail step by step is practically impossible, though it can be picked up often enough to make its location certain. In Kansas alone there are 400 miles of the Santa Fé trail, and the Legislature of the State has recognized the importance of marking it by appropriating \$1000 toward the purchase of posts. Private enterprise, the efforts of various patriotic societies, and penny contributions from Kansas school children are expected to complete the fund necessary to do the work this spring. So far, the "Old Oregon Trail Monument Fund" is small; it will be one of Mr. Meeker's objects to increase it by lecturing as he travels eastward.

Another trail-marking project that has enlisted the attention of such intelligent students of the Southwest as Charles F. Lummis and George Wharton James is that to turn into a State road the old *Camino Real*, over which the Jesuit mission builders pushed up from Mexico to California at the time the trade with Santa Fé was developing. It is an opportunity that the California Legislature can hardly neglect. How the gold-hunters got into California is another story of intense dramatic interest; and the route of their caravans from "St. Joe" westward to Salt Lake and across the Sierras might be worth tracing for the benefit of those who would do laboratory work in American history.

Such projects appeal to the imagination as well as to the historic sense. Scenes like that pictured by Gregg, who made his first trip to Santa Fé in 1831, are described by many early travelers. Gregg's caravan had come to Round Mound of the San Carlos range of mountains



in what is now New Mexico. As it passed under the northern base of the mound, "it presented a very fine and imposing spectacle to those who were upon the summit. The wagons marched slowly in four parallel columns, but in broken lines, often at intervals of many rods. The unceasing 'crack, crack' of the wagoners' whips, resembling the frequent reports of distant guns, almost made one believe that a skirmish was actually taking place between two hostile parties." The camp, with the wagons drawn up in a square and chained wheel to wheel, the watchful guards on patrol outside the quadrangle, the occasional stampede, when horses, oxen and men were off together in a wild race across the prairie, the tragic days when the Indians attacked a train, and the lurid incident of Mountain Meadow—all these are suggested by the trail historian. Richard Burton's poem, "The Old Santa Fé Trail," though less vivid and specific than the early narratives, appeals with its broader sweep of fancy:

"It wound through strange scarred hills, down canyons long,  
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;  
Its milestones were the bones of pioneers."

"The bones of pioneers" are, however, unsubstantial marks; real milestones are wanted. By providing them, the West will be doing American history a true service. It is an opportunity that should be seized upon by others besides Ezra Meeker or the more freakish enthusiasts of the region.

*Evening Post, New York.*



## THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL.

It wound through strange scarred hills, down canyons lone  
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;  
Its milestones were the bones of pioneers.  
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,  
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:  
An epic quest it was of elder years,  
For fabled gardens or for good red gold  
The trail—men strove in iron days of old.

To-day the steam-god thunders through the vast,  
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling trains  
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,  
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past:  
Dread dramas of immitigable plains  
Rebuke the softness of the modern man;  
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;  
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For at the magic touch of water, blooms  
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke  
Tortured the toilers into dateless tombs,  
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.

RICHARD BURTON.

(By permission of the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.)

## A NEW ENGLAND TOWN

### IPSWICH IN THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY

**A** MOST important addition to the literature of New England history is made by Mr. Thomas Franklin Waters in this volume.<sup>1</sup> Ipswich—the Agawam of 270 years ago—is one of the most picturesque towns in the Commonwealth, and aside from its attractions of location and scenery, is particularly rich in historical associations. No town in its early conditions more accurately typifies early New England life, and in the narrative of its struggles and development may be read that of a score of other settlements of the same period. “I have tried,” says Mr. Waters in his preface, “to tell accurately, but in readable fashion, the story of the builders of our town, their homes and home life, their employments, their Sabbath-keeping, their love of learning, their administration of town affairs, their stern delusions, their heroism in war and in resistance to tyranny.” To anyone familiar with the beautiful old town the book will have all the fascination of a romance.

Twelve years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Captain Harlow, master of the ship *Ordinance*, set his foot upon the Massachusetts shore at Agawam. It is possible that he was the first visitor, but as English ships were passing to and fro from the grants on the Kennebec some adventurer may have made a previous landing here. Captain John Smith landed there in 1614. He sets down in his history that the harbor was bad on account of the many sands at the entrance, and that it was too far from the deep sea, but adds, “Here are many rising hills, and on their tops and descents are many cornfields and delightful groves. On the east is an isle of two or three leagues in length, the one-half plaine marish ground fit for pasture or salt ponds, with many fair, high groves of mulberry trees and gardens. There is also oakes, pines, walnuts and other wood to make this place an excellent habitation, being a good, safe harbor.”

<sup>1</sup> Ipswich in the Massachusetts Colony. A History of the Town, 1633 to 1700. In Two Parts. With Seven Appendices. By Thomas Franklin Waters, President of the Ipswich Historical Society. Printed by the Society.

It was apparently a favorite locality with the Indians, who had made large clearings on the slopes of the hills and planted them with corn. The pleasant situation, and the abundance of fish along the shores made it peculiarly attractive to the newcomers. The first settlers were not permanent. They built temporary cabins in the hunting and fishing seasons, and carried on their traffic with the natives in a peaceful manner and unmolested. The formal and permanent occupation and settlement of Agawam was in 1630. Ten years before, King James had granted to the council at Plymouth the whole country from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of latitude, reaching from Philadelphia to the Bay of Chaleur. No attempt under this grant was made at settlement, and on March 19, 1627, a patent was issued to Sir Henry Rosewell and others, covering the territory bounded by a line three miles south of the Charles and reaching northward to a line three miles north of the Merrimac. This patent was confirmed by Charles I. by a royal grant to the representatives of the Massachusetts Bay Company on March 4, 1629, and on the 20th of the following June the ship *George*, bearing John Endicott and the first company of colonists, reached Salem. Other ships followed in quick succession and numerous settlements sprung up all about. Before this arrival there had been a number of squatter settlements at Agawam, but it was now ordered that no person should settle in any place within the limits of the patent without leave from the governor and assistants, or the majority of them. It was also ordered that "a warrant shall presently be sent to Agawam to command those that are planted there forthwith to come away."

In 1633 the General Court of Massachusetts undertook to people Agawam with settlers especially chosen to develop its possibilities. The leader of these settlers was John Winthrop, Jr., son of the Governor, who, though only twenty-seven years of age, was a man of judgment and practical sagacity. He was accompanied by twelve men, the names of only nine of whom have been preserved. These were Mr. Clark, Robert Coles, Thomas Howlett, John Biggs, John Gage, Thomas Hardy, William Perkins, Mr. Thorndike, and William Sergeant. The expedition started early in March, while the ground was yet covered with snow. During the summer they built rough, but comfortable, homes, and before the following winter had brought their families. They found many vegetables, common in England, growing wild or cultivated in the Indian gardens: turnips, parsnips, carrots, "both bigger and sweeter than is ordinarily to be found in England, with pumpkins, cucumbers, and leeks

and onions." Great abundance of lobsters were found, some of them weighing from sixteen to twenty-five pounds.

An order from the General Court forbade any person's taking up residence in Agawam without leave either from the Court or the original company, and during the year 1633 only one other man, Thomas Sellars, received permission to settle there. But the next year witnessed a great incoming. Rev. Thomas Parker, with a company of a hundred, came from Wiltshire, in England; but only a portion remained, Parker, with nearly half of his company, removing to Newbury, which was then unsettled. There was a steady growth in population, and in 1634 it was decreed that the name of the place should be changed from Agawam to Ipswich, after old Ipswich in England, "in acknowledgment of the great honor and kindness done to our people who took shipping there." Before that there was a movement to call the place Southampton and that name occurs in Smith's map of New England.

In 1635 the first mill for grinding corn was built by John Spencer and Nicholas Easton, who were also given liberty to build a fish weir upon the river on condition that they sold half their fish to the inhabitants at five shillings a thousand, more or less, as the market price varied. Before the mill was completed they became involved in the religious troubles incident to Mrs. Hutchinson's teaching and removed from the colony. The mill was finished, however, by Mr. Richard Saltonstall, who came from Watertown and built it in the vicinity of where the present old stone mill on Parker River now stands. Their meetinghouse was built a little later upon Meeting House Hill, now occupied by the First Church. The first death occurred in 1634, the young wife of John Winthrop living but a year after the settlement was begun. The company in England sent over in their ships seeds or cuttings of the peach, plum, filbert, cherry, pear, apple, quince and pomegranate, as well as potatoes for planting and hop roots for setting out. There was no sawmill in town until 1649, the planks and boards for building before that time having been done by hand. Every nail, hinge and bolt was forged out laboriously by the blacksmith.

The earlier houses were of necessity small and roughly constructed, but probably comfortable. They were all built of wood, even to the chimneys. Many windows were provided with oiled paper instead of glass; most of the roofs were thatched. Some of these houses were of one story in height and contained two or three rooms. The common dimensions

were from sixteen to twenty feet in length and fourteen feet wide, the height from floor to ceiling being from seven to eight feet. The ceilings were generally left unfinished. The furniture of these houses was in many cases far better than the houses themselves. Many of the settlers who had comfortable homes in England had brought their furniture with them. Mr. Waters tells us of one house which with the out-buildings was only inventoried at a hundred pounds, while the contents of a single chamber were appraised at over eighty pounds. In the larger houses of two stories, of the two rooms on the main floor one, called the hall, was at once the kitchen, the living-room, the dining-room, and even the sleeping-room. It was before the day of stoves, and the great fireplace with its broad hearth held principal place in this family room. Here was done all the cooking, and on the long iron bar which stretched across the chimney above the fire were strung pots and kettles of copper, brass or iron of various sizes. On the wall by the side of the fireplace hung the baking pans, spits, dripping pans, gridirons, and frying pans, the fire shovel, warming pans, with skimmers, skewers, ladles, and smoothing irons. On the other side, on open shelves, stood rows of pewter plates and platters of brassware which were kept clean and shining from daily scouring. Plates and platters of wood were common and leather bottles found place. Many of the things, which in modern farmhouses are relegated to the shed or barn, were found in many of the kitchens—meat barrels, washing tubs, buckets and implements for making butter and cheese.

For lighting purposes candles were in common use, yet there were other methods common in the poorer families. These were little torches made of pitch pine. Often a tin cup filled with fish oil with a twisted rag or wick lying over one side was used. The living must have been fairly generous, for the forests were filled with game and the sea with fish, while the numerous cattle afforded beef in plenty; still, in many homes, the early living was extremely frugal, consisting in the main of pea and bean porridge with hasty pudding and milk. The parlor had few adornments. It held a fireplace equally capacious with that of the kitchen. Its most conspicuous article of furniture was the best bed with its curtains and valance hanging from the cross pieces to the floor. In early New England wills we often see mention made of the best feather bed as one of the principal treasures of the household. Mr. Waters tells us that one of these with its bolster and pillows weighed 106 pounds. In the parlor, too, were kept the chests in which the goods were imported from

England, some of them quite elaborate and used for the storage of bed and table linen. There were rarely pictures on the wall or carpets on the floor. The sleeping rooms of the family above stairs were unfurnished and generally cold and cheerless, with the floor boards laid so loosely that the person above could look down through the cracks and see whatever was occurring below.

The dress of the people was not always so simple and coarse as one might suppose from their manner of life. Says Mr. Waters: "The elegance and expensiveness of both male and female dress in old England had been so great that a goodly degree of reaction and repression could find place and yet leave no small remnant of goodly and gay attire. Many fair English costumes found place in their chests and strong boxes that came over the seas, and the plain houses and plainer meetinghouses were laden on Sabbath days and holy days with bright colors and fine fabrics. The common dress of men was far more showy than the fashion of to-day. A loose-fitting coat called a doublet reached a little below the hips; beneath this a long, full waistcoat was worn; baggy trousers were met just below the knee by long stockings which were held in place by garters tied with a bowknot at the side. About the neck a falling bow found place, a broad, white collar, which appears in all pictures of the time, and a hat of conical crown and broad brim completed the best attire. A great coat, or heavy, long coat secured warmth in winter. The men generally had their rough suits of leather and homespun for the farm work, and delicate clothing for special occasions."

With the women the love of fine clothes was even greater and became so notorious that in 1634 the General Court took the matter in hand and forbade the wearing, under penalty of forfeiture, of silks, laces, girdles, hat bands, etc. Apparel already in use might be worn out, but the immoderate great sleeves, slashed apparel, etc., were to be curtailed and remodeled at once. The order had little effect, however, and in 1639 it was again issued, together with another relating to certain fashions among the men.

*Transcript, Boston.*

*(To be Continued.)*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A PECULIAR SERVICE

**T**HIS account is so simple among annals of the Rebellion that it seems to lack essentials of interest. There are no plans of campaign, drawn battles, decisive victories—none of the stock elements of the genuine “war story”—only a simple sketch of a somewhat unique company’s service.

When Governor David Tod of Ohio was in Washington in October, 1863, Secretary Stanton expressed great concern for the personal safety of President Lincoln, more particularly while he was driving about the city, and while away from his family and secretaries.

Both Secretary and governor were impressed with a sense of danger to the life or liberty of the President, in his movements about the city at that time—indeed there had been anxiety much earlier, for in addition to the infantry company standing guard about the White House, a detachment of cavalry known as Scott’s Nine Hundred had for a time been on duty as an escort to the President. However, it had gone and none other had been assigned in its place, so on Mr. Stanton’s expression of anxiety, Governor Tod offered to recruit a cavalry troop of picked men and send them to Washington for such duty. (This by the Governor to me.)

Accordingly, on his return to Columbus, he began the work—the last of his recruiting during his official term. He decided on having one hundred men, six feet tall, of military experience if possible, and drawn from all parts of the State. On the 23d of December, the company, known on the roster as the “Union Light Guard,” Seventh Independent Troop, Ohio Cavalry, started for Washington, under command of Captain George A. Bennitt, of Scott’s Nine Hundred, who had been selected by Secretary Stanton. Quarters, five minutes’ walk from the White House, had been provided. During the rest of that winter there was little call on the troop as an escort, and the time was utilized in drills. To some of the men, who had completed partial or full collegiate courses, there was little glory or satisfaction in two or three hours a day of rubbing the coats of those black horses! Enlistment for “special service”



had meant something more than this! But the horses enjoyed it, and looked so well when the time came, as to attract more attention than their riders. In June, 1864, the President changed his family residence to the cottage near the Old Soldiers' Home, four miles north of the White House, and then the Ohio mounted escort was called on to begin its duties by accompanying him on his drives from and to the White House. It was in that summer that Early came up to almost the very edge of the north side of Washington, threatening the city. The Soldiers' Home would have been particularly exposed had he made the attempt expected of him. For most of three days he was there, and every night as we went out with Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Stanton would send word to be especially vigilant, lest some knowledge the enemy might possess about his residence being so near their lines, might tempt a daring raid, with disastrous consequences.

For more than a year previous, Co. K, 150th Pennsylvania, had been guarding the White House, and during the summer were about the cottage also; but the two companies combined would probably have proved insignificant had any considerable force of determined men made a sudden dash on the place. I can account for their failure to do so, and to have burned Washington also at that time, only on the ground of their lacking definite knowledge of the number of troops available for defense—for, in my judgment, both objects could have been accomplished, especially on the first day of Early's arrival. Whether his force so employed could have escaped afterwards, may be doubted, but the loss inflicted would have been beyond estimate.

It was in the early autumn of that year when one morning on our ride in to the White House, "Tad" Lincoln, who alone was riding with his father, demanded that the carriage be stopped, and that one of the escort should climb a wayside tree and get him some persimmons! Mr. Lincoln acquiesced, and while the boy's wish was being gratified, the President turned to those nearest him and remarked upon some plowing doing nearby, and ended by saying: "I hope to see the day when our Western prairies will be plowed by steam, and I believe it will be done. I have always felt a great interest in that subject." The daily order of escort duty at this time was to leave the White House with the carriage late in the afternoon or evening, remain near the cottage all night, and return in the morning. The hour for going or returning varied from day to day, as the President might require. Occasionally after reaching the

cottage, urgent business would make it necessary for Mr. Lincoln to return to the White House, but *late* night trips were very rare. Every morning on the way in two stops were made—the first at the residence of Secretary Seward, who would come out to the carriage and sit, usually from five to twenty minutes in earnest conversation; the second at the War Department, where Mr. Stanton would come out in the same way. Often these morning conferences would appear very animated to the escort, drawn up at a respectful distance, and interpreting the nod of those heads and gestures of those hands as imagination might choose.

During that summer, while Early was near, the escort was hastily summoned one afternoon and we followed the President's carriage to one of the forts located north and west of the city. Arriving, it soon became apparent that Mr. Lincoln had come out to see a battle, or at least the movements of troops which would decide whether a battle would be necessary. He left the carriage and took a position on the embankment, near where guns were already firing at the enemy's line. In a very short time it was evident that someone from the other side had given this point some attention, for "thud," "thud" came balls into the earth nearby, from sharpshooters in a house about half a mile away, which was owned by Montgomery Blair or someone of his family and hence the gunners of our fort had not disturbed it. But, after urging the President to retire to a less exposed position, about which bullets came faster and closer, and the fact of ownership had been told him, he ordered or permitted, cannon to be directed against the house. This was done with such accuracy that the second or third shell went through the roof, and men could be seen fleeing from it in all directions. It was the afternoon when the Sixth Corps had arrived at the wharf more than four miles away, and without rest or delay and in plain view from his position at the fort, the President saw its line advance straight up to and after the enemy, who disappeared so quickly that the thinness and weakness of their line was very apparent.

It was also during this summer that Mr. Lincoln for two or three weeks made his trips to and from the Soldiers' Home as a cavalryman.

The horse I had ridden was selected for him on account of its proportions—a tall, leggy animal, rather nervous and wilful. This he rode for a few days, but finding it rather fatiguing and requiring too much attention, a quieter beast was found for him, the riding of which he

appeared to enjoy greatly. For some reason my horse would never afterwards carry me quietly or comfortably, so that after a time he was returned to the Cavalry Bureau *without prejudice*.

As 1864 drew to October, and the President remained at the cottage, Secretary Stanton communicated to the escort and guard a great and especial anxiety in regard to the safety of Mr. Lincoln. Neither officers nor men were informed as to the nature or source of danger, but all were constantly cautioned to be vigilant by day and night—and Mr. Stanton emphasized the necessity for caution along the route from White House to cottage. On this account it was ordered that at night the carriage should be completely shielded by the close order of men and horses on either side during the trip, so no person or missile could reach the vehicle without meeting obstacles. The coachman (Burke), who as late as 1888 was "captain of the watch" in one of the department buildings at Washington, was told to drive fast at a steady pace throughout the trip. It was on one such night trip that a sabre scabbard clanked against a carriage wheel, causing Mr. Lincoln to look out the window questioningly. I have always supposed that this incident gave rise to the report that he was more afraid of his escort than of anyone else!

All that autumn the roads and paths about the Soldiers' Home were picketed at night, and the whole escort kept ready to start at any call. One beautiful night about midnight, at this period of anxiety, I was crossing a field, returning from a visit to a picket who had fired at something that would not halt when challenged. I saw a man walking alone and leisurely across my path, and as I came up to him I saw it was Mr. Lincoln. Had it been earlier, I would not have spoken, but thinking I ought to know all going on at such an hour, I said: "Mr. President, isn't it rather risky to be out here at this time?" He answered: "Oh, I guess not—I couldn't rest, and thought I'd take a walk." He had passed the inner infantry guard and was forty or fifty rods from the cottage, and certainly in some danger from our men if from no other, on account of the anxious tension they were under. It was afterwards learned that at about this time a plot had been formed to abduct him—and if my company performed service of value at any time, it probably was during the six weeks preceding his second election.

About ten days after the election, the family returned to the White House for the winter—returning after dark with the escort around the carriage. During this evening I received my first strong impression of

Mrs. Lincoln's qualities and character. For some reason she was especially anxious and timid on returning to the White House, and requested that some men from the escort might be detailed to spend the night there, in addition to the regular guard. Accordingly, I took five or six men there about half past eight and asked her what disposition to make of them. She called me aside and told me of her fears in regard to Mr. Lincoln's safety—particularly that enemies might either have secreted themselves in the house, or had planned ready ways of access, to be used when the family had returned. I stationed the men about the halls and family rooms, with a "relief" resting very comfortably on carpets or sofas, and this arrangement continued for several nights. From what I saw and heard of Mrs. Lincoln then and later, I was convinced of her entire devotion to her husband and that in her place she had great anxieties and cares pertaining to her day and time there. From November, 1864, to March, 1865, the troop did little escort duty, but a detachment of eight or ten men was usually on duty in some capacity at the receptions of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln—a service very unpopular on account of the apparent "lackey" element in it.

At the inauguration, March 4, 1865, the escort was ordered on duty to attend the President's carriage in the line of procession from the White House to the Capitol and back, to start at eleven. Promptly at nine, the escort drew up in front of the portico, in full enjoyment of the honors—and a soaking rain, spoiling equipments and depressing spirits. Promptly at eleven, Mrs. Lincoln, Robert T. Lincoln and Senator Harlan (his future father-in-law), entered the carriage, proceeded to the west gate of the grounds fronting Pennsylvania Avenue, and waited twenty minutes. Then Mrs. Lincoln became impatient and asked if a way could not be cleared for the carriage to pass out and onward. Being assured that it could, she gave the order to proceed at once, which was done at a gallop, but at the expense of the marshals and aids, whose plans and efforts were thus demoralized. When the Capitol was reached, where Mr. Lincoln had already been for hours signing bills, made necessary by the closing of Congress and of his first term, escort, coachman, horses and carriage were in such a disgraceful state of muddiness that it was fortunate for the sake of appearances that an hour elapsed before the inaugural ceremonies ended and the return began.

It is probable that Mr. Lincoln never wished for a military guard or escort; at all events the call for it came from others, so far as I ever

knew. The question has often been asked: "How did it happen that, with a guard and escort provided, he was at Ford's Theatre that eventful night unprotected?" I reply: It had never been thought necessary for him to be guarded when going out for an evening in that way. It was understood that he preferred not to be accompanied in such fashion, when mingling with the people in such places—and in some way the alarm felt during the preceding autumn had lessened. At least the escort heard nothing of any especial apprehension and were as unprepared for the attack on him as people in Ohio were. It is true, however, that at almost any time a person with Booth's reckless determination could have reached and killed the President at the White House, or in his walks to the War Department, for it was an almost daily thing to see him walking alone, and leisurely to and from his interviews with Secretary Stanton; and it would have been easy for such an assassin to have met him there.

When the final funeral services were held at the White House, and the body removed to the Capitol, to lie in state for three days, the escort and guard companies were ordered to attend without arms—simply in the capacity of mourners, packed solidly in the "Blue Room," leaving only a narrow passageway along which passed to their places in the East Room, President Johnson, General Grant, the Cabinet, Supreme Court, Diplomatic Corps and others, all oppressed by the event, the presence of the dead and the sense of national lamentation. As we marched behind the coffin to the Capitol, every man felt it the most memorable day of his life. The coffin was put in the center of the Rotunda, where was enacted the most solemn and impressive scene I ever witnessed. The clergy officiating, members of the family (Robert T. Lincoln only, I think), the Cabinet and a few Generals. This little group gathered close around the coffin and was completely encircled by the two companies, while the final family service was completed. I doubt whether the Rotunda will ever again present so impressive a spectacle as when Rev. Dr. Gurley, standing at the head of the casket, invoked the support and benediction of God upon the people sustaining such a loss. I have never since entered the Rotunda without finding that scene pictured to my memory, more clearly defined than any of those actually on the walls. No words can fitly describe, no imagination reproduce it.

The troop remained nominally the "President's Escort" after Mr. Lincoln's death, but I believe never appeared upon the streets in that

capacity. It was in service until the middle of September, 1865. Eight of its enlisted men received commissions in other organizations. At three different times requests were made by its officers that the troop be ordered to active service, but each time they were told they were needed where they were. And in estimating their services, it is only just to remember that none of the men enlisted knew at the time of their enlistment what or where their service was to be.

A troop of little direct service of value, probably, but a most willing one.

GEORGE ASHMUN,

Late Lieut. 8th Ohio.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

[Read before Loyal Legion of Ohio.]



## THE HUDSON AND JAMESTOWN CELEBRATIONS

**T**HE year 1907 will be the three-hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in the New World and the one hundredth anniversary of the first successful application of steam to the navigation of the Hudson River. The former event will be commemorated next year in Virginia, while the celebration of the latter will be deferred two years and merged in the celebration in 1909 of the three-hundredth anniversary of Henry Hudson's epoch-making voyage up the river which bears his name.

Although the first planting of Anglo-Saxon civilization in America was made on what is now Jamestown Island, in the James River, the chief celebration will take place at Norfolk, some thirty-five miles from the historic spot. It will consist of exhibitions from different countries of the world, in the form of what is generally called a World's Fair. There will be an international naval display in Hampton Roads, and many other features of interest. Doubtless there will be an official pilgrimage to Jamestown Island, as there will be countless unofficial pilgrimages to that venerable spot by private citizens who appreciate the historical significance of Jamestown. Congress has appropriated \$250,000 for this celebration, the act permitting the spending of \$50,000 on a monument to be erected at Jamestown, if the site is donated. The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society has been urging Congress to take Jamestown Island, comprising an area of about 1600 acres, for a Federal reservation, and to preserve it from the physical destruction threatened by the erosive action of the James River, and from desecration by a trolley syndicate which is trying to get and degrade it into a sort of Coney Island resort. There are many Americans who believe that Congress might well add to the quarter of a million dollars which is to be spent in transient pyrotechnics and feastings, another quarter of a million to preserve Jamestown itself as an everlasting monument to those great pioneers who gave the first permanent lodgment in the western hemisphere to the great civilization which now dominates it.

The joint celebration of the so-called "discovery" of the Hudson River by Henry Hudson and the first successful navigation of the river

by steam, by Robert Fulton, is in the hands of a New York State Commission created by Chapter 325 of the Laws of 1906 and entitled the "Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission." This commission consists of about 250 leading citizens of the State of New York. At this writing it is not fully organized, but has elected as President General Stewart L. Woodruff; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Major-General Frederick D. Grant, U. S. A., Mr. Morris K. Jesup, Hon. Levi. P. Morton, Mr. Wm. Rockefeller, Mr. Wm. B. Van Rensselaer, and Hon. Andrew D. White; and Secretaries, Col. Henry W. Sackett and Mr. Edward Hagaman Hall. The Commission has already held several public hearings to elicit suggestions as to the form of celebration, but has not yet decided upon any one form. The State has appropriated \$25,000 for the expenses of the Commission in making its plans. The City of New York has appropriated \$2,000,000 for a Hudson Memorial Bridge across the mouth of Spuyten Duyvil Creek. A permanent exposition at Verplanck's Point on the Hudson, opposite the famous Stony Point, is urged by many. And numerous other plans have been suggested. Doubtless these will take shape in the near future.

EDWARD HAGAMAN HALL.

NEW YORK CITY.





## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

### A GROUP OF ARNOLD LETTERS

- I. LETTER OF ARNOLD'S MOTHER TO HIM.
- II. LETTER OF ARNOLD TO HIS FIRST WIFE, MARGARET MANSFIELD.
- III. RECEIPT GIVEN BY THE FIRST MRS. ARNOLD.

No place is mentioned, but it seems to have been written from the West Indies, where, as history shows, he did much business. As almost all of Arnold's letters that have survived the vicissitudes of time are those written during the Revolution, and hence occupied mainly with military matters, it is not remarkable that there should be few or no personal allusions in them; but the present is very remarkable in two things: first, it is the only one I have ever seen in which Arnold speaks of a future state; and second, the only one in which he makes any mention of his children. At this time the oldest son (who was destined to become General James Robertson Arnold of the British Army), was only about five years old. In view of the frequent (though I think entirely erroneous) view that Arnold's treason was due to his second wife, Miss Shippen, it is an interesting speculation as to whether it would have occurred had Margaret Mansfield, the daughter of an ardent patriot, Sheriff Mansfield of New Haven, lived longer. Lossing, in his *Field-Book* says: "She is represented as a woman of the most fervent piety, exalted patriotism, gentleness of manners and sweetness of disposition." It is her autograph that is one of the scarcest of the Revolution, and we are fortunate in being able to quote a brief receipt in her writing, which formed part of the valuable collection once belonging to the wife of Professor Vincenzo Botta, which was sold at the great Sanitary Fair, in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1864.

Scarce as is her writing, it is almost equalled in that respect by the letters of the traitor's mother, Hannah Arnold, whose epitaph says she was: "a pattern of patience, piety and virtue." If the only letter of hers in print heretofore (that quoted by Miss Caulkins, in her *History of Norwich*) is a fair specimen, she would have been approved so, even

without the additional evidence afforded by that which we now print for the first time, and which formed a part of the same collection. It is written in a perfectly clear, but rather labored hand, as though the writer were not accustomed to letter-writing. Although his name is not mentioned, it is obviously addressed to her son Benedict, who at the time was not quite fourteen years old. As a specimen of the love and anxiety of a fond but discerning mother, it is certainly a most interesting item.

NORWICH, *August 30., 1753.*

DEAR CHILDE:

I but wright to let you know that your poor sisters are yet in ye land of ye living. But for 3 or 4 days past, we looked on mary as one jest stepping of ye banks of time, and to all apearance hannah jest behinde—but to ye surprize of all beholders marey is sumthing revived, but I am afrade what ye event will be—hannah is waxing weaker and weaker, hath not got up 1 hour this 7 days past; and her distemper increasing, what God is about to do with us I know not your father is verrey poor, aunt hide (Hyde?) is sick, and I myself have had a touch of ye distemper but through divine goodness itt is past of light with me—my dear, God seames to be saying to all, Children be ye allso reddey; pray take ye Exhortation, for ye call to you is verrey speaking: that God should smite your sisters and spair you as yet: pray improve your time and beg of God to grant his spirit, or deth may over take you unprepared, for his comition seams seal'd for a grate many, and for ought you know you may be one of them: my dear fly to Christ; if you donte know ye way tell him—he is ye way: he only is ye door—pleade for ye gidance of ye holey Spirit to gide you to that only shelter from deth eternal, for deth temporall wee all must try; sooner or later. fairwell, your distrest mother

HANNAH ARNOLD.

p. s.—give service to Mr. Coggeshall and wife and tell him I beg his prayers both private and publick for me and famaly that God would sanctify us all and prepair us for his holy will: and allso to Mrs. Hannah and beg her prayers; your groaning sisters give Love to you—God may meate you with this diseas wharver you be, for itt is his servant, but I would not have you come home for fear that should be presumption. My love to you—beg you would wright to us. I have sent you 1 lb. chocolat.

*Jany. 21, 1774.*

DEAR PEGGY:

Inclosed is Capt Sage's remit for Ten Joannes, & Jon Barrett's, which He is to sell in Turk's Island & remit you the proceeds—which I expect will be six Joannes more—this is all I could posably send you at Present. I hope those People I owe will rest easy untill I return, If not you must get Mr. Chauncey to put of (f) Matters untill I return, when they may all depend on being emediately paid.

I a few days since heard of the Death of Mrs. Babcock & Polly Austin, which surprised me Much—they were in the prime of Life & as likely to live as any of us, how uncertain is Life, how certain is Death; may there loud & affecting Calls, awakening us to prepare for our Own Exit, whenever it shall Happen. My Dear Life Pray by no means Neglect the Education of Our Dear Boys, it is of Infinite Concern, what Habbits & principles they imbibe when young. I hope this will find you all well, & that the Almighty may preserve you in Health & Happiness is the Sincere Prayer of Dr Peggy

Your Loving Husband

BENED'T ARNOLD.

NEWHAVEN *July the 2d—1774.*

Rec'd of Hez. Howe Six Pounds in Cash, in Part of Eight Hogsheads of Rum Shipt By him to New York to Sell

1774

MARGARET ARNOLD.

(Mrs. Arnold was accustomed to attending to the affairs of her husband, when he was away, engaged in the West India trade. It is probably due to this that a few examples of her autograph are found, but they are exceedingly rare.)

## THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

### CHAPTER V

#### AN IRRUPTION OF BOILED LOBSTERS

**I**T was many days before Catalina again saw master Sybrandt, who, sooth to say, shrunk from the usual consequences of a good deed, as skittishly as some worthies do from those of a bad one. Catalina said to the woman within her, "He is giving himself airs—he thinks I will send for him again—but he'll be very much mistaken this time—I hate such proud stupid people!" and she looked in the glass, and was right pleased at what she saw there. The reader must guess what it was, for I never betray a lady's secrets. When Sybrandt at last overcame his old enemy, and ventured into what to him was worse than the jaws of a hungry lion, Catalina, affronted at his long absence, under these particular circumstances, which seemed to indicate that he considered the saving of her life a matter of no sort of consequence, treated him with considerable disdain. Sybrandt, who could digest twenty folios of metaphysics easier than comprehend the mind of a woman, and who never dreamed that his absence or presence was noticed by any human being in the shape of a young female, became only the more proud, shy, embarrassed, and stupid at this reception. He thought to a certainty his cousin despised him, and he was one of those that never court favor where they expect contempt. Thus they continued to misunderstand each other, and thus, it was probable, would they continue to the end of their lives.

Not long after the adventure of the island, an incident occurred which occasioned a great sensation, not only in the city of Albany, but for many miles around. This was the arrival of a regiment of British troops from New York, in consequence of expected hostilities between France and England, whose wretched rivalry generally involved the four quarters of the globe in war and bloodshed. A large portion of the officers of this regiment were gay young men without families, and the belles and mothers of the belles in and about Albany, saw in the new

comers a mark on which to exercise the influence of the charms of the one and the arts of the other. One of the most mortifying results of the colonial state is, that it invariably generates on the part of the colonists a habit if not a feeling of inferiority, and on the part of the parent state a haughty arrogant disregard of propriety and decorum when among them. The men of the United Colonies, with the exception of perhaps those of Virginia and South Carolina, did not, in the days of which we are speaking, assert that proud equality which they are now authorized to maintain wheresoever they go; and the women, especially those who aspired to the *bon-ton*—with sorrow and mortification we record it—by the eagerness with which they sought, and the unconcealed vanity with which they received the attentions of gentlemen from the old country, contributed most materially to the depression of their own countrymen as well as the exaltation of foreign adventurers. Nothing indeed contributes so much to the relative dignity and virtue of the two sexes, as the estimation in which they hold each other. Where women are neglected by their countrymen, or where men are neglected by their countrywomen, in their admiration for strangers, the result will probably be the degradation of both in the eyes of each other and the estimation of those whose attentions they court. This silly habit of admiring foreign fashions, foreign countries, and foreigners, became so deeply implanted in the minds of the good provincials of the "Old Thirteen," that it still retains its influence in some degree, as may be perceived in the docility with which we are accustomed to give the preference to moderate talent in a stranger, over shining merit in a native; and to bow to the decisions of ignorant pretenders, the sole weight of whose opinions is derived from their passage across the ocean. Like wine which has made a voyage to China, opinions are held to be improved by a similar adventure; and folly becomes venerable when we can trace it to the reverend errors of declining age across the water. Hospitality ennobles a nation only when it springs from nobler motives than the silly vanity of entertaining people of more consequence than ourselves.

The colonel of the newly arrived regiment had attained that period of life when vanity and ambition take the place of love. He was gallant and well born; he tacked honorable to his name, and that alone was sufficient to consecrate him in the eyes of the provincial ladies. He belonged to that race of beaux which has long been extinct as a species, although we now and then see some vestiges in the remains of an old wreck of a soldier, whose wit and vivacity have survived his very self, and still

sparkle from the mere force of long habit. His name was Sydenham; he was somewhat of a coxcomb, and his exterior was prepossessing, especially in a red coat and epaulettes. His courage was undoubted; his principles not at all doubtful, for he held the point of honor to consist in meeting the consequences of his actions, good or bad, without flinching. He did not want for a reasonable degree of scholarship, and was not ignorant of books; but his greatest acquisition consisted in a consummate knowledge of the world, a manner which enabled him to be particularly pleasing whenever he chose, and a pliability of principles which made it singularly easy for him to choose the path most agreeable for the time being. The rest of the officers were nearly all alike, as much so as so many boiled lobsters. They all wore red coats, and all thought themselves of a different species from the honest burghers, whose wine they condescended to drink, and whose wives and daughters they favored with their attentions in proportion as the liquor was good, and the ladies handsome.

The mansion-house of the Vancours had ever been open to the footsteps of all respectable strangers, and especially to the military men who frequently sojourned there on their passage from New York to the frontier posts and back again. They came and went as they pleased, and were received and entertained with an easy hospitality, of which we see some remains still lingering in the Southern States, and making head against the silent inroads of heartless and selfish ostentation. Independently of the hospitality of the house, the situation of the elder Vancour as a public man, together with his extensive acquaintance with the interests of the colony, and his singular influence over the Indians, naturally made his house the resort of the principal officers of the government, with whom his opinions always had great weight.

Be this as it may, we soon find the colonel and his officers as it were domesticated at the old mansion-house, riding the colonel's horses, feasting on his excellent fare, drinking his old wine, pronouncing him a decent sort of an old curmudgeon, and never quizzing the good gentleman but at their messes. Colonel Sydenham singled out Catalina, *quo ad hoc*, as the object of his devoirs; and the others found rural deities among the daughters of the Van Ambrughs, the Van Outerstoups, the Volekmaars, and the Vervalens of the neighborhood, who could talk English with their eyes, if not with their tongues. It was not then the fashion to pay any other than the most respectful attentions to married dames; and if

it had been, there was something in the appearance, manners, and character of the good Madam Vancour, a staid and sober dignity and quiet self-possession, that gained even the respect of folly and impudence combined. One of the young officers of the regiment was complaining one day that he could not find anybody to fall in love with. "Why don't you make love to Madam Vancour?" said another, jestingly. "Madam Vancour!" replied he; "I should as soon think of throwing a glass of wine in the face of the king!"

The arrival and sojourning of these gay sparks created a mighty sensation in that part of the country, and in a little time produced great innovations in the simple habits of the people. Independently of the general laxity of morals which is so often the natural consequence of the roving, uncertain life of a soldier, and his freedom from the restraints of home, there is always attached to every considerable body of troops a train of vicious and worthless people of both sexes. Corruption follows in the rear of arms; and it is pretty certain that nothing makes more fearful inroads upon the moral virtues of the people than the association for any length of time with disciplined troops. One would suppose that the proverbial uncertainty of a soldier's life would generate habits of sobriety, reflection, and decorum; but so far from this, it is sufficiently evident that it produces quite a contrary effect. There is no period in which we see such careless, high-wrought, and high-seasoned conviviality as in an army the night preceding a battle, in which every man is to peril his life to the uttermost.

The rural deities of the shades, and the lazy river-gods, who slept in quiet in their crystal basins, save when the breaking up of the ice in spring or the swelling of the river in the pelting storm disturbed their repose, were anon astounded at the frolicksome racket of these newcomers. Heretofore not a dog dared bark after eight o'clock in their quiet retreats, except as a signal that the wild man or the wild beast was coming. But now, "preserve us!" as the good Dominie Stettinius exclaimed with lifted hands—"half the night was spent—yea, even to nine and ten o'clock—in dancings and junketings." The cows stood lowing in the sober twilight, in expectation of the dilatory milkmaid, who was peradventure adorning herself, as the victim was erst dressed in flowers, to be sacrificed to some gross heathen divinity, whose attributes were lust and sensuality. The sober Dutch lads, who whilom considered the dissipation of a Christmas sleighride the summit of delight, now were wont

to steal at midnight from the dormitory where the watchful cares of the good father had seen them "quietly inurned," to waste their time and health, and morals, and spend their money in revels, that the sun saw and blushed at when he rose above the golden tops of the eastern hills. The quiet intrenchments behind which our Dutch ancestors in other quarters so strongly and obstinately maintained their manners and habits, almost down to the present time, were gradually sapped or stormed, and the good Dominie Stettinius stood aghast to behold the backsliding propensities of the youths and maidens of his hitherto obedient, docile flock.

He forthwith took arms to oppose this mighty invasion of his hitherto peaceful domain—we mean such arms alone as comported with his age, his habits, and his sacred function. Casting aside the chastened zeal with which he had hitherto maintained and enforced obedience among his quiet, simple hearers, he arrayed himself in the mighty words of reprehension, threatening, and denunciation; learned, eloquent, and virtuous, he poured forth the stores of his intellect and the enthusiasm of his soul in strains of Doric and affecting simplicity, that would have done honor to the primitive reformers. But, alas! what can the tongues of angels do, when example, temptation, and opportunity knock at the threshold of the human heart, peep in at the windows, and whisper their seductions through the very keyholes? Some, doubtless—and especially the more aged people, whose passions reposed upon the memory of the past—were checked by the pious eloquence of the good dominie in their downhill career; but the young, the thoughtless, and the madcap boys and girls, many, very many of them long lived to rue the day that saw the regiment of red-coats pitch its white, innocent-looking tents among the rich meadows of the matchless Hudson.

## CHAPTER VI

### A BEAU OF THE OLD REGIME

**C**OLONEL SYDENHAM was a veteran beau of the old school, which, after all, I think was not a little superior to the present standard of dandyism. There was a courtesy, a polish, a high-souled deference to the ladies, which, whether originating in vanity or a nobler feeling, was still the source of many agreeable qualifications, and formed a charming ingredient in social intercourse. The little stiffnesses



and formalities which accompanied this style of manners, were certainly preferable to the careless, and abrupt familiarity, or boorish neglect which a preposterous deference to fashion has since consecrated as high breeding and gentlemanly ease. The colonel had served in India, which was a fortunate circumstance, as it enabled him to ascribe his gray hairs, and the evident debility of his person, to the effects of a climate which, as he frequently observed, seldom failed to produce an appearance of premature old age. "I was gray at twenty," said the colonel, who would never use spectacles, or carry a walking stick on any occasion, though never man stood in greater need of both these useful auxiliaries. He was always deeply smitten with some youthful belle or other, whose attentions he delighted to monopolize, more from the gratification of an habitual vanity, than from a warmer and nobler sentiment. On the whole, however, he was a singularly agreeable man; and in spite of his age, always made a figure, and was welcomed in the society of both sexes. He was soon in special favor with high and low, rich and poor, young and old, with the single exception of the good Dominie Stettinius, who penetrated his easiness of principles, and was not inclined to consider good manners an equivalent for good morals.

The colonel early singled out Catalina as the object of his attentions. She was the fairest lady of the land in which he sojourned; she was unquestionably at the head of the beaumonde; and she was a great heiress in prospective, for she was the only child of a man who owned land enough to entitle him to vote at a German Diet. "If it should happen in the chapter of accidents," thought the colonel, "that this wood dove were to be softened by my cooing, she will be worth marrying—if not, there will be no harm done. I am too much of a traveller to pine at the wilful vagaries of a woman's heart." Accordingly he entered the field as Catalina's devoted servant; and as the strict rules of military etiquette forbade all interference with the commanding officer, the dapper majors, captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, always kept aloof while the colonel was making the agreeable to the young lady.

That the young lady was not pleased and flattered with the distinction of being the belle of the first military man in the neighborhood, who wore a red coat, and tacked honorable to his name, is what we will not say, for it would not be true. It would have been out of nature to be insensible to such honors; honors to which the gentle sex are prone to bow down, because they are restricted from gaining any other laurels

than those which they pluck from the brow of men. Their vanity and ambition can only be gratified by leading in chains the conquerors of others; by associating their name and their destinies with the master spirits who wield the powers of the earth, or with those who inherit distinction, as a fox does instinct, from a long line of ancestors. The colonel and Catalina were on the best possible terms, and in no long time, the good people of the neighborhood, who knew nothing of the attentions and courtesies authorized in the intercourse of the world, all agreed that it would be a match.

Among those who watched the progress of this intimacy with bitterness of heart, was Sybrandt Westbrook. The selfishness engendered by solitude and abstraction, inclined him naturally to jealousy of a most perverse and ridiculous kind. He persuaded himself that he neither had, or could ever have, any pretensions to Catalina; nay, he would have shrunk with shivering horror at the suspicion that she ever suspected that his solitary hours and silent reveries were full of her, and only her! Yet he could not endure the remotest apprehension, much less the sight, of any, the slightest marks of preference to another. When in her society, he kept aloof, and left her entirely to the attentions of other men; yet these very attentions cut him to the soul, and the recollection of them poisoned his solitary days and sleepless nights.

*(To be continued.)*



## MINOR TOPICS

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### LINCOLN'S FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON

There were recently sold in New York two old Washington hotel registers possessing much political interest as concerning Abraham Lincoln. The first was the register of Brown's Hotel, 1847-48, containing the autograph signature of Abraham Lincoln, who registered at this Hotel on December 2, 1847, as a newly elected Congressman from Illinois.

The writing in Lincoln's autograph occurs under the date of Thursday, 2nd December, 1847, and is as follows:

*"A. Lincoln & Lady  
2 Children*

*Illinois  
Do."*

A close examination of the first line shows that Lincoln first wrote "*A. Lincoln & Family*," but changed the word "*Family*" to "*Lady*" (according to the fashion of the time), and added below the reference to his children. These children were his young sons Robert T. (still living) and William (who died in early childhood). The new Congressman and his family were assigned by the clerk to Room 15, and an entry written in the margin gives the amount which he was charged for the day he remained at the hotel. Another entry in the margin, "Mrs. Spriggs," is evidently a reference to the boarding-house to which he removed the following day. Brown's Hotel (now the Metropolitan) was at that time the leading hotel in Washington. It is interesting to note that Lincoln selected this hotel when he came to Washington in December, 1847, to take his seat in the Thirtieth Congress as the only Whig member from Illinois.

This highly interesting volume also contains the autograph signatures of hundreds of prominent men of the day, as well as the signatures of many men who became well known in after years.

The feature of the volume is, of course, the two lines in Lincoln's autograph, which contain an early and previously unknown signature

of the martyr President. The volume gives us, therefore, a positively unique piece of Lincoln history, not known to any of his biographers and unmentioned in any of his numerous lives and biographical sketches, making this hotel register in which Lincoln wrote his name the first time he came to Washington one of the most valuable and precious of extant relics of "The First American."

The second was the register of the same hotel from January to November 1860, and containing, among hundreds of famous autograph signatures, an extremely curious and wholly unknown signature of Abraham Lincoln.

Under the date of Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1860, occurs the following interesting and highly curious signature:

*"Mr. Lincoln."*

Although no place of residence is added, the two words are unmistakably in Abraham Lincoln's well-known hand, and give us a most important and thoroughly genuine Lincoln signature, and present us with a previously unknown episode in his political career.

Lincoln at this time was believed to be in Springfield, Ill., all his biographies stating that he remained in his home during his first presidential campaign. This undoubtedly authentic signature tells us, however, that he visited Washington in a quiet manner on an important political mission, and registered at this hotel (where he had stopped with his family in 1847), writing his name obscurely as "Mr. Lincoln," as if he desired to escape notice. This secret political visit is unknown to Lincoln's biographers, and the book is therefore a most important Lincoln item.

Scattered throughout this volume are hundreds of signatures possessing Civil War interest, among them being the names of many men who later became well known in both the Northern and Southern Armies. Notable among the Civil War signatures is that of Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth, whose name, "*E. E. Ellsworth, Col. Commanding U. S. Zouave Cadets, Governor's Guard of Illinois,*" is given under date of Saturday, August 4, 1860, when he registered at Brown's Hotel with his Zouaves. This signature, pathetically interesting and distinguished among the greatest names of the Rebellion, reminds us of the fact that he was one of Lincoln's closest friends, and that his body rested in the White House, by Lincoln's command, after his tragic death.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

### HENRY HUDSON "AS SHE IS (SPELLED)"

It is to be regretted that the owners of the Hudson River "Day Line" of steamboats appear determined to persist in their ill-advised action in naming their new steamboat *Hendrik* Hudson, instead of Henry. Many persons, including Mrs. Amelia E. Barr and the Editor of this Magazine, have unsuccessfully protested against the absurdity of prefixing a Dutch name to an English cognomen; but not even the fact that (as shown by a photograph just received in New York) the Dutch historian whose MS. of the original agreement between Hudson and the Dutch West India Company is preserved at the Hague uniformly writes his name "Mr. Henry Hudson," seems to avail anything. Will the next vessel be named the "Robertus" Fulton?

### AMERICANS IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

*Washington, D. C., May 10, 1906.*

DEAR SIR: I have discovered that in the *American Historical Review* of July, 1904 (volume IX., p. 794-796) is a review by C. E. A. Bedwell of John Hutchinson's "*Catalogue of Notable Middle Templars*," London, 1902. In the course of this review, Mr. Bedwell mentions the "Signers" whose names appear in that catalogue.

Very truly yours,  
WALDO G. LELAND.

("The remarkable feature in the *Catalogue* is its revelation of an indirect contribution by the Middle Temple to the history of the United States at a most vital period. Among those who signed the Declaration of Independence are to be found Thomas McKean, admitted May 9, 1758; Charles Carroll of Carrollton, admitted October 19, 1751, and called to the bar November 22, 1754; Thomas Heyward, admitted January 10, 1765; Arthur Middleton, admitted April 14, 1757; and Edward Rutledge, admitted January 12, 1767, whose elder brother John had been admitted October 11, 1754, and called to the bar February 8, 1760. The *Catalogue* also includes the names of John Dickinson, the "Pennsylvania Farmer"; Arthur Lee, who was also a member of Lincoln's Inn; William Livingston, admitted October 29, 1742; and Peyton Randolph, admitted October 13, 1739, and called to the bar February 10, 1743. There seems, then, to be substantial ground for the claim that by the legal training imparted under its auspices the Inn (and Temple) assisted to provide a sound foundation for the Federal Constitution and laws, as well as for those of the states." [*Am. Hist. Review*, IX., p. 796].)

It has taken much time to discover the five "Signers" who were the only Americans that preceded Mr. Choate as members of the "Temple," but now that they are identified, two others, here-

tofore unsuspected, appear; in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of Am. Biography* we find that William Paca, "Signer," entered the Middle Temple Jan. 14, 1762, and was called to the bar in 1764—and that Thomas Lynch, "Signer," also

studied law "in the Temple, London."

Thus a positive list of six, and a probable seventh (assuming that Lynch completed his studies and was called to the bar) is established in this interesting matter.—[ED.]

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## BOOK NOTICES

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**MENTAL AND MORAL HEREDITY IN ROYALTY:** a Statistical Study in History and Psychology. By FREDERICK ADAMS WOOD, M. D. One hundred and four portraits. 8vo. VIII.+312 pp. Price \$3 net. New York: HENRY HOLT & Co., Publishers, 1906.

It is now nearly forty years since Francis Galton in his "Hereditary Genius" gave the law of heredity to be that every child inherits one-half of his make-up from his parents, one-half of the remaining half from his grandparents, one-half of the remaining one-fourth from his great grandparents, and so on to infinity. In one instance Galton selected thirty-seven literary men and was unable to find eminent ancestors for nineteen of them.

Dr. Woods, a lecturer on biology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, states that his aim is to get an insight into the proportionate influence played by heredity, environment, and free-will upon the mental and moral life of the race.

Highly scientific in methods, the extent and thoroughness of his researches are indicated in his introduction. "By starting," says he, "with the present King of England, and including all his ancestors to four generations, and then all the other descendants of these ancestors, all their wives and their ancestors, and stretching out in every direction by this endless-chain method, taking every one about

whom enough could be found to be satisfactory, I have at present obtained mental and moral descriptions of over six hundred inter-related individuals, including pretty completely the following countries of Europe: England (House of Hanover), Germany, France, the Netherlands, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Italy, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. The period covered extends in general back to about the sixteenth century, but in the case of Spain and Portugal, to the eleventh century."

Having selected inter-related persons who lived in different countries, in different centuries, surrounded by widely different influences, and who have had different kinds of educational training and widely varying opportunities in life, Dr. Woods forms ten grades for mental and ten grades for moral qualities. By carefully noting the consensus of opinions given by biographers and historians, he places each individual in his grade.

He then proceeds to give a remarkably clear analysis of modern royalty. Out of over 800 inter-related members of the royal family, he finds twenty-five who possessed exceptional genius as leaders in the great movements of European history, and infers that there is no degeneration in modern royalty *per se*. His analysis further shows that there is a distinct correlation in royalty between mental and moral qualities. True of royalty, he infers it is true of mankind in general, and that the survival of the intellectually and morally superior tends to raise the average of all classes of mankind.

The book is a contribution to biological and psychological literature.

**THE NORTH STAR. A Tale of Norway in the Tenth Century.** By M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN. Illustrated by W. Dean Hamilton. 12mo, 356 pp. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN & Co., 1904.

The author, after having given several years of earnest study to the history and traditions of Scandinavia, wrote this Tale of Norway and of its hero, Olaf, before that country had dissolved its union with Sweden, yet, by a woman's keen intuition, she seems to have foreseen its glorious freedom and to have pointed out its future rulers.

The heroes of the story are Haakon, overlord of the North, and Olaf, the North Star, and ruler of Norway. According to report Prince Charles of Denmark, whom the Norwegians have called to the throne has assumed the name of Haakon VII., and promises to name his son and heir Olaf.

Familiar with the reign of Olaf Trygveeson and of his association with Leif Erickson, commander of a traditional voyage to America, Mrs. Ruffin has depicted the glorious aspirations of Norway's famous heroes.

The story thrills one with its vivid recital of impetuous valor and patriotism, of intense love and bitter hatred, of Viking prowess and extreme cruelty, and of woman's deep devotion and heartless treachery.

Olaf is simply admirable, and Carlyle's quaint description, "the wildly beautifullest man in soul and body that one has ever heard of the North," is true in every point.

To all who are interested in the Saga spirit of the Norse country, the book will prove unusually entertaining and instructive.

**IPSWICH IN THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY. Part I. Historical.** A history of the town from 1633 to 1700, containing the letters of Major Samuel Appleton, lists of soldiers in the Indian wars, records and depositions of the usurpa-

tion period, and facsimiles of ancient documents, bearing many autographs of the early settlers. Part II. Houses and Lands. An account of the original grants of houselots and the successive owners of lands and houses, to the present time, illustrated with diagrams, ancient maps, and photographs of many ancient houses. With seven Appendices. By THOMAS FRANKLIN WATERS, President of the Ipswich Historical Society, Ipswich, Mass. Published by the IPSWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY. 1905. Octavo, 586 pages. Price \$5.00.

Ipswich has been fortunate in her historians. The Rev. Dr. Felt's History (published in 1834), with its appendix (issued in September, 1859), holds a high place among the early local histories of Massachusetts towns; the genealogical compilations of Mr. Abraham Hammatt, published many years after his death, have afforded substantial aid to thousands of students in tracing Ipswich families; and the Antiquarian Papers of Rev. Augustine Caldwell are replete with local lore. These works have been supplemented by a great mass of material published by the local historical society, the county magazines and the local newspaper, until it would seem that little was left to be done except to publish in full the original records of the town.

The Rev. Mr. Waters, who has fitted himself for the task by years of diligent research in the town, county and state archives, has chosen to deal minutely with the beginnings and the growth of the town in the seventeenth century. He conveys in an interesting manner to his readers, accurate pictures of the dress, of the home and of the religious life of the early settlers, their daily vocations and their achievements in civil, administrative and military affairs. The data that he has gathered from various sources has

been used in a scholarly fashion for the purpose in mind. He traces extensively the titles of the real estate, but has not attempted to compile a genealogical register of the families, believing that the vital records of the town soon to be published by the Essex Institution, will supply an acceptable substitute. If this volume is favorably received, he promises to continue the work in another volume.

It certainly deserves a favorable reception. No matter how much has been published be-

fore, it is to this volume that the inquirer must turn for the most complete account of the town during its first seventy years. Moreover, the mechanical work and the judgment and skill shown in the making of the book itself, are worthy of recognition, especially so when this book is compared with some of the former publications relating to the same town. The volume is well printed, on an excellent paper, has a splendid index, and is profusely illustrated with portraits, maps, facsimiles of old documents and views of ancient houses.

## GENEALOGICAL

(All communications for this department, including genealogical publications for review, should be sent to George W. Chamberlain, 92 Front Street, Weymouth, Mass.)

### MAYFLOWER PASSENGERS, 1620.

An alphabetical list of the passengers who came to America in the first voyage of the *Mayflower*, including those who died at sea and on Cape Cod and those who were born on the voyage. Those marked with an asterisk (\*) are known to have living descendants to-day. Those marked with a dagger (†) are known to have come from Leyden to Southampton, and thence to Plymouth.

#### ALDEN:

John.\*

#### ALLERTON:

Bartholomew,† *son of Isaac.*

Isaac.\*†

John.†

Mary (Norris),\*† *wife of Isaac.*

Mary,\*† *daughter of Isaac.*

Remember,\*† *daughter of Isaac.*

#### BILLINGTON:

Eleanor,\* *wife of John.*

Francis,\* *son of John.*

John.\*

John, *son of John.*

#### BRADFORD:

Dorothy (May),† *wife of William.*

William (Gov.).\*†

#### BREWSTER:

Love,\*† *son of William.*

Mary,\*† *wife of William.*

William (Ruling Elder).\*†

Wrestling,† *son of William.*

#### BRITTERIDGE:

Richard.

#### BROWN:

Peter.\*

#### BUTTEN:

William.

#### CARTER:

Robert.

#### CARVER:

John (Gov.).†

Katharine,† *wife of John.*

—, *maid servant of John.*



- CHILTON:  
 James.\*  
 Mary,\* *daughter of James.*  
 —,\* *wife of James.*
- CLARKE:  
 Richard.
- COOKE:  
 Francis.\*  
 John,\* *son of Francis.*
- COOPER:  
 Humility, *cousin of Edward and Ann Tilley.*
- CRACKSTON:  
 John.†  
 John,† *son of John.*
- DOTY:  
 Edward.\*
- EATON:  
 Francis.\*  
 Samuel,\* *son of Francis.*  
 Sarah,\* *wife of Francis.*
- ELY:  
 —, *seaman.*
- ENGLISH:  
 Thomas.†
- FLETCHER:  
 Moses.†
- FULLER:  
 Edward.\*  
 Samuel (Dr.) \*†  
 Samuel,\* *son of Edward.*  
 —,\* *wife of Edward.*
- GARDINER:  
 Richard.
- GOODMAN:  
 John.†
- HOLBECK:  
 William.
- HOOKE:  
 John.
- HOPKINS:  
 Constance,\* *daughter of Stephen.*  
 Damaris, *daughter of Stephen.*
- HOPKINS:  
 Elizabeth,\* *2d wife of Stephen.*  
 Gyles,\* *son of Stephen.*  
 Oceanus, *son of Stephen.*  
 Stephen.\*
- HOWLAND:  
 John.\*
- LANGMORE:  
 John.
- LATHAM:  
 William.
- LEISTER:  
 Edward.
- MARGESON:  
 Edmund.
- MARTIN:  
 Christopher.  
 —, *wife of Christopher.*
- MINTER:  
 Desire.
- MORE:  
 Ellen, *sister of Richard.*  
 Jasper.  
 Richard.  
 —, *brother of Richard.*
- MULLINS:  
 Alice,\* *wife of William.*  
 Joseph, *son of William.*  
 Priscilla,\* *daughter of William.*  
 William.\*
- PRIEST:  
 Degory.\*†
- PROWER:  
 Solomon.
- RIGDALE:  
 Alice, *wife of John.*  
 John.
- ROGERS:  
 Joseph,\*† *son of Thomas.*  
 Thomas.\*†
- SAMSON:  
 Henry,\* *cousin of Edward and Ann Tilley.*

- SOULE:  
George.\*
- STANDISH:  
Myles (Capt.).\*  
Rose, *wife of Myles.*
- STORY:  
Elias.
- THOMSON:  
Edward.
- TILLEY:  
Ann, *wife of Edward.*  
Elizabeth,\* *daughter of John.*  
Edward.  
John.\*  
——,\* *wife of John.*
- TINKER:  
Thomas.†  
——,† *wife of Thomas.*  
——,† *son of Thomas.*
- TREVORE:  
William.
- TURNER:  
John.†  
——,† *son of John.*  
——,† *son of John.*
- WARREN:  
Richard.\*
- WHITE:  
Peregrine,\* *son of William.*  
Resolved,\*† *son of William.*  
Susanna (Fuller),\*† *wife of William.*  
William.\*†
- WILDER:  
Roger.
- WILLIAMS:  
Thomas.†
- WINSLOW:  
Edward (Gov.).\*†  
Elizabeth (Barker),† *wife of Edward.*  
Gilbert, *brother of Edward.*

The foregoing list of 104 persons combines three lists in one from different sources, and is believed to include the latest authentic information.—GENEALOGICAL EDITOR.



# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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No. 5

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## THE BATTLE OF ALLATOONA

**I**T is a short, plain story—there was no strategy at Allatoona—just a fight; but it was to a finish. The stakes were food for Confederates, life for Unionists, and the bold, desperate, prolonged attack, the reckless sacrifice of life and the determined, unyielding resistance was proof that each side fully comprehended the magnitude of the conflict.

Viewed from the point of numbers engaged, it was not a great battle—as battles were qualified during the War—(it is different now); but, estimated by the importance of the result, as affecting the final issue of the War for the Union, it was of supreme consequence. Results are the standard by which to measure events. From Hampton Roads went forth the edict that revolutionized the navies of the world; yet only two vessels, the *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) and the *Monitor*, were engaged. Had we failed to “Hold the Fort” on that eventful fifth of October, 1864, one song that thrills the heart of soldier and civilian alike would have had no foundation; Sherman’s “March to the Sea” would have “died a bornin’.”

The possibility of Johnston joining Lee, had the rations stored at Allatoona been captured by Hood, and thus prolonging the War, are among the many reasonable theories that present themselves to the student of history. From Chattanooga to Atlanta, one of our greatest problems was the transportation of supplies for daily use and to provide a surplus for emergencies, over the single, thread-like railroad from Nashville to Atlanta. It was constantly menaced by the enemy’s cavalry, tracks or bridges destroyed; so the accumulation of stores nearest the points where our army was then operating was of prime importance.

One of the places selected for the purpose was Allatoona, on the Western and Atlantic railroad, thirty-two miles from Atlanta and eighteen from Kingston. Here were several large storehouses and a deep

cut, known as Allatoona Pass. General Sherman saw its advantages as a *dépôt* for rations, and all that could be accumulated south of Chattanooga were stored in these buildings. He was satisfied that the enemy planned to destroy his communications with Chattanooga and Nashville, and at once began to checkmate those designs. General Corse's (4th) Division of the Fifteenth Corps was ordered to Rome, about twenty miles west of the Western and Atlantic, and connected with it by the Rome railroad from Kingston. Corse's men arrived at Rome September 27; earthworks were strengthened and new ones begun and everything possible done to get ready for whatever might come—but on the fourth of October we were ordered, by a signal message from General Sherman at Finning Station *via* Kennesaw, to move at once to defend Allatoona; where we arrived at two A.M. of the fifth—a thousand and fifty-four of us; the 7th, 50th and 57th Illinois, the 39th Iowa and 112 of the 12th Illinois.

The enemy was already on the north side of the Pass, and could easily have wrecked our train, but as we learned from prisoners that day, they supposed it was a provision train for storage there, making their prospective prize larger, so they let us pass unmolested.

Only these prisoners realized the before-battle dream of the attacking force to whom in their slumbers visions of crackers, bread and real coffee appeared, in place of the parched corn, which was their own unvarying rations (as we found by their haversacks). Colonel Tourtelotte, Fourth Minnesota, was in command of the post, with 890 men (4th Minnesota, 93d Illinois, seven companies 8th Wisconsin, and the 12th Wisconsin Battery.

On each side of the railroad cut ditches had been dug and the earth thrown up, making a low parapet; on the east was the garrison's camp, tents and a few shells of houses. Here more care was given to the works than on the west, but neither afforded much protection in an engagement, though we were very thankful for what little there was. The traditional sun of Austerlitz flashed not more brightly on Napoleon's legions in magnificent battle array, than did its brilliant beams on the Allatoona hills that lovely morning of the fifth of October, 1864. Away to the east was a stretch of slightly undulating valley from which the mist was rising—while on every other side stretched mountains and valleys radiant in changeful hues of russet and green and merging into blue in the far distance. All nature seemed at peace, and save for desul-

tory firing, there was nothing to indicate that the terrible machinery of war would soon be in operation. Colonel Tourtelotte's men, with the addition of the 12th and 50th Illinois, from Corse's division, held the east hill; three guns of the 12th Wisconsin Battery were in each fort. On a spur of the ridge about 350 feet west of the cut were the 39th Iowa, Colonel Redfield, and 7th Illinois, Lieut-Colonel Perrin, both under orders of Colonel Rowett, commanding brigade. Here had been dug an exterior line of rifle pits, a part of which our men occupied. One battalion of the 93d Illinois was in reserve; the other in line on the right and at nearly right angles to the above-named troops, covering the north side of the ridge, and the Cartersville road, from an approach of the enemy. (This line received the flag of truce with the summons to surrender; the rest of the force was behind the parapets). Neither side was much damaged by the desultory fire kept up; and at about 8:30 A.M. a long line in butternut brown moved out in full sight on the hills north of us. General Corse, supposing an attack was intended from that side, started for the troops there, and soon met an officer of the 93d Illinois with a message from S. G. French, Major-General, C. S. A.—“demanding the immediate and unconditional surrender of our force, to avoid a needless effusion of blood.” At General Corse's dictation I wrote his refusal, and notification that we were prepared for the needless effusion. The moment the officer left, Colonel Tourtelotte hurried to the east fort, two companies of the 93d Illinois were rushed to the rifle pits north of the west fort, with a strong line of skirmishers in their front; while three more of the 93d were placed in the ditch of the south side. The rest of the regiment, under Major Fisher, was placed between the redoubt and Rowett's line.

These orders were given, but not all executed, before the crash came:

At once there rose so wild a yell  
As all the fiends from Heaven that fell  
Had pealed the banner-cry of Hell.

Young's brigade of 1900 Texans was hurled on Rowett's command. Well was it for us that their first attack was on the Seventh Illinois, who were armed with the Henry rifle—sixteen shot magazine guns, which the Rebels declared were “loaded on Sunday, and fired all the rest of the week.” They had both a destructive and a moral effect on the enemy, who were thrown into confusion and wavered for a moment,

but soon rallied, and with magnificent courage, advanced. The 39th Iowa was now in line on the right of the Illinois men and it seemed as though they would hold their ground, when Sears' Missouri brigade came like a wintry blast from the north, swept away the two 93d companies and the retreating skirmishers, who had joined them, struck the 39th in flank—and for a moment all seemed lost.

But Sears' left flank was in range of Tourtelotte's guns, which were handled with such effect that he was thrown into confusion, which enabled the 39th to check his advance—but two brigades were too much for two regiments, and Rowett, wounded, was forced back to the redoubt, leaving the gallant Redfield and many other noble men dead on the field they had helped hold for nearly two and a half terrible hours, against overwhelming numbers, who were themselves so disorganized that they were unable to at once follow up their temporary advantage. This delay enabled Corse to make his dispositions to continue the fight. I was ordered over to the East fort for the 50th Illinois—made the trip and returned in safety. It was now about 11 A.M., and terribly hot. The dense smoke from the firing, and profuse perspiration on everyone rendered it difficult to distinguish faces. The 50th soon arrived, sweeping away a force sent to intercept them. Lieutenant-Colonel Hanna says, in his report: "I drew off the regiment and marched at double-quick to the left of the hill, under a fire of artillery and musketry which I have never seen equaled, down the hill, facing the enemy, across the railroad and up the hill to the fort. In the movement the regimental flagstaff was struck thrice by the enemy's shells, and many of my men fell before the movement was accomplished. I lost all but four of my officers and nearly one-fourth of my men."

Satisfied that the main attack would be from the west, Colonel Tourtelotte sent the 12th Illinois to follow the 50th, and before the contest was over we heartily approved his action. In his report, he says: "From the commencement, the contest was never for one moment intermittent; the enemy moved forward with boldness and perseverance, and at length, when they did withdraw, it was as individuals, not as organizations."

General Corse now had force enough to man the parapets several lines deep, and to fill the trenches on all sides of the west redoubt. Bales of cotton were rolled into the opening in the west parapets. These caught fire, adding to the heat and smoke. The sight before us was calculated to shake the faith of the most sanguine. On every side were

masses of the enemy, and in front their preparation for an assault could be plainly seen. Our forces were scarcely in position before it was made—a gallant charge, but our artillery and musketry fire was so heavy that they fell back in disorder. Two hours had passed—it was about 1 P.M. I called General Corse's attention to the chimney of a house a hundred yards away, suspecting that the fatality which befell our much-exposed artillerists came from that quarter. As he stood on tip-toe, I felt hot blood on my cheek—a bullet had cut a furrow in his cheek, severing a large vein, and carrying away part of one ear. I carried him to a sheltered place and reported his condition to Colonel Rowett. We had to bring a gun from the opposite side of the fort to knock the house chimney to flinders. Our fort was heaped with the dead and wounded, and moving the wounded to allow the gun to pass was one of the most harrowing scenes I ever witnessed. All the time the firing was incessant. The gabions in the embrasures were literally gnawed off by the enemy's bullets, so that the dirt caved in and caused much inconvenience in working the guns.

Another assault was made, with the same result as before; but the last of our artillery ammunition had been used, and most of that for the Henry rifles. "Oh! that (Sherman) or night would come!" The Springfield muskets were so hot they could scarce be handled, and our men were told off in relays, so that half could continue firing, and the others allow their guns to cool. After the count, the order was carried along the line to "cease firing." The words aroused General Corse, who for nearly an hour had been insensible and apparently oblivious to all surroundings; they aroused him, as suggesting surrender, fired his indomitable spirit like an electric spark, and springing up he shouted: "No surrender—hold Allatoona." His return to consciousness was most opportune. Colonel Rowett had been again wounded, and the tide of battle was yet high. Several companies of a Missouri regiment were detected in a ravine, commanded by our rifle pits on the north side, unable either to advance or retreat. They took a rest, until they were marched up the hill under guard, after the battle was over.

It was now after two o'clock. Sherman had asked us to "hold the fort" and promised to come to our relief. We had done our part and expected him to do his. Suddenly, the long awaited, anxiously hoped for sound broke upon our ears, and as the boom of artillery south of

us told us we were not forgotten a joyous shout went up from our sore-pressed little band, so long struggling against a desperate foe.

The enemy heard it too, and it inspired them to renewed activity. On every side they moved and it needed little military knowledge to understand that the supreme moment had come. To our great joy a daring soldier, discovering the footbridge across the cut (which neither I nor the 50th or 12th Illinois had seen or used), reached the east fort and brought us a supply of canister and case shot for the artillery. The last rounds for the Henry rifles were distributed. "Hold your fire for orders, and aim low," was the word passed along the line—the two cannon were double-shotted, and we waited the onset.

Now from out the woods and up from the valley they came; a solid mass in sombre brown and clouded gray—no vacant places in their steady ranks; their artillery on each flank keeping up a constant roar. I cannot distinctly recall my feelings, as Corse ordered the officers near him to draw their revolvers, remarking: "No Libby Prison for us"; but my impression is that I thought I could see just as well if I were further back—the "bald-head row" had no attractions then. Still they come! Our artillery answers theirs with effect. They open with musketry and we reply. More desperate courage was never shown—with a wild yell they break into the double-quick and the word is given to the Seventh Illinois: "Fire." A pitiless rain—a tempest, of lead, was poured into the faces of the enemy. They were blinded—the foremost ranks melted in heaps and the rear stumbled and fell over the dead and wounded. Flesh and blood could stand no more—and back they turned, with bowed heads as though seeking shelter from a storm. Though Sherman had not come, the fort was held. It was not his cannon, but the enemy's, that had encouraged us. They had attacked the block-house at Allatoona Creek, about two miles south, capturing the gallant little garrison of four officers and eighty-two men.

At 4:30 the enemy retreated—a little too soon for our relieving columns to strike them. French was beaten, and his subsequent arrest by order of General Hood, for not capturing Allatoona, was unjust. He could have fought to the death, and nothing more. Their failure to obtain the three million rations stored at Allatoona was a sore disappointment. It was the enemy's primary object, and General Sherman's estimate of their value is shown by his letter of October 7:—"The 'effusion



of blood ' was not needless, as Allatoona was and is, very important to our present and future operations." And on the 9th in a telegram to General Grant, he urged the feasibility of the march through Georgia by saying he had three million rations on hand, and could find forage in the interior of the State. Had we lost the day at Allatoona, delay of his plan would have been certain, and abandonment probable. The Confederate general Young was among our prisoners, and estimated their loss at two thousand, and over 400 prisoners, three flags and 800 muskets remained in our hands. Our loss was seven hundred. The battle of Allatoona was a triumph of fearless, unconquerable will, and few conflicts known to the world will exceed it in interest when its historical results are realized; and as time rolls on Corse's defense will be told and stand high in the annals of heroic deeds. It was our Marathon—and Miltiades was not more trusted by the Greek generals who waived their rights in his favor, than was Corse by Sherman.

Even without facts, what could be more reasonable than that Sherman, more conscious than anyone else of the tremendous issues involved in the contest, should have called to his signal officer, in his sharp, quick manner: "Tell them to hold the Fort; that I am coming." He writes, "I had from Kenesaw Mountain a superb view of the vast panorama north and west. We could plainly see the smoke of battle about Allatoona, and hear the faint reverberation of the cannon. I watched with painful suspense the indication of the battle raging there, and was dreadfully impatient at the slow progress of the relieving column."

We all knew that he had promised assistance and Wellington did not watch for Blucher with more anxiety than we listened for the thunder of Sherman's guns.

MORTIMER R. FLINT,

Late Captain First Ala. (Union) Cavalry.

MYERS' FALLS, WASH.

[Read before the Minn. Loyal Legion.]

## ALLATOONA

(On the night following the battle of Allatoona, a soldier of the Seventh Illinois wrote by the flickering light of a campfire, these stirring lines) :

Winds that sweep the Southern mountains  
And the leafy river's shore,  
Bear ye not a prouder burden  
Than ye ever learned before?  
And the hot blood fills  
The heart until it thrills  
At the story of the terror, and the glory of the battle  
Of the Allatoona hills.

Echoes from the purple mountains  
To the dull surrounding shore  
'Tis as sad and proud a burden  
As ye ever learned before!  
How they fell like grass  
When the mowers pass,  
And the dying, when the foe was flying, swelled the cheering  
Of the heroes of the Pass.

Sweep it o'er the hills of Georgia  
To the mountains of the North;  
Teach the coward and the doubter  
What the blood of man is worth.  
Hail the flag you pass!  
Let its stained and tattered mass  
Tell the story of the terror, and the glory of the battle  
Of the Allatoona Pass.

A NEW ENGLAND TOWN  
IPSWICH IN THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY

*(Concluded from April)*

**I**N the same year the General Court prescribed that men should not wear their hair longer than reaching to the collar, although in the winter it was allowed to grow a little longer for warmth. Reverend Ezekiel Rogers of Rowley detested the habit so bitterly that he cut his nephew off from his inheritance because of his persistence in the fashion. On May 10, 1649, Governor Endicott, Deputy-Governor Dudley and seven of the assistants sent forth a declaration as follows:

“For as much as the wearing of long hair after the manner of ruffians and barbarous Indians has begun to invade New England contrary to the rule of God’s word, which says it is a shame for men to wear long hair, etc., we, the magistrates, who have subscribed this paper do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men do disaffirm themselves and offend sober and modest men and do corrupt good manners.”

The minister of Ipswich, Mr. Nathaniel Ward, found it difficult to maintain his dignity when discussing the matter. “When,” he says, “I here a nugiperus, gentle dame inquire what dress the queen is in this week, I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of one-quarter of a cipher, the epitomy of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humored. To speak moderately, I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive how those women should have no true grace or available virtue that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbs. It is no marvel that they wear drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the forepart but a few squirrelled brains to help them frisk from one ill-favored fortune to another.” He was specially indignant against tailors for lending their art to clothe women in French fashions.

"It is," he declared, "a more common than convenient saying that nine tailors make a man. It were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind. It is a most unworthy thing for men that have bones in them to spend their lives in making fiddle-cases for futilous women's phancies which are the very petitoes of infermity, the gyblets of perquisquilian toys."

In 1651 the General Court again referred to the subject and expressed its "grief that intollerable excesse and bravery hath crept in upon us, and especially among people of meane condition to the dishonor of God, the scandal of professors and consumption of State and altogether unsuitable to our poverty." It was ordered "That no person whose visible assets did not exceed two hundred pounds should wear such buttons or gold or silver lace, or any bone lace above two shillings per yard, or silk hoods or scarfs upon penalty of ten shillings for each offense." Magistrates and their families, military officers, soldiers in time of service, or any whose education or employments were above the ordinary were excepted from the operation of this law. This time the Court showed that it was in earnest. Quite a number of the men of the town were called to account for their wives' extravagance in wearing the prohibited articles of finery.

Half a century later there was a crusade, not only in Ipswich, but in other places, against the wearing of wigs. In some places people left their churches because of the wearing of them by the ministers.

The main employment of the first settlers was agriculture. The land was rich and was made still richer by manuring it with fish, but as there were many dogs in the settlement troubles soon arose from their digging up the buried fish, for which they seemed to have a great liking. This seriously interfered with the growth of the crops and in May, 1644, the town passed the following vote: "It is ordered that all doggs, for the space of three weeks after the publishinge thereof, shall have one legg tyed up. If such a dogg should break loose and be found in any cornefield doing any harme the owner of the dogg shall pay the damages. If a man refuse to tye up his dogg's legg and hee bee found scraping up fish in the corne field, the owner shall pay twelve shillings besides whatever damages the dogg doth."

The crops were mainly corn and rye, although wheat was cultivated to some extent. All the common kinds of vegetables were grown; potatoes, however, did not come into use until 1733. They were planted in

beds like beets or carrots and three bushels were counted an ample crop for a family. Flax was grown to furnish the material for linen garments and table cloths. Some of the settlers raised tobacco, although its use was forbidden by law. Barley was grown for making beer, as that was the universal table drink, tea and coffee being unknown. Shipbuilding was carried on to some extent and there were one or two tanneries. There was an establishment for the manufacture of salt from sea water as early as 1652, and quite a business was done in the exportation of fish, pipe staves and lumber. Besides farmers and fishermen in Ipswich, there were coopers, rope makers, carpenters, thatchers, bricklayers, cordwainers, bakers, weavers, potters and gunsmiths. The wages of these men were fixed by law. Carpenters had been receiving three shillings a day because workmen were scarce and common laborers two shillings six pence, but the order of the Court in 1633 reduced the skilled workman's pay to one-third and the laborer's pay to eighteen pence. In 1637 bakers were ordered that cakes or buns may not be sold "except such cakes as shall be made for any burial or marriage, or such like special occasions." Innkeepers were not allowed to charge more than six pence a meal. In 1637 Jane Hawkins, who, it appears, had some knowledge of medicine, was especially forbidden "to meddle in surgery or physic drinks, plasters or oils, nor to question matters of religion, except with the elders for satisfaction."

Mr. Waters draws a very vivid picture of the religious conditions in those early days. All labor throughout the year was closed at three o'clock on Saturday and the rest of that day was spent in catechising and preparing for the Sabbath. There was in those days no staying at home on account of headaches or lack of proper clothing. The assistants were empowered to impose a sentence of fine or imprisonment at their discretion on those who deliberately neglected attendance at church; only the sick and disabled were excused. Under the law of 1635 no dwelling houses might be built above half a mile from the meetinghouses, except millhouses and farmhouses of such as have their dwelling houses in the same town.

The meetinghouse was probably built of logs in blockhouse fashion and served the double purpose of sanctuary and citadel. It was surrounded with a stone wall five or six feet high with a watchhouse inside. On the door of the church were posted the notices, town ordinances and latest laws. In 1653 a law was enacted against children's playing on the

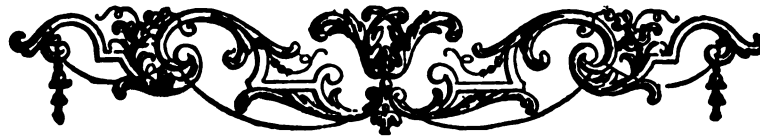
streets and of young people or strangers walking the streets and fields, or traveling from town to town, on the Sabbath, which things, it was declared, "tended much to the dishonor of God, the reproach of religion, grieving the souls of God's servants, and the profanation of the whole Sabbath"; it was therefore ordered that "no children, youths, maids, or other persons shall transgress in the like kind on penalty of being reputed great provokers of the highest displeasure of Almighty God, and further increasing the penalty hereafter expressed, namely, that the parents and guardians of all children above seven years old for the first offense shall be admonished; for the second offense shall be fined five shillings; and for a third ten shillings. Youths and maids above fourteen years old shall first be admonished and for the second fined."

The interior of the church was bare and cheerless. The floor was of hewn timber. There were no carpets or cushions and no organ. Every man above eighteen years of age, except the magistrates and ministers, came to meeting with his musket, with powder and bullets. The fear of Indian invasion was always upon them. Armed sentinels were kept constantly on watch. At first the meetinghouse was provided with a fireplace so that in cold weather the interior was tolerably comfortable; later, however, this was frowned down as a compromise with the devil, and for a hundred and fifty years the churches of Ipswich like the majority of others scattered through New England, were places of dire discomfort and breeding places of coughs, colds and consumption. The meeting house was not only devoted to sacred worship but in addition served as a magazine, and a powder room was on the floor with the gallery. It gives one a chill to read that two men of the congregation received permission to put up boards to break off the wind from the seat where their wives sat. The seats were benches without backs. It appears that the dogs of the town had certain privileges. They were allowed to enter the church with their masters in the forenoon, but between twelve and three o'clock it was ordered that they should not come into the meetinghouse on Sabbath days or lecture days, and a dog whipper was regularly appointed to see that this arrangement was carried out.

One or two unsuccessful attempts at opening a school were made by the first settlers. In 1643, at a town meeting, it was voted that a free school should be opened. In accordance with that vote a school was established, and in October was opened with Lionel Chute as school-master. He died two years later, his place being filled until 1650 by one

whose name has not been recorded. In that year an invitation was extended to Master Ezekiel Cheever, considered at that time to be the most eminent teacher in New England. His memory has been kept green through all the years and a memorial is now in course of preparation to be erected on the site of the ancient school, at an early date. Cotton Mather was one of his pupils, and many years later preached his funeral sermon. He prepared many students for Harvard and his school became so famous that many came from distant towns to prepare for college.

*Transcript, BOSTON.*



## EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

### III

*(Continued from April)*

**F**ROM the Colonial Papers on America and West Indies, are gathered these notes:

- 1668; Captn. Robert Pike with others are Commissioners for Massachusetts.
- 1672; Robert Pike (a Lawyer) writes from Boston, to Mr. Robert Mason, Nicholas Lane, London: "If it should please you to come & live in these parts due respect would be paid you as the memory of your grandfather's work in uniting the two provinces of Massachusetts and Mason's under one Grant."
- 1669; Wm. Pike mentioned, escaped from the Spaniards with eleven others, from Carthagena & taken by a vessel to Jamaica Port. 27 English prisoners were left behind, at Carthagena.
- 1683; Robert Pike (a lawyer) nominated with others to Magistracy of Massachusetts. Probably he was the same Robert Pike who, in 1693, was chosen Councillor, General Court of Massachusetts Bay.

The Domestic State Papers by Bruce show:—

- 1633; Mch. 19. Letter from Christopher Fulwood, Middleton (? Yorks) to his Brother, Humfrey Fulwood, Broken Cross Gatehouse, London; sends a warrant to prevent seizure of his estate at Middleton, to be shown to George Halley in London, their cousin.
- 1635; Sir John Harvey & Mr. Halley (of Virginia & Maryland respectively) say to Whitehall (London) Council that Public Mass exists in Maryland.
- 1636; George Pike holds an official position with Lord Bayning, Mark Lane, near Mincing Lane, London.



- 1636; Mr. Halley (of Maryland) to notice payments of the "Black George."  
 1637; Sept. 13. A receipt for £7. 6/- paid by Humphrey Halley on behalf of John Abbott, the Mayor of Huntingdon, as portion of the ship-money charged on Huntingdon, by writ 12 Aug. 1636.

Another portion of the Domestic State Papers, Hamilton edition, gives additional items, as below:—

- 1640; Dec. 18. Petition of Ann Pike & Wm. Thorne, *re* land in County of Bucks.  
 1639; Lady Haley wishes suit against Agnes Bowring for possession of tenement in county Somerset, Wivelscombe: sends her son-in-law, Mr. Weare, to make entry upon it. High Court of Commission.  
 1646; In list of persons found in Oxford county who wish compounding for their estates, 1 Oct., 1646, Francis Hawley of Buckland, Somerset Co.  
 1648/9; Henry Pike, Vice Admiral of Devon, is warranted by the King to require Scotch or French ships if a cargo of wine, to unload & store there in cellarage paying the current prices.  
 1648/9; Richard Pyke & Anne his wife mentioned "of Chancery Lane."  
 1649; Richard Pight (? Pike) Clerk of the Irons in the Mint.  
 1650; Capt. Wm. Haddock & Joseph Pike Complain of Merchants trading to Tetuan.  
 1650; Captn. (*army*) Robt. Pyke granted Militia Comm<sup>a</sup> in Cheshire.  
 1650; John Haley, a Lawyer, is a Counsellor of Gray's Inn, London.  
 1633; Edmund Pike, the Paper Clerk of King's Bench, Commissioners, signs document as such Mch. 31, 1633.

"Thomas Legh, Esq., who lived at Macclesfield, and married Hannah, dau. of John Halley, Esq., an alderman of that town and had issue." (*See* Burke's "Landed Gentry" for 1850, vol. I., p. 710).  
 "Sir Robert Hildyard, Knt., living *temp.* Richard I., married dau. of Sir Thomas Halley, Knt. of Wyam." (*Ibid.* p. 572).

"Grace Pike, dau. of Oliver & Grace Pike, baptised Dec. 10, 1678, in Christ Church parish in Barbadoes, having arrived there between years

1678-1679 (?). Oliver Pike was buried April 22, 1679; he was a son of John Pike, who sailed from London to Barbadoes on the ship *Expedition*, Nov. 20, 1635, then 30 years of age. There were no other persons of the name of Pike who came to America during the 17th century unless they went from Ireland to some European port & sailed from there. The Pikes seem to have been Protestants & were likely from the north of Ireland, where the emigration was chiefly between 1720 & 1776 & they landed chiefly in Philadelphia." (*Extract* from ms. letter by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who cites Emigration lists edited by John Camden Hotten; New York, 1874).

Ann Halley of Weybridge, appears in 1765 in list of dividends on government stock, Bank of England.

Elizabeth Halley, buried, 1729, Church of St. Thomas Apostle, London.

John Halley of Mapperley, married 1779, to Elizabeth Winton of Nottingham.

Edward Halley of Newark, married, 1714, to Sarah Simpson.

Parker Halley, Queen Anne Street, London, on polling-book, 1768.

The Directory of London for 1823 has 16 persons surnamed Halley. The name is now common in the Midlands, Derbyshire, etc.

EUGENE FAIRFIELD MCPIKE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



## THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

MAY 20, 1775

[We devote an unusual amount of space this month to one subject, but the interesting and valuable contribution made by Professor Scomp (formerly of Emory College, Ga.), to the literature of the Mecklenburg Declaration could hardly be properly appreciated without its natural companions, the two articles by the late Confederate General Cadmus M. Wilcox, and President Welling, of Columbia University (1889). We accordingly reprint these from the *Magazine of American History* for January and March, 1889, respectively. In this connection it should be noted that this year, for the first time, the anniversary of the "Declaration" was publicly observed in North Carolina, and that George W. Graham has recently published a book on the subject, entitled "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" which is an enthusiastic defense of the genuineness of the original document. Professor Scomp, we should also add, vouches for the genuineness of the original McElwee MS. and for the integrity of the present members of the family.—Ed.]

A BRIEF reference to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, which was proclaimed in the town of Charlotte, North Carolina, May 20, 1775, appeared in the *Washington Post* during the month of May, 1887. The writer of that article evidently believed that no such Declaration had been made, and he denounced it as a fraud. A week or two subsequently, a more extended communication on the same subject was published in the *New York Sun*, the author of which, W. H. Burr, entertained about the same opinion as the writer of the *Post* article, and referred rather contemptuously to the "so-called Mecklenburg Declaration." He informed the public that "in the *New York Sun*, of the 4th of July, 1882, he had undertaken to prove, and believed he did prove, the document a "canard"; he also stated "that Dr. Welling, of Columbia College in Washington, proved it to be a fabrication in an elaborate article in the *North American Review* for April, 1874."

I am a native of North Carolina, and though reared in Tennessee, had many associates and friends in my schoolboy days and since, who were born in the first mentioned State; and not a few who are at the present time citizens of that State, and in social intercourse when the Revolutionary War has been the subject of conversation, no incident has been more frequently discussed than the Mecklenburg Declaration. That there was such a Declaration has always been recognized by them

as a fact, as little to be questioned as that General Greene relieved General Gates in the command of the "southern army" in the town of Charlotte, on the 3d of December, 1780. Previous to my attention being called to the articles above named, I had without hesitation accepted as true, the opinion prevalent in North Carolina in regard to this subject. Not feeling disposed to give up deep-seated and well-founded convictions without careful investigation, I have examined the accessible historic data in this case, and find my original faith in the "Mecklenburg Declaration" fully confirmed, notwithstanding the recent attempts of Dr. Welling and others to show that it was a "canard," a "fabrication," and a "fraud."

Attention will be first called to William Hooper. He was graduated at the head of his class, at Harvard, in 1760, bred to the profession of law in the office of James Otis, and commenced the practice of his profession in North Carolina in 1767. He was a member of the North Carolina Assembly in 1773 — his first appearance in politics — and was one of the original projectors of the first provincial congress. Being in advance of the general spirit of the times, he early conceived the project of Independence, and in a letter dated April 26, 1774, addressed to James Iredell, subsequently one of the United States Supreme Court judges, he says: "With you I anticipate the important share which the colonies must soon have in regulating the political balance. They are striding fast to independence, and ere long will build an empire upon the ruins of Great Britain; will adopt its Constitution purged of its impurities, and from an experience of its defects, will guard against those evils which have wasted its vigor. Be it our endeavor to guard against every measure that may tend to prevent so desirable an object."

It was an elaborate letter, of which a North Carolina\* historian writes: "With a date long before the meeting of the continental congress, it equals in the boldness of its language and the intrepidity of its thoughts the Fourth of July declaration of that body, a crisis which was matured by two years of deep consultation, and which was at last approached by cautious and indeed timid footsteps. The national declaration, the adoption of the federal Constitution, and indeed the whole subsequent history of the country have been but the fulfillment of its splendid prophecy."

The authenticity and character of that letter is nowhere called in question. Its able and learned author was, two years later, an associate

\*J. Seawell Jones.

of Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, and Arthur Lee, on one of the most important committees in the continental congress, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Under the guidance of Mr. Hooper, and many other of the ablest men in that province, the people of North Carolina were fully aroused to the alarming relations that had been brought about by the unjust conduct of the mother country. In the spring of 1775, there was developed in Mecklenburg county a feeling of deep anxiety, and an earnest conviction that prompt action was essential to the well-being of the people. This resulted in several meetings of the most influential citizens of the county to take counsel as to the means best suited to meet the danger then threatened. At that time it was known to them that, in Boston, it was feared a collision might occur at any instant between the citizens of that city and the British soldiers. The result of the various meetings of the leading citizens of Mecklenburg county, was an order issued in the name of Colonel Thomas Polk, requiring each militia company to elect two delegates to a convention authorized "To devise ways and means to aid and assist their suffering brethren in Boston, and to adopt measures to secure, unimpaired, their inalienable rights, privileges and liberties, from the dominant grasp of British imposition and tyranny." On the 19th of May, 1775, the delegates thus elected met in Charlotte. On that day official news of the battle of Lexington was received by special express. And on the next day, May 20th, 1775, these delegates, vested with unlimited powers by the citizens of the county, after a full and free discussion of the objects for which they had been convened, unanimously ordained:

*First.* Resolved, that whoever directly or indirectly abetted, or in any way, form or manner, countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inherent and inalienable rights of man.

*Second.* Resolved, that we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connection with that nation who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington.

*Third.* Resolved, that we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, and of right ought to be a sovereign and self-sus-

taining association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of Congress; and to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

*Fourth.* Resolved, that as we now acknowledge the existence and control of no law or legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt as a rule of life all such and every of our former laws, wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities, or authority therein.

*Fifth.* Resolved, that it is further decreed that all, each and every military officer in this county, is hereby reinstated in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations, and that everyone present of this delegation shall hereafter be a civil officer, *viz.*: a justice of the peace, in the character of a "committee man," to issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy according to said adopted laws, and to preserve peace, union and harmony in said county; and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province.

These five resolutions constitute the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," which, together with a copy of all the proceedings of the convention that ordained there, were sent, by special messenger, to the three representatives of North Carolina in the general congress, then sitting with closed doors at Philadelphia. These representatives were Richard Caswell, William Hooper, and Joseph Hewes, who were requested to use all possible means to have said proceedings approved by the general congress. In reply a joint letter from Caswell, Hooper, and Hewes was received, complimenting the zeal of the citizens of Mecklenburg county, recommending to them perseverance, order, and energy, but informing them that it was deemed premature to lay the proceedings of the Charlotte convention before the general congress. In other words, in the judgment of William Hooper and his associate North Carolina delegates, the general congress of the colonies was not yet prepared to act favorably upon the resolutions unanimously adopted on the 20th of May, 1775, by the convention of delegates representing the citizens of Mecklenburg county. So, when the views of William Hooper and his associate North Carolina delegates in reference to the

state of feeling in the general congress were made known to the convention of delegates of Mecklenburg county, the latter, whilst maintaining their principles, as already resolved upon, awaited patiently for a full development of the principle of colonial independence in the general congress at Philadelphia and in the congress of the province of North Carolina. That this development was slow is clearly shown by abundant concurrent evidence.

On the 30th of June, 1775, the royal governor of North Carolina wrote to the British secretary of state for the colonies: "The resolves of the committee of Mecklenburg, which your lordship will find in the inclosed papers—Cape Fear *Mercury*—surpasses all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirits of the continent have yet produced, and your lordship may depend its authors and abettors will not escape due notice when my hands are sufficiently strengthened to attempt the recovery of the lost authority of this government. A copy of these resolutions, I am informed, was sent off immediately by express to the congress at Philadelphia."

While the Mecklenburgers declared their independence of Great Britain, they acknowledged fealty to the general government of the continental congress; but their allegiance to the provincial congress of North Carolina was taken for granted, and, therefore, not mentioned. It has already been shown that whilst the North Carolina delegation in the general congress commended the patriotic zeal of the Mecklenburgers, they did not believe it was expedient at that time to urge the declaration of independence upon the general congress—the Mecklenburgers were premature—that body was not ready for the question; and were then considering a very different line of action, in which the opinions of individual members were yielded to a majority.

On the 8th of July, 1775, a petition signed *unanimously* by that body was addressed to the King, *praying redress* of grievances in the *humblest terms as British subjects*; and as to the charge that had been urged against them in England, that they desired independence, they declared "We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent states." There was also an appeal of like sentiment drawn up and addressed to the people of Great Britain; and these two papers—the petition to the King and the appeal to the people—were each signed with unanimity and forwarded to England, borne by Richard Penn; where, upon his

arrival, the former document was presented to the parliament, through Lord Dartmouth, the secretary of state for the colonies. Penn, through this secretary, was introduced before the House of Lords November 16, 1775, and being examined, testified positively, that "no designs of independence had been formed by congress." On the 23d of August, 1775, the provincial congress of North Carolina unanimously passed resolutions similar to those passed by the continental congress on the 8th of July preceding. The provincial congress, in the resolutions of August 23, declared unanimously, "We the subscribers, professing our allegiance to the king, and acknowledging the constitutional executive form of government, do solemnly profess. . . ." that "The people of this province, singly and collectively, are bound by the acts and resolutions of the continental and provincial congresses, because in both they are freely represented by persons chosen by themselves, and we solemnly and sincerely promise and engage, under the sanction of virtue and honor, and the sacred love of liberty and our country, to maintain and support all and every the acts, resolutions, and regulations of the said continental and provincial congresses to the utmost of our power and abilities." These proceedings of the North Carolina congress were signed by all its members. The decision of the majority controlled all; and the congress of North Carolina acted in thorough accord with the previous action of the continental congress. Hooper, Caswell, and Hewes, the delegates of North Carolina in the continental congress, were also delegates of the provincial congress of North Carolina, and took an active part in the deliberations of both bodies, which resulted in the adoption and unanimous signature of the resolutions of the 8th of July, and of the 23d of August, respectively; in which the provincial congress of North Carolina stood squarely by the continental congress in disclaiming "The ambitious design of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent states."

The "premature Mecklenburgers"—being true patriots—conformed their action to the will of a majority of the continental and provincial congresses; but this did not "wipe out" the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, or the glowing language of the preamble to that declaration.

On the 30th of April, 1819, the *Raleigh Register* published an account of the proceedings of the Mecklenburg county convention, including the declaration of independence, May 20, 1775. On June 20,



1819, a copy of that publication was inclosed in a letter written by ex-President John Adams to ex-President Thomas Jefferson. In that letter Mr. Adams says: "The genuine sense of America, at that moment, was never so well expressed before or since." And refers in terms of praise to the three representatives of North Carolina in the continental congress—Richard Caswell, William Hooper, and Joseph Hewes.

Jefferson replied on the 9th of July, 1819, discrediting the Mecklenburg declaration of independence. He says: "You seem to think it genuine, I believe it spurious. . . . Who is the narrator, and is the name subscribed real or is it as fictitious as the paper itself? It appeals, to an original book which is burnt; . . . to a joint letter from Caswell, Hooper, and Hewes, all dead; to a copy sent to the dead Caswell, and another sent to Dr. Williamson, now probably dead, whose memory did not recollect, in the history he has written of North Carolina, this gigantic step of its county of Mecklenburg. . . . Now, you remember, as well as I do, that he had not a greater tory in Congress than Hooper. . . . I do not affirm positively that this paper is a fabrication, . . . but I shall believe it such, until most positive and solemn proof of its authority shall be produced."

Jefferson's letter was published not long after it was written, and the required proof was soon produced. But, before giving a synopsis of that proof, attention will be called to some of the main points upon which Jefferson claims to base his belief that the "paper" was spurious. Dr. Williamson's history of North Carolina, includes the year 1770. It is true that at one time, he intended to bring it down to 1790. But he changed his mind and stopped his narrative at 1770. Therefore, the fact that the "gigantic" step taken by Mecklenburg county in 1775 was not mentioned in Williamson's history of North Carolina, which ends with 1770, cannot be accepted as proof of Jefferson's belief, that the "paper" is spurious. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that a building, in which an original record was stored, should be burned, or that men in active life in 1775 should have died before 1819. But Jefferson's statement, that there was not a greater tory in Congress than Hooper, calls for more particular notice.

In "Observations on the Writings of Thomas Jefferson" by H. Lee, it is stated that "Mr. Jefferson declared so late as the 29th of November, 1775, that there was not in the British empire a man who more cordially loved a union with Great Britain than he did." The

record shows that Mr. Hooper declared, in the provincial congress of North Carolina, in September, 1775, "That he did not desire to shake off all connection with the parent state, but his most earnest wish and prayer was to be restored to the state we were in before 1763." On this subject, Lee, in his "Observations," says: "So we have proof that Jefferson's attachment to the mother country was protracted two months longer than we have of Mr. Hooper's unwillingness to separate from her; therefore, by the combined showing of Mr. Jefferson and his biographer, the former was a greater tory than Hooper by two months, and he should have written to Mr. Adams, "There was not a greater tory than Mr. Hooper, except myself."

Mr. Tucker, in his "Life of Thomas Jefferson," regrets this heartless blow at the memory of a great and true patriot, and endeavors to mitigate Jefferson's conduct by explaining the two senses in which he used the word tory. He says it must not be understood as Mr. Jefferson habitually applied it to the Federalists, but only as expressing too protracted an attachment to Great Britain. On the latter point Lee's comment is conclusive in Hooper's favor—as against Jefferson's—on the question of "protracted attachment to Great Britain." Without farther reference to Jefferson's attempt to tarnish Hooper's reputation as a leading patriot, it is now proposed to give the evidence which conclusively shows that the "paper" published in the *Raleigh Register*, in 1819—so far from being a "canard," a "fabrication," and a "fraud"—is worthy of full credence, and gives the true history of the "gigantic step" taken by Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, on the 20th of May, 1775.

The following certificate was appended to the "paper" which Mr. Jefferson believed to be spurious:

"The foregoing is a true copy of the papers on the above subject left in my hands by John McKnitt Alexander, deceased. I find it mentioned on file that the original book was burned April 1st, 1800; that a copy of the proceedings was sent to Hugh Williamson, in New York, then writing a history of North Carolina, and that a copy was sent to General W. R. Davie." This is signed by "J. McKnitt," who was the son of John McKnitt Alexander, the latter being one of the secretaries of the Mecklenburg Convention, and the person who had charge of the "book" in which the proceedings of that convention were recorded. The true name of the son, who signed the above certificate, was originally

Joseph McKnitt Alexander. He was a physician. Whether Dr. Joseph McKnitt Alexander changed his name legally, or not, to J. McKnitt, is not material. The name deceived no one. The names of six Alexanders were signed \* to the proceedings of the Mecklenburg convention. They belonged to a numerous, well known, and influential family in that county. Mr. Jefferson asks, "Who is the narrator, and is the name subscribed real, or is it as fictitious as the paper itself?" These questions are definitely answered, so far as regards the name subscribed to the "paper." That the document in question was not fictitious as intimated by Mr. Jefferson, is clearly shown by the evidence of many of the best known citizens of North Carolina.

It has been seen, that when Jefferson's disbelief in the authenticity of the "paper" was published, Colonel Thomas Polk, who ordered the election of the delegates to the Mecklenburg county convention, was dead. In this state of affairs the editor of the *Raleigh Register* called on Colonel William Polk, the son of the deceased Colonel Thomas Polk, for an opinion in regard to the "paper" which Jefferson pronounced to be "spurious." Colonel William Polk, who, though but eighteen years of age at the time of the convention, was present and deeply interested, replied to the editor, assuring him of the correctness of the facts generally, though he thought there was an error as to the name of the secretary; but he would probably be able to correct this and throw further light on the subject, by inquiries among his old friends in Mecklenburg county. Colonel William Polk had removed from that county and then resided in Raleigh. The following certificates are in substance the result of Colonel William Polk's inquiries:

We were present in the town of Charlotte, in said county of Mecklenburg on the 19th day of May, 1775, when two persons elected from each captain's company appeared as delegates to take into consideration the state of the country. . . . The order for the election of delegates was given by Colonel Thomas Polk, the commanding officer of the militia of the county. The meeting took place in the court house, about 12 o'clock on the 19th of May, 1775, when Abraham Alexander was chosen chairman and Dr. Ephraim Brevard, secretary. The session continued until night of this day; on the 20th they met again, when the committee under the direction of the delegates had formed several resolves, which were read, and which went to declare themselves and the people of Mecklenburg county free and independent of the king and par-

\* Isaac McNitt Alexander was known as, and called, *Clerk Alexander*.

liament of Great Britain, which declaration was signed by every member of the delegation. We further believe the declaration of independence was drawn up by Dr. Ephraim Brevard, conceived and brought about by Colonel Thomas Polk, Abraham Alexander, Jno. McKnitt Alexander, Adam Alexander, John Phifer, Hezekiah Alexander and others. That a few days after the adjournment of the delegates, Captain James Jack, of Charlotte, was engaged to carry the resolves to the president of congress and to our representatives, one copy to each. And we do know, that Captain Jack executed his trust, and returned with answers, both from the president and our delegates expressive of their entire approbation of the course that had been adopted.

(Signed)

GEORGE GRAHAM (age 62)

JONAS CLARK (age 61)

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON (age 68)

ROBERT ROBINSON (age 68) "

John Simeson wrote to William Polk: "I have conversed with many old friends and others, and we all agree. . . . Colonel Thomas Polk issued orders for the election of delegates. . . . Of those who drew up the declaration thinks that Dr. Ephraim Brevard was principal, from his well known talents in composition. I was under arms near the head of the line, near Colonel Thomas Polk, and heard him distinctly read a long string of grievances, the declaration, and military orders."

Rev. Francis Cummins, in a letter to the Honorable Nathaniel Macon, says: "The males generally of the county met on a certain day in Charlotte, and from the head of the court house stairs proclaimed independence of the English government, by their herald, Colonel Thomas Polk. I was present, saw and heard it. . . . Captain James Jack, then of Charlotte, now of Elberton county, Georgia, was sent with an account of the proceedings to congress, then in Philadelphia, and brought back to the county the thanks of the congress for their zeal, and the advice of congress to be a little patient until they would take the measures thought best."

Captain James Jack corroborates, in the main, what is found in the above joint certificates and letters, he writes: "For some time previous

to, and *at the time* those resolutions *were agreed upon*, I resided in the town of Charlotte, . . . was privy to a number of meetings, etc., on the *subject*; before final adoption of the resolutions, and *at the time* they *were adopted*, . . . *When finally agreed upon*, the resolutions were publicly proclaimed from the court house. . . . I was then solicited to be the bearer of the proceedings to congress. . . . I then proceeded to Philadelphia and *delivered* the *Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence* of May, 1775, to Richard Caswell and William Hooper, delegates from North Carolina."

In 1829 the legislature of North Carolina appointed a committee,\* which was instructed to collate and arrange all documents accessible to them, touching the declaration of independence by the citizens of Mecklenburg county, made at Charlotte, May 20th, 1775. The report of that committee was submitted and adopted, because the evidence it obtained "could not fail to do away with all incredulity." The governor was authorized to have it published in pamphlet form, with an introductory narrative prepared by himself. Montford Stokes was then the governor. He had served in the war of the Revolution, and had held many public trusts, and was subsequently United States senator. In the preface to the pamphlet he states, that in 1793, Dr. Williamson, then living in New York, showed to him a copy of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence which he (the governor) recognized to be in the handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander.

Among the certificates embodied in the report of the legislative committee, there was one from Dr. Samuel Henderson, in which he says: "The paper annexed — the Mecklenburg declaration — was obtained by me from Major William Davie, in its present state soon after the death of his father, General William Davie, and † given to Dr. Joseph McKnitt by me." In a note the committee remark, "to this certificate is annexed a paper — (A), the Mecklenburg resolves — originally deposited by John McKnitt Alexander in the hands of General Davie, whose name seems to have been mistaken by Mr. Jefferson for that of General Caswell."

*Isaac Alexander*: "I was present in Charlotte on the 19th and 20th of May, 1775, when a regular deputation from all the Captains companies of militia in the county of Mecklenburg and others [he gives

\* Composed of Thomas G. Polk, John Bragg, Evan Alexander, Louis D. Henry, Alexander McKnitt.

† It had been torn, though it was perfectly legible.

their names] met to consult and take measures for the peace and tranquility of the citizens of said county, and who appointed Abraham Alexander their chairman, and Ephraim Brevard secretary, after due consideration declared themselves absolved from their allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and drew up a declaration of their independence which was unanimously adopted, and employed Captain James Jack to carry copies thereof to Congress."

*Samuel Wilson*: "That in May, 1775, a committee or delegation from the different militia companies in the county met in Charlotte; and after consulting together, they publicly declared their independence of Great Britain, and of her government." "I was then and there present, and heard it read from the court house."

*John Davidson* describes how the delegation was chosen, says that many others, not delegates, were present, and, "When the members met and were perfectly organized, a motion was made to *declare* ourselves *independent* of the *crown* of Great Britain, which was carried by a large majority." . . . Captain James Jack was appointed to take it on to the American Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, with particular instructions to deliver it to the North Carolina delegation—Caswell and Hooper. When Jack returned he stated that the Congress highly esteemed the patriotism of the citizens of Mecklenburg, but they thought them too premature. He adds that he thinks he "is the only person living who was a member of the convention."

*James Johnson*, of Knox county, Tennessee, but formerly of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina: "In the month of May, 1775, there were several meetings in Charlotte concerning the impending war. Being young, I was not called upon to take an active part, . . . but one thing I do positively remember, . . . Mecklenburg county did meet and hold a convention, declared independence, and sent a man to Philadelphia with the proceedings."

The Rev. Humphrey Hunter wrote a memoir of the Revolutionary War, in which he had served as a soldier. From it the following extract is made; he writes of the meeting on the 19th of May, 1775: "Abraham Alexander was chairman, and Ephraim Brevard and John McKnitt Alexander were chosen secretaries. A free, full, and dispassionate discussion obtained on the various subjects for which the delegation had been convened, and the following resolutions were unanimously

ordained. [The five resolves as published in the *Raleigh Register*, April, 1819 were given.] These having been concurred in, by-laws and regulations for the government of a standing committee of public safety were enacted and acknowledged, a select committee was appointed to report on the ensuing day a full and definite statement of grievances, together with a more correct and formal draft of the declaration of independence. The proceedings having been thus arranged, and somewhat in readiness for promulgation, the delegation then adjourned until to-morrow twelve (M.) o'clock. On the 20th of May, at twelve o'clock, the delegation as above had convened. The select committee was also present, and reported agreeably to instructions, *viz.*, a statement of grievances and formal draft of the declaration of independence, written by Dr. Ephraim Brevard, chairman of said committee, and read by him to the delegation; the by-laws and regulations were read by John McKnitt Alexander. It was then announced from the chair, are you all agreed? There was not a dissenting voice. Finally the whole proceedings were read distinctly and audibly at the court house door, by Colonel Thomas Polk, to a large, respectable and approving assembly of citizens, who were present and gave sanction to the business of the day. A copy of these transactions was drawn up, and given in charge of Captain James Jack of Charlotte, that he should present them to Congress, then in session in Philadelphia. On that memorable day, I was twenty years and eleven days of age, a very deeply interested spectator. . . . On the return of Captain Jack, he reported that Congress individually, manifested their entire approbation of the conduct of the Mecklenburg citizens; but deemed it premature to lay them officially before the house."

The evidence above cited is positive and direct, given by respectable parties, all of whom were present, and had personal knowledge of what they certified. Following the promulgation of the report of the proceedings of the legislature, as published in the pamphlet by Governor Stokes, historians referred to the Mecklenburg declaration of independence as an established fact.

Judge Martin, in his history of North Carolina, gives the Mecklenburg declaration, but instead of five gives six resolves, the last or sixth, directs that a copy of the declaration be sent to the continental congress. He refers to Captain Jack being sent to Philadelphia bearing the resolutions, and says: "The subject of the resolutions were deemed to be too premature to be laid before congress," and "Caswell, Hooper and Hewes forwarded a joint letter to the citizens of Mecklenburg."

In Hildreth, we find, "that the citizens of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, carried their zeal so far as to resolve at a public meeting to throw off the British connection, and they framed a formal declaration of independence."

Washington Irving, in his life of Washington, says: "Above all it should never be forgotten, that at Mecklenburg, in the heart of North Carolina, was fulminated the first declaration of independence of the British crown, upwards of a year before a like declaration of congress."

Stephens, Jones, and Wheeler—the last two being North Carolina men—all refer to the declaration of May 20th, 1775, as a fixed fact. We also quote from the "Public Domain," a large volume published by authority of congress (1875) on page 52: "At Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, May 20th, 1775, a convention of delegates from the county adopted the now famous Mecklenburg declaration of independence."

Other noted histories and many orations delivered by prominent citizens, might be quoted to still farther attest the truth in regard to the Mecklenburg declaration; but it is believed that the testimony already given is sufficient and ought to be conclusive in regard to the authenticity of the "paper" which was so harshly called in question by ex-President Jefferson. It seems, however, that some minds are incapable of comprehending the possibility that anything similar to the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, and signed by the members of the Continental Congress, on the fourth of July, 1776, could have emanated from a convention representing the citizens of a county of one of the colonial provinces of Great Britain. The political atmosphere of the times preceding the formal declaration made July 4th, 1776, was saturated with the idea of independence. It is stated on good authority that, "Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, in a speech delivered in Charleston, in 1766, advocated the independence of the colonies, and he was the first American to proclaim that thought." It is believed that this is not disputed. The letter of William Hooper of North Carolina, in 1774, has already been referred to. The "Bill of Rights," adopted by Virginia and other colonies—previous to the formal declaration on the 4th of July, 1776, breathes the same spirit of independence, and in words strikingly similar to those used by Jefferson in the Declaration that was signed by the members of the Continental Congress. That declaration was the culminating fruition of germs of thought, feeling, and expression that had for years permeated the best minds of the Colonies.



Revolutionary *action* was early developed in North Carolina. In the year 1765, on the arrival of the British sloop-of-war *Diligence*, in the Cape Fear River, a body of citizens frightened the captain of the sloop so that he did not attempt to land the "stamped paper" he brought out—then proceeded to the governor's house—demanded that he should desist from all attempts to execute the Stamp Act—forced him to deliver up the stamp master—carried the latter to the market house and there made him take an oath never to attempt to execute the duties of his office. On the 16th of May, 1771, in the battle of Alamance, the citizens of North Carolina poured out the first blood of the Revolution in resistance to British tyranny. On the 20th of May, 1775, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, made a declaration of independence, and submitted it for presentation to the continental congress, and on the 12th of April, 1776, the provincial congress of North Carolina took the lead of other States in instructing their delegates in the continental congress to vote for resolutions of independence.

The Mecklenburg declaration of May 20, 1775, having been deemed "premature" by the continental congress and by the provincial congress of North Carolina, it would probably have received no *special* attention, in the history of those times, but for the fact that the proceedings of the Mecklenburg convention, published by the *Raleigh Register* in 1819, were discredited, in severe terms, by the author of the 4th of July declaration of the independence of the United States of America. Jefferson's letter brought out incontestible evidence of the authenticity of the documents which he believed to be "spurious." It will be borne in mind that he did "not affirm positively" that the "paper" in question was "a fabrication," but he did say "I shall believe it such until most positive and solemn proof of its authenticity shall be produced." That proof was produced, and it might reasonably be supposed that this would have ended a discussion which probably never would have had any great prominence but for the letter written by ex-President Thomas Jefferson to ex-President John Adams.

But in the face of the preceding evidence, brought out soon after the publication of that letter in regard to the "paper" published by the *Raleigh Register* in 1819, an elaborate article of thirty-six pages appeared in the April number of the *North American Review* in 1874, in which an attempt was made to demonstrate that no declaration of independence emanated from a convention of citizens of Mecklenburg county,

in the town of Charlotte, North Carolina, on the 20th of May, 1775. The position held by Dr. James C. Welling—the author of that article—entitles it to a special notice. He has been professor, and is now president of Columbia College in the city of Washington, has a facile pen, pleasing style, and shows familiarity with the subject in all its phases. He is, in addition, a skilled rhetorician, with a classic vocabulary at easy command, but his logic is faulty, he is inaccurate in his statements; his presentation of the evidence is misleading, and with all his learning and reputed ability, he reaches false conclusions in regard to the authenticity of the “paper” which Jefferson himself could not have doubted after the presentation of the proof demanded. All of that proof was before Dr. Welling when he proposed, in 1874, to show that no declaration of independence was made in Charlotte, on the 20th of May, 1775. In order to make this demonstration possible, he boldly asserts that all the witnesses, who certified such a declaration was made at that time, and place—that they were present during the debate—heard the declaration read—knew that it was transmitted to the North Carolina delegates in the continental congress—and that these delegates replied that the presentation of the declaration to the general congress at that time would be premature—were all mistaken. Nothing short of the high standing of the person who made that assertion and that of the *Review*, in which the assertion was published makes it worthy of refutation. It is not proposed to follow Dr. Welling through the thirty-six pages of his article, nor to show how he reasoned himself into the real or pretended belief, that the so-called Mecklenburg declaration is a “canard” “a fabrication,” and a “fraud.” The erudite scholar is the one who is mistaken. This is proved by the foregoing facts and testimony.

CASSIUS M. WILCOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## PRESIDENT WELLING'S REPLY TO GENERAL WILCOX

I observe in the January number of the *MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY* an article signed by General C. M. Wilcox on the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, in which the writer, referring to a former paper of mine on the same subject in the *North American Review* for April, 1874, taxes me with being "faulty" in my logic, "inaccurate" in my statements, and "misleading" in my presentation of the evidence on this topic. Not satisfying himself with this prodigality of epithets, the gallant general adds that he does not propose to follow me "in the thirty-six pages of my article, nor to show how I reasoned myself into the real or pretended belief that the so-called Mecklenburg declaration of independence is a 'canard,' a 'fabrication,' and a 'fraud.'"

Forbearing any retort to the imputation on my candor in the gratuitous hypothesis that I may have reasoned in support of a "pretended belief," and simply premising, by way of illustrating the freedom with which General Wilcox writes, that the words "canard" and "fabrication" do not occur in the article to which he refers, and that the allegation of "fraud" in connection with the Mecklenburg declaration is expressly declared by me in that article to be unnecessary to my argument, I proceed at once to do for my censor what I could wish he had been willing to do for me. That is, I purpose to review *his* argument without resort to epithets or insinuations.

In the first place, I have to say that, while the article of General Wilcox is not at all remarkable for what it contains, it is very remarkable for what it omits. The reader who should know nothing about the so-called Mecklenburg declaration of independence in 1775, save that which is to be found in the compend rehearsed by General Wilcox, would know nothing at all about the real *crux* involved in this whole historical contention. That *crux* turns on the question whether the evidence popularly cited in North Carolina in support of the genuineness and authenticity of the declaration alleged to have been made on the 20th of May, 1775, should be understood as really relating to that publication, or to a later series of resolutions known to have been adopted by the same county on the 31st of May, 1775, as to the genuineness and authenticity of which there is no dispute whatsoever.

The text of the so-called declaration of May 20th is too well known to call for fresh recital. The resolutions of May 31st, twenty in number, are too voluminous to be here quoted textually. They proceed on the assumption specified in the preamble that the British parliament, by declaring the American colonies "in a state of actual rebellion," had left the American people free to consider that "all laws and commissions confirmed by or derived from the authority of the king and parliament were annulled," and that consequently the civil constitution "of each particular colony" had been "wholly suspended." To meet the emergencies thus created for Mecklenburg county, in common with the whole country, the resolutions further declare, *inter alia*, that all civil and military commissions in that county, as previously granted by the crown, "are null and void"; that all legislative and executive powers are vested in the provincial congress of each colony under the direction of the continental congress; that in the meantime the people of Mecklenburg should proceed to form certain rules for the civil government of the county; that the military officers of the county, *when chosen by the people*, should exercise their several powers by virtue of such popular choice "and independent of the crown of Great Britain and former constitution of this province"; that any person thereafter receiving or exercising a commission from the crown "should be deemed an enemy to his country"; that these resolutions should be "in full force and virtue until instructions from the provincial congress regulating the jurisprudence of the province should provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America"; and, finally, as an evidence that the framers of these resolutions were in earnest, it is ordered that the eight militia companies of the county should provide themselves with proper arms and accoutrements, and that Colonel Thomas Polk and Dr. Joseph Kennedy should be appointed to purchase on behalf of the county "three hundred pounds of powder, six hundred pounds of lead, and one thousand flints."

General Wilcox gives what he says are the five resolutions which constitute the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, though he omits to tell us that there are two or three other variants of these resolutions. If it were proper to mention that Judge Martin in his *History of North Carolina* adds a sixth resolution to the series, it would have been still more proper to explain where the judge found it, and what was the origin of the variation in the phraseology of the preceding five, since each of the variants cannot be equally genuine. General Wilcox supports

the genuineness of the text which he gives by citing the certificate appended to it in the original publication made for the first time in the *Raleigh Register* of April 30, 1819. That certificate was as follows:

"The foregoing is a true copy of the papers on the above left in my hands by John McKnitt Alexander, deceased. I find it mentioned on file that the original book was burned April, 1800; that a copy of the proceedings was sent to Hugh Williamson in New York, then writing a history of North Carolina, and that a copy was sent to Gen. W. R. Davie. J. McKnitt."

The "J. McKnitt" who signs this certificate is known to have been Dr. Joseph McKnitt Alexander, a son of the John McKnitt Alexander who is mentioned in its body. It is said that he was in the habit of dropping his natural patronymic in order to prevent a confusion of his identity in a county abounding with "Alexanders."

After citing this certificate, General Wilcox very strangely omits to inform the reader that the "copy of the proceedings," mentioned in it as having been "sent to General W. R. Davie," was afterwards discovered, and that to *this* copy a very different certificate was found to be attached—a certificate, too, authenticated by the full and proper name of John McKnitt Alexander himself, and not a certificate given avowedly at second hand, like that signed by his son "J. McKnitt." This original certificate runs as follows: (The italics are mine.)

"It may be worthy of notice here to observe that the foregoing statement, *though fundamentally correct, may not literally correspond with the original record of the transactions of said Delegation and Court of Enquiry*, as all those records and papers were burnt with the house on April 6, 1800; but previous to that time of 1800 a full copy of said records, at the request of Dr. Hugh Williamson, then of New York, but formerly a representative in Congress from this State, was forwarded to him by Col. William Polk, in order that those early transactions might fill their proper place in a history of this State then writing by said Dr. Williamson of New York.

"Certified to the best of my recollection and belief, this 3d day of September, 1800.

"J. MCK. ALEXANDER."

With this full certificate before us, we see that the certificate published by "J. McKnitt" in 1819 was only a truncated form of the cer-

tificate which had been attached to the "Davie copy" by his father. We see, too, that John McKnitt Alexander, in reproducing the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," professed to be only "fundamentally correct" in his reminiscences. He frankly stated that these reminiscences might not "literally correspond" with the original records (how could they, when the records had all been burnt?); and as if these honest *caveats* were not enough to prevent misconstruction, he was careful to certify only according to his "best recollection and belief."

As water in finding its natural level can never rise higher than its source, so the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" can never rise higher than its natural level in these "recollections" and "beliefs" of its original sponsor. This full certificate was published for the first time, so far as I know, by the Rev. Prof. Charles Phillips, D. D., in an elaborate article contributed by him to the *North Carolina University Magazine* of May, 1853. When Prof. Phillips wrote his article, the "Davie copy" of the declaration had been placed in his hands by Governor Swain, then President of North Carolina University, who had temporarily removed the copy from the archives of the state department at Raleigh, that it might be subjected to a critical inspection. After making his transcript of it, Prof. Phillips returned the "Davie copy" to Governor Swain. It is now reported to be lost or mislaid, but the authenticity of the certificate, as transcribed and published by Prof. Phillips, has never been questioned. I have private letters from him in which he confirms the textual accuracy of the certificate as given above in its integrity. His high personal character is a sufficient guarantee for his loyalty to truth in this matter. Moreover, as the document at the time of its publication was still in the custody of Governor Swain, it is impossible that a member of his faculty, writing with his full cognizance, could have published a falsification of the document without instantaneous detection and exposure.

It is greatly to be lamented, in the interest of historic faith and verity, that the publication heralded to the world by Dr. Joseph McKnitt in 1819 should have been accompanied by a certificate which omits the most significant and important parts of the certificate attached by his father to the "Davie copy." Whether his father attached different certificates to the several copies he made, or whether the son made an improper condensation of the certificate in 1819, I know not. The

facts in the case call for simple statement and not for imputations of fraud.

But it does not need to be said that, if the full and proper certificate made by John McKnitt Alexander in 1800 had been published in 1819 along with the memoranda communicated to the *Raleigh Register* in that year by his son, we should never have been haunted by the Mecklenburg legend of later times. If that legend had been at first published as the "recollections" of a venerable man who had drawn from the well of his memory a series of resolutions which, as originally preserved among his records and papers, had been burnt, the story would have been received at once, in North Carolina and elsewhere, precisely for what it was worth, and nothing more. But, as it was first published in 1819 without the reservations and qualifications made by its compiler, it is natural that it should have been received in North Carolina as a veracious document—impossible as it then was for the people of this State to know that the very author of the paper had certified to its doubtful character, as being only "fundamentally correct." I must leave to others, now that the facts are known, the responsibility of ignoring the candor and truthfulness of the man who took so much pains to warn the reader against an overvaluation of his reminiscences.

But General Wilcox cites a cloud of witnesses, all of them, as he says, "respectable parties," all of them having "personal knowledge of what they certified," and all of them giving evidence which is "positive and direct" in support of the authenticity of the so-called declaration alleged to have been made at Charlotte, in Mecklenburg county, on the 20th of May, 1775. It is to be regretted, however, that in simply reciting this evidence he accompanies it with no critical analysis whatsoever. When such a critical analysis is made, it will be found that *every one* of the witnesses whom he produces is not so much a witness to the authenticity of the resolutions of May 20th, as to that of the resolutions of May 31st. The testimony which they give is "positive and direct" in its affirmance of the resolutions of May 31st, as being the series which was really in the minds of these witnesses when they were called, some of them forty-four years and some of them fifty-five years after 1775, to bear their testimony in behalf of the Mecklenburg declaration. What makes their testimony the more valuable and decisive to this effect is the fact that when they gave in their written evidence the resolutions of May 31st had not yet been recovered in print. The discovery of this

series was first announced in 1838 by Peter Force. Yet so profound was the impression which had been made on the Mecklenburg mind by the resolutions of May 31st, even after they had been lost to sight and had been overlaid by the Alexander reminiscences, that *every one* of the witnesses summoned to sustain the authenticity of the declaration alleged to have been made on the 20th of May, is found (where he recalls any associated facts at all) to have identified his most striking recollections with some feature *peculiar to the resolutions of May 31st*. Even after their memories had been scraped to make room for the Alexander version of the declaration, the remembered facts of the meeting and proceedings of May 31, 1775, are seen perpetually "showing through," as in a palimpsest. In the composite photograph made on their minds by the old facts and by the new legend, it is the old facts of the meeting held on the 31st of May which will keep reasserting their predominance. The lesson is so curious, and at the same time so honorable to the candor of these witnesses, that, at the risk of some prolixity, I proceed to make a detailed analysis of *all* the evidence given by the Mecklenburg fathers when they were summoned in 1819 and 1830 to tell what they knew about the declaration of independence alleged to have been made on the 20th of May, 1775. To the facts and to the testimony.

John McKnitt Alexander himself, the author of the Mecklenburg recollections, shows by the text of the fourth and fifth resolutions of his series, and by the accompanying historical note, that he was endeavoring to recall the proceedings of May 31st. He says that the meeting declared the defeasance of all officers, civil and military, then holding under the crown. This is what was done at the meeting of May 31st. He says that the meeting then proceeded to reinstate every military officer of the county in his former command, and *to appoint every member of the delegation who was present a civil officer for the county!* This would have left nothing to be done at the meeting of May 31st. That meeting, we know, provided that *the people should elect their own officers, both civil and military*. The unhistorical nature of Alexander's recollections, even where he is honestly groping for the truth, is set by these facts in the clearest possible light.

It is conceded on all hands that the Mecklenburg manifesto of May, 1775, whatever may have been its tenor, was sent by express to the continental congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. Captain James Jack



rode express as its bearer, and he testifies that he allowed the resolutions to be publicly read in open court at Salisbury, the county seat of Rowan, the neighboring county of Mecklenburg. This was early in June, 1775, for Captain Jack testifies that he passed through Salisbury early in June, when on his way to Philadelphia. He further testifies that he heard of only one person in Salisbury who disapproved of the resolutions. This fact ascertains the tenor of the resolutions, for the people of Rowan, at a public meeting held in Salisbury on the 1st of June, had just reaffirmed their loyalty to the British crown, and had formally invoked their brethren of Mecklenburg to unite with them in praying that the two counties "might be allowed to have their chartered rights as British subjects, *with the present House of Hanover in legal succession.*" \* The absurdity of such a prayer in case Mecklenburg had "declared independence," on the 20th of May, or the absurdity of supposing that such a "declaration," if made, had not reached the adjoining county of Rowan on the 1st of June, is too apparent to call for remark. Moreover, the royal governor of North Carolina, in a letter under date of June 30, 1775, transmitted to Lord Dartmouth a newspaper copy of certain resolutions, which, as adopted by "the Committee of Mecklenburg," "surpass," he says, "all the horrid and treasonable publications" of that time, reports that the "said resolves" were sent off by express to the congress at Philadelphia "*as soon as they were passed in the committee.*" Before Mr. Bancroft had discovered, in the British state paper office, a newspaper copy of the resolutions of May 31st, it was common to suppose that the governor must have had the declaration of May 20th in his mind, and that when Captain Jack found himself in Salisbury, in the month of June, 1775, he was carrying the declaration of May 20th to Philadelphia. An express rider carrying to Philadelphia a copy of important proceedings had at a meeting in Charlotte on the 20th of May, and arriving in Salisbury, forty miles from Charlotte, *early in the month of June*, would move "the inextinguishable laughter of the gods" in Homer. Yet the humor of this comical situation never dawns on the mind of an orthodox believer in the authenticity of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence at Charlotte Town on the 20th of May, 1775! Let us pass to other witnesses.

Alphonso Alexander, Amos Alexander, and J. McKnitt unite in testifying that they had frequently heard William S. Alexander say that he met Captain Jack in Philadelphia on the day that "General Washington left Philadelphia to take command of the northern army." This

\* Wheeler: *Historical Sketches of North Carolina*, p. 365.

was the 23d of June, 1775. Captain Jack was then in Philadelphia as the bearer of the Mecklenburg resolutions. We have already inferred the date of these resolutions, but, in further evidence, it is to be added that *a few days after June 23d* the resolutions of *May 31st* are found to have been published in the northern newspapers. The inference is easy. They were the resolutions which Jack brought.

Francis Cummins, another of the witnesses, testifies that he "cannot keep the dates," but that Captain Jack brought back to the Mecklenburgers the "thanks" of congress for their zeal, while advising patience "till congress should take the measures thought to be best." As the congress at that time was sedulously and honestly bent on a policy of reconciliation, it is plain that a declaration of independence would have startled the assembly from its propriety instead of eliciting "thanks." But such a message was entirely in keeping with the resolutions of May 31st.

General Joseph Graham testifies that among the "reasons" offered for declaring independence was one alleging that "the king or ministry had, by proclamation or some edict, declared the colonies out of the protection of the British crown." Now, this is the very sum and substance of the preamble of the resolutions adopted on the 31st of May. No such "reason" is formulated in the alleged series of May 20th.

The Rev. Humphrey Hunter testifies that, in connection with the resolutions, "a set of laws and regulations for the government of a standing committee of Public Safety was enacted and acknowledged." This was the formal work of the meeting held on the 31st of May.

George Graham, William Hutchinson, Jonas Clark, and Robert Robinson unite in averring that, at the time of the Mecklenburg declaration, "a Committee of Safety for the county were elected, who were clothed with civil and military power" for the trial of disaffected persons. The ordinances to this effect were adopted at the meeting of May 31st.

John Simeson testifies that the same committee which made the declaration (whatever it was) "appointed three men to secure all the military stores for the county's use—Thomas Polk, John Phiifer, and Joseph Kennedy." This is a very accurate reminiscence of the precise terms of the 20th resolution in the series of May 31st. Simeson, in the lapse of time—forty-five years—had simply added one member too many to the military committee. He was right as to Thomas Polk and

Joseph Kennedy. No such committee is named in the resolutions of May 20th.

Isaac Alexander certifies that Dr. Ephraim Brevard was the secretary of the meeting which passed the declaration. Dr. Ephraim Brevard is the recorded secretary of the meeting held on the 31st of May.

John Davidson certifies that, at the meeting which he attended, Dr. Ephraim Brevard was appointed "to give us a sketch of the declaration of Independence, which he did." It is known that Dr. Ephraim Brevard drafted the resolutions of May 31st.

This completes the roll-call of all the witnesses summoned in this historical inquest, except two—Samuel Wilson and James Johnson, who testify to no particular facts at all in connection with the alleged declaration.

In the mere matter of the competing dates—May 20th or May 31st—the great preponderance of the testimony of these witnesses is against fixing the date at May 20th. Captain Jack, Samuel Wilson, and James Johnson will only say that the meeting was held "in May"; John Simeson, that it was held "towards the close of May"; John Davidson, that the declaration was made "twelve months before that of congress"; and Francis Cummins, that it was made "before July 4, 1776." Alphonso Alexander, Amos Alexander, and J. McKnitt represent that they have heard it said that Captain Jack bore a declaration made on May 20th. George Graham, William Hutchinson, Jonas Clark, and Robert Robinson testify to the date of May 20th only on their "best recollection and belief"—a testimony rendered at a time when the series of May 31st had not been yet resuscitated from the oblivion into which it had fallen.

In the disputed matter of the secretaryship of the meeting which passed the "Declaration," the testimony is still more emphatic against the accuracy of the Alexander reminiscences. Alexander says, in the historical note accompanying the supposed resolutions of May 20th, that *he* was the sole secretary of that meeting. Dr. Ephraim Brevard is the recorded secretary of the meeting which passed the resolutions of May 31st. Now, among all these witnesses, there is only one who confirms the recollection of John McKnitt Alexander on this point. Six witnesses

name Ephraim Brevard as the secretary, and one witness names them both in this relation.

That, among the witnesses specially called to substantiate the alleged declaration of May 20th, there should be this preponderance of testimony in favor of the resolutions of May 31st—first, on the score of *obiter dicta* dropped in these testifications; secondly, on the score of the dates; and, thirdly, on the score of the disputed secretaryship—is a very surprising fact. But the fact, for being surprising, only attests the more strongly the reality of the manifesto they were “feeling after” in a darkness which had been rendered visible by the publication of “J. McKnitt” in 1819. Beset as they were with “leading questions,” honestly put and honestly answered after a discussion arose as to the genuineness and authenticity of the “declaration,” they are found throwing the weight of their testimony on the side of the resolutions of May 31st—that is, when their testimony is carefully weighed instead of being idly counted by tale.

Of these resolutions it need not be said that they are very wise and very magnanimous declarations—but they are not a declaration of independence. It is easy, however, to perceive how they might have been transfigured into such a supposed declaration, when, the record-books of Mecklenburg having been burnt, they were seen through the prismatic glass of John McKnitt Alexander's imperfect memory, and came to be blended in that memory with scraps from Richard Henry Lee's resolution of July 2, 1776, and with a single but most familiar passage in Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of our National Independence.

It remains to say that we are not left on this question to mere inferences drawn from documentary evidence in order to affirm more positively that it was the resolutions of May 31st which Captain Jack carried to the continental congress at Philadelphia in the month of June, 1775. We have proof to this effect which is *positive, direct, and cogent*. As has been already said, Mr. Bancroft found THESE resolutions in the British state paper office, and we have the certificate\* of Sir Thomas Duffers Hardy, deputy keeper of the records, that “no copy of the declaration of the 20th of May, 1775, though searched for several times” has

\* For a copy of this certificate I am indebted to my friend, Daniel R. Goodloe, Esq., of North Carolina.

ever been found in that office. It is therefore the resolutions of May 31st that Governor Martin must have transmitted when he wrote to Lord Dartmouth under date of June 30, 1775: "A copy of THESE resolves, I am informed, was sent off by express to the congress at Philadelphia as soon as they were passed." \*

But the contemporaneous evidence does not end here. It has been seen that the resolutions of May 31st enacted regulations for the civil government of Mecklenburg county, only "until the provincial congress should provide otherwise, *or until the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America.*" If, then, the Mecklenburg patriots passed a declaration of independence on the 20th of May, they recanted it ten days afterward. Is it worth while to tax them with this infirmity of purpose on the strength of J. McKnitt Alexander's reminiscences?

Nor is this all. The prime movers of the alleged declaration of May 20th are said to have been Colonel Thomas Polk and John McKnitt Alexander. Waightstill Avery and John Phifer are numbered among the putative "signers" of the "Declaration" of May 20th. Now, these four men were members of the North Carolina provincial congress, which met at Hillsborough on the 20th of August, 1775. As members of that congress, these Mecklenburg patriots, in common with their associates, all signed a "Test of Loyalty and Patriotism" which commenced with "professing allegiance to the king and acknowledging the constitutional executive power of government." Who wishes to believe that the men who plighted their honor to such a profession had signed a declaration of independence on the 20th of May preceding, and had then, for the "maintenance" of that declaration, "solemnly pledged to each other their mutual co-operation, their lives, their fortunes, and their most sacred honor"? Yet this is the pledge they then made, according to the reminiscences of John McKnitt Alexander. Are those reminiscences worth more than the "sacred honor" of these men?

\* In the February number of this magazine, Mr. Wm. Harden, librarian of the Georgia historical society, calls attention to the fact that, in a letter dated June 20, 1775, Sir James Wright, the royal governor of Georgia, transmitted to the earl of Dartmouth certain "extraordinary resolves of the people of Charlotte Town, Mecklenburg County." Mr. Harden thinks the letter may be an "addition to the authorities cited by General Wilcox." It is indeed a very valuable "addition," but it works by subtraction from his "authorities." Mr. Bancroft found that the "extraordinary resolves" transmitted by Governor Wright were those of May 31, 1775. He found them with the original letter transmitting them.

Nor is this all. On the 8th of September, 1775, these same delegates from Mecklenburg united with their colleagues of the provincial congress in the unanimous adoption of an address to the inhabitants of Great Britain, in which they said: "We have been told that independence is our object; that we seek to shake off all connection with the parent state. *Cruel suggestion! Do not all our professions, all our actions contradict this?*" Could the men from Mecklenburg have said this in September, 1775, if they had joined in a declaration of independence on the 20th of May, 1775? They were Christian men, and they fervently searched the very intents of their hearts in disclaiming disloyalty to the British crown. They said in the same address: "We again declare and *we invoke the Almighty Being who searches the recesses of the human heart and knows our most secret intentions*, that it is our *earnest wish and prayer* to be restored with the other colonies to that state in which we and they were placed before the year 1763."

But the language which they hold in this address is entirely consistent with the resolutions of May 31st. The address continues: "Whenever we have departed from the forms of the constitution, our own safety and self-preservation have dictated the expedient. . . . As soon as the cause of our fears and apprehensions is removed, *with joy will we return these powers to their regular channels*; and such institutions, formed from mere necessity, shall end with the necessity which created them." This is a declaration in which the upholders of the resolutions of May 31st could have joined with entire candor and honor.

It is common to allege that the declaration of May 20th was made subject to the control of congress, and that, after congress refused to approve the act, the members from Mecklenburg could candidly say in September, that "all their professions and actions" made the charge of aiming at independence a "cruel suggestion." The plea is submitted without comment.

When a tradition like the Mecklenburg *mythus*, confessed by its framer to be drawn from "recollections," can be shown at the threshold to be improbable, and not only improbable but incredible, and not only incredible but morally impossible, and yet can find ready believers and zealous champions, we should not be surprised at any amount of facility betrayed in the acceptance of statements which make for the alleged declaration, or at any amount of skepticism displayed in the rejection of statements which make against it. The student of history must make

his account with this psychological trait at a thousand points. It is not at all peculiar to Mecklenburg or to North Carolina. But a few illustrations of this psychological peculiarity spring naturally out of the present discussion.

When General Wilcox writes that in my *North American Review* article I reasoned myself into the belief that the Mecklenburg declaration was a "fraud," he had before him the words in which that allegation was pronounced unnecessary. Yet nobody will suspect General Wilcox of any intentional misstatement. An orthodox disciple who prefers to have more faith in the authenticity of the Mecklenburg declaration than the author of the recollections concerning it was willing to avow, should not be expected to measure the force of human language when he writes on this topic.

It was long a current tradition of the Brevard family, in North Carolina, after the popular symbolism of the alleged declaration of independence had prevailed over the more prosaic text of the resolutions of May 31st, that their ancestor in writing the "declaration" had been inspired by the "Westminster Confession of Faith." For merely reproducing this tradition, on the published authority of a member of the Brevard family, I have been charged by my friend, the late Governor William A. Graham, with making an "unfolded statement." The charge was not only harsh, as coming from one of the most candid of men, but was also not a little adventurous; for there are very few men who can afford to make their ignorance the boundary of other men's knowledge. Governor Graham did not know, of course, at the time of his writing, that I had in my hands, and still have in my hands, private proof, as well as published proof, from a member of the Brevard family, affirming the literal accuracy of my statement.\*

General Wilcox hastens to believe that the reason why Williamson makes no mention of the Mecklenburg declaration in his history was that he "stopped his narrative at 1770." This stoppage of his narrative has not, however, prevented Williamson from recording the discovery of "a subterranean wall in Rowan county" as late as 1794, and

\* See *National Intelligencer*, November 6, 1857. Also, *The True Witness* (a Presbyterian newspaper of New Orleans), May 26, 1860.

Cf. MS. letter from the Rev. R. E. Sherrill, of Sherman, Texas writing to me from his personal knowledge of the tradition, as derived from a niece of Dr. Ephraim Brevard.

from giving the abbreviated statistics of the cotton crop for 1811! The descendants of John McKnitt Alexander were not so easily pacified on this subject. Joseph Wallis, a grandson of the said Alexander, tells us that he saw his father stamp on Williamson's book, on receiving a copy of it, because it made no mention of the "Declaration."† Yet there was an excellent reason why the book should have contained no hint of the "Declaration"; for it appears from the full and proper certificate of John McKnitt Alexander that Dr. Williamson was favored with a copy of the "records and papers" on this subject *before they had been burnt!*

Governor Graham in his centennial address lays much emphasis on the fact that General Jackson had in his possession a copy of the Mecklenburg declaration of May 20th, "printed on satin and in a gilt frame." The origin of this "satin copy" was admitted to be unknown, but, from the large space given to it in his address, Governor Graham evidently held it to be of some circumstantial value, at least as showing the faith of General Jackson in the premises. Scarcely had Governor Graham sent to me a copy of his address when I was placed in correspondence with the printer, Colonel Heiskell, of Knoxville, Tenn., who had put that satin copy to the press! "Yes," he said, "I set it myself in 1825, or about that year. You can see our imprint plainly enough on the facsimile copy: 'Heiskell & Brown, printers.'"\* This facsimile was published in the New York *Herald* of May 20, 1875, as being the oldest copy of the declaration "yet discovered in print," and as probably dating about the year 1800!

General Wilcox points with satisfaction to the fact that excellent historians, like Hildreth, Washington Irving, Jones, Wheeler, and others have lent credit to the authenticity of the Mecklenburg declaration. But these historians must be confronted with such *critical* students of history as Bancroft and the late Peter Force, who both remit this story to the limbo of unauthenticated tradition. In the monumental work of Winsor—the *Narrative and Critical History of America*—it is frankly stated, after a brief *résumé* of the controversy, that the opinion of "students" is generally adverse to the authenticity of the alleged declaration.† It

† See *The National Intelligencer*, August 12, 1857.

\* A full account of this "satin copy" is given by the printer of it in the Knoxville (Tenn.) daily *Press and Herald* of May 23, 1875.

† Winsor: *Narrative and Critical History*, vol. vi., p. 256.



is simply as such a student that I have borne a humble part in this discussion, inspired to the task, I hope, by the love of historic truth, and certainly inspired with a profound veneration for the patriotic men of Mecklenburg, who first struck the key-note of political and civil reconstruction in 1775.

JAMES C. WELLING.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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#### SOME SIDE-LIGHTS ON REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

In Carolina alone of all the American colonies the plan of civic organization was modeled after royal and aristocratic prototypes. The "Lords Proprietors" (1663-5) were constituted with absolute control of the United colony—North and South Carolina were not separated till 1729.

Two great attractions to immigrants were offered from the first, *viz.*: full religious liberty, guaranteed to all; and freedom from taxation, except with consent of the legislature. No support was given to the Established Church; nor was dissent from it held to be a crime punishable by exile, as was the case in Virginia. Many Quakers and others came as a consequence of this religious freedom.

In 1670 Locke's celebrated "Fundamental Constitutions" were foisted upon the colony, and this absurd attempt at government was not formally abandoned till 1693.

But the spirit of liberty, as usual in the colonies, was fostered by the petty tyrannies of the "Lords Proprietors." The people banished one of these "Proprietor" governors for extortion, and imprisoned another, along with his council on a charge of misgoverning, and infringing upon the guaranteed rights of the people. The populace then proceeded to elect a legislature, and, for two years, governed themselves.

The Proprietary government was abolished in 1729—the year in which the colony was divided. The population was then estimated at 13,000; but in forty years, or say 1770, the number had grown to 300,000.

As to nationality, the population was Scotch, Scotch-Irish, English, Swiss, Germans, and Dutch; religiously, it was Presbyterian, Moravian,

Lutheran, Huguenot, or Quaker. Religious, as well as political, liberty was as attractive to the immigrants as were soil and climate. Every attempt to "establish" the Church met violent opposition. The Stamp Act of 1766 was forcibly resisted, and the vessel bearing the news of its passage to Carolina was not allowed to enter port. Extortions on the part of the Crown officers led to remonstrances, petitions to legislatures, governors, and Parliament; then, to open war. But the recusants—about 3000 strong—were defeated by Governor Tryon in a battle on the Great Alamance—a tributary of the Haw—with a loss of about 200 killed, and six of the prisoners taken were hanged for high treason. The insurgents took the oath of allegiance. Tryon, however, was soon afterward succeeded as governor by Josiah Martin. But the spirit of insubordination was kept alive. Incessant wranglings about unlawful taxation and other infringements of guaranteed rights, kept the land in turmoil; the governor and the Crown officers on one side; the body *im-politic* on the other.

North Carolina sent delegates to the first Continental Congress, September, 1774; and united in the declaration of Colonial rights.

But the Continental congress moved too slowly for the fiery Scotch-Irish of Mecklenburg County, on the southern border. On the 19th of May, 1775, news came of the battle of Lexington—just one month after it had taken place, and on the following day, the people met and adopted the famous "Mecklenburg Resolutions," which declared "all laws and commissions by authority of King and Parliament" to be null and "vacated." A new government for the county was instituted, which recognized the authority of the Continental Congress only. North Carolina was the first of all the colonies to instruct delegates to the Congress to vote for formal independence of the British Crown.

The famous "Mecklenburg Resolutions," adopted thirteen and a half months before the General Declaration, are well known to students of our national history, but are little known to the general public of our citizens. Under six "Resolutions" much more terse, much less classic, yet not less forceful than Jefferson's famous work, the rights and the wrongs of mankind in general and of the American colonists in particular, were set forth, and the resolution of the people follows upon this preamble:

THE MECKLENBURG RESOLUTIONS

*Resolved*, That whosoever directly, or indirectly, abets, or in any way, form, or manner countenances the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America and the rights of men.

*Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us with the Mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connection with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.

*Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people, under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation and lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

*Resolved*, That we hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct, all and each of our former laws, and the Crown of Great Britain cannot be considered as hereafter holding any rights, privileges, or immunities amongst us.

*Resolved*, That all officers, both civil and military, in this county, be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, and exercise the powers of a Justice of the Peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of country, until a more general, and better organized system of government be established.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body."

Twenty-three names are appended to this document, each signed in

a plain, bold hand, as though the subscriber might not be signing his own death warrant and furnishing proof positive of committing high treason.

Eleven days later (May 31st) a regular form of government was organized at Charlotte, and a State Provincial Congress was called to meet at Hillsboro, August 20th. This body recognized the abdication of the governor, and organized the militia for defense of the State, and maintenance of the new government. In the autumn troops were sent by the Provincial Assembly to help Virginia against Lord Dunmore.

Thus far the Mecklenburg Declaration and the immediate results. We have seen the patriots on dress parade, as it were, and in their Sunday clothes. We see that they went much farther than did the General Congress of the next year: inasmuch as they clothed themselves with separate and judicial authority. They constituted themselves law-makers, law-executors, and law judges. Really, the powers assumed were, in their last analysis, far more dangerous than the authorities so promptly set aside. But the justification urged was that of an emergency, a means for self-preservation. The new régime was not to be permanent, only "until a more general and better organized system of government be established." Thus far the general student may follow the Mecklenburg history. Now for the "side-lights" names at the head of this article—lights which have not gleamed thus far upon this backwoods government in the wilds of North Carolina.

In possession of Capt. W. E. McElwee of Rockwood, Tenn., is an old Bible—an ancient heirloom in the Brown family of East Tennessee. This branch of the Browns is of the pioneer stocks of Tennessee. It has furnished some of the State's best known men both in its civil and in military history.

On the thick blank leaves of this old Bible, Morgan Brown, the family's Tennessee progenitor, has recorded for his descendants some reminiscences of personal history. He gives the date and place of his birth: "January 13, 1758, at Grassy Island, Pedee river, Anson County N. C." He says that his father intended him for a physician; but on account of the poor quality of the schools in his own vicinity, felt compelled to send him to Charlotte for an education. This was in 1774. But he was first sent on horseback to Maryland, on a business matter. "I crossed Chesapeake Bay at Annapolis, and having to pass a British

ship of war, our boat was hailed and a little detained by her; but on the ferryman assuring the captain that he had only a lad on board from North Carolina, who was going to see relatives in Maryland, he was permitted to pass."

"We reached Kent's island and I came to my aunt Rachel Brown's . . . After a stay of four or five weeks, I commenced my journey homeward. I called again at my aunt Rachel Brown's on Kent's Island, and as her house was immediately opposite Annapolis, I had a clear view of the brig,<sup>1</sup> which was burned loaded with tea. The circumstance happened the night I stayed there. I have been surprised not to see this mentioned in the histories of the Revolutionary war, when so much has been said of the throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor.

"I proceeded to Hillsboro, N. C. At this place I saw the first party of emigrants that moved to Kentucky under the auspices of Judge Henderson. They marched out of town with great solemnity.

"The remarkable events of this year (1774) were the great May frosts (5th, 6th and 7th) destroying the wheat in the ear and killing stout trees, and again as early as September 11th, the battle with the Shawnees at the Great Kanawa, and the settlement of the first families in Kentucky.

"It was late in the fall before I went to Charlotte to begin my studies. The increasing prospect for war was such that, filled with zeal and enthusiasm for the liberties of my country, I determined to give her my aid at first call. I was now turning my 17th year. Armed with a good rifle, a pistol and a tomahawk in my belt, and a silver crescent with the words, 'Liberty, or Death,' placed on the front cock of my hat,<sup>2</sup> I rode into the town ready for the first emergency.

"War had already begun in North Carolina. The battle of Alamance Creek had been fought; *the head men had signed a Declaration of Independence*,<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Polk, standing on a stump in the courthouse yard, had read it aloud to the people. At the May term of court,

<sup>1</sup> The *Peggy Stewart*.

<sup>2</sup> Such crescents are described and figured by Lassing (*Field-Book*, II, 381,) as worn by the Lillingtons, father and son, of North Carolina, during the Revolution.

<sup>3</sup> The italics are Prof. Scomp's.

which was attended by a great many already much excited, was received the news of the battle of Lexington. The news was first whispered by the messenger; then the crier proclaimed it in a loud voice. The court was sitting: some of the magistrates were Whigs and some Tories. At first the people seemed struck with awe and silence, then became clamorous and excited. The sheriff was, by some, ordered to adjourn the court, which he did in his usual form until the last words, 'God save the King.' These the people ordered him to omit, and the Tory magistrates ordered him to repeat, saying 'they would have him to know that the court sat in the King's name, and by his royal authority.' Several people standing near the door forbade the conclusion in these words, declaring the court should never perform another act in the King's name, or by his authority. High words ensued and threats were made, but the people rushed out, taking the sheriff and the Whig magistrates with them, and left the Tory magistrates by themselves; but they soon left the bench.

"After some confusion it was agreed by the people that the court should reconvene, to transact some unfinished business; but it should not be called in the King's name, and the words, 'God save the King,' should not be added, 'for we will have nothing more done in the King's name.' And thus ended royal authority; for the court, after closing the records, never assembled again.

"The heads of the people came together. All law had now been abolished. It was agreed to appoint a committee of the most respectable men in the county, who should exercise general and discretionary powers in the civil and military departments, restraining all wrongs, settling all controversies among the people, and corresponding with the head men in other counties. This committee appointed a person to act as marshal, or sheriff, to carry their resolves into execution; and this office fell to my lot, young as I was; and I must confess that I felt highly gratified, as it was entirely unsolicited.

"A similar change took place generally throughout the counties of the province; but to be particular in every instance would be to write a history of the Revolutionary war, for which I have neither time nor inclination; but I thought it would be gratifying to my children to know how the bonds of government were dissolved, and how a rational people may establish a rational free government of their own choice.

All government had flowed from the King to the people, who were subjects; now the order was to be reversed, and the people became sovereign and the law emanated from them. . . .

"Under the administration of the committee good order was preserved. If a man owed a debt that was due, he was ordered to pay, or secure his creditor. If he refused or delayed, his property was ordered seized or sequestered, till he did.

"The adjustment of disputed accounts was done by one or two neighbors appointed by the committee, and it was better done than by the courts' employing a host of officers, counselors, barristers, lawyers, attorneys, pettifoggers, clerks, writers, recorders, marshals, sheriffs, deputies, constables, bailiffs' and catchpolls; all of whom comes in for his fee before the suitor can establish the smallest of his rights. More business would be done by the committee in a few hours than would be done in courts, with legal procrastination, in as many months, and much more to the satisfaction of parties. If men fell out, one or two of their neighbors were ordered to settle their differences. I have known complicated cases of title and boundaries of land settled by some neighbors ordered convened on the premises, in one day, and without one cent of cost and greatly to the satisfaction of all parties. This kind of government continued a year or so. But I return to my subject.

"An insurrection of the Scotch inhabitants of Anson and Bladen counties bid fair to give serious employment; but the Whigs rose in arms so quick that they (the Scotch) were intercepted at Moore's Creek before they got to Wilmington, the place of their rendezvous. Here an engagement took place, and Gen. McLeod, their leader, was killed, and his father-in-law, Col. McDonald, with a number of others, taken prisoners on the battle ground, and a number of others who fled fell into the hands of another party of Whigs who were also in pursuit. McDonald, with some of the principal leaders, were sent to Philadelphia, and the rest liberated on a kind of parole and promise of good behavior.

"The spirit of Toryism seeming to be pretty well suppressed in this part of the country, I joined a regiment of rangers under the command of Col. Wm. Thompson of South Carolina. The regiment consisted of between four and five hundred volunteer horsemen, whose business it was to range in companies through different parts of the country and keep order and suppress insurrection. We were allowed twenty pounds

per month which was in full pay for rations, arms and horse-feed; for every man had to furnish his own horse and expenses. Early in the spring of 1776 the regiment took the field against the British, and went toward Charleston. In May we camped at the Mile House. We were, after some coaxing and artifice, induced to leave our horses and march on to Sea Island along the coast, and finally on to Sullivan's Island, about fifteen or twenty days before the British fleet destined for that place appeared in sight. They cast anchor outside the bar, their largest vessels having to lighten before they could cross. But after a few days they crossed and anchored in Five-Fathom Hole till they refitted again.

H. A. SCOMP.

ALDERSON. W. VA.

*(To be continued.)*





## THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

### CHAPTER VI—(*Continued*)

#### A BEAU OF THE OLD RÉGIME

**I** DO not wonder, as some have done, that women like your gay and enterprising admirers, who never put their timid delicacy to the task of making advances, or offering undue encouragement to their sheepishness. The province of the sex is to act always on the defensive in the strife of love, and nothing I should imagine is more provoking to their pride, or painful to their delicacy, than to be obliged to open their gates spontaneously, or even step out of their intrenchments, to humor the coward bashfulness, or stubborn pride, of one who displays his affection by keeping at a distance, and makes himself agreeable by utter neglect.

Catalina, notwithstanding the perverse behavior of Sybrandt, had a sort of intuitive perception, which is common to women, and stands them in the stead of wisdom and philosophy, that he had a strange sort of abstract preference for her. This idea gave him an interest in her eyes, which caused her to watch him narrowly, at those times when she was receiving the gallant attentions of Colonel Sydenham with encouraging smiles. On these occasions she fancied she could often detect the boiling eddies rolling beneath the apparently unruffled surface of stupid indifference. Sometimes her vanity, nay her heart was pleased with the discovery, for she remembered that she owed her life to him, and with all his strange and wayward neglect and awkwardness, there were at long and rare intervals sparks of intellect and spirit, which indicated the hidden treasures that lay buried beneath the rubbish of his rustic habits. Sometimes she resolved to try and bring him forward in the society of the newcomers, by kindness and attention; at others she felt provoked to make him the subject of ridicule, and more than once, without a spark of ill nature or malignity, she planted daggers in his bosom. O ridicule!—how often does it in its thoughtless gambols fling poisoned darts, and red hot shot, that blister where they light! There are souls in this world, incrustated with an outward shell of roughness or deformity, so keen, so sensitive, that the pointing of the finger is torture—the touch of scorn, madness. They sweat with inward agonies, at the moment when pride

and timidity, so closely veil their feelings, that while their very hearts are bursting, they exhibit to the careless eye nothing but stupid insensibility, or insufferable pride. Such was this unhappy young man, of whom at this period, it was doubtful whether he would ever be known and properly appreciated, even by the friend of his heart, or the wife of his bosom; for he seemed destined never to be blessed with either.

Though he kept as much as possible away from the mansion-house, there were times when his wayward temper carried him there almost in spite of himself, or when the blustering, peremptory gayety of Ariel would force him from his moody solitudes into the pleasant social circle that was almost always to be found at Mr. Vancour's. One night a little party had collected there, consisting of the gallant Colonel Sydenham, two or three of his officers, the noisy Ariel, and the daughters of half a score of the most substantial burghers of Albany. A furious thunderstorm had come on in the early part of the evening, and it was settled that the whole party should remain all night where they were, to the great delight of Uncle Ariel, whose soul expanded with indescribable satisfaction at the thought of a merry party and a social supper. These, or something like them, were the only stimulants that could keep the good soul awake after the fowls had gone to roost. The colonel happened to be describing a dish of boiled fowl and rice common in the East Indies, which struck Ariel's fancy wonderfully. He disappeared shortly afterwards, and continued to pass in and out of the room occasionally, without being particularly noticed by anybody, for he never could be quiet when anything was going forward about the house.

"Sybrandt," said Madam Vancour, with the good-natured intention of rousing him from the chaos of stupidity in which he had remained bewildered for a long time—"Sybrandt, pray come and assist us in finding out what this means." They had gathered about the table, where was a number of books, into which some were looking, while others were talking about various matters.

"'Tis Greek," said one.

"'Tis Hebrew," said another.

"'Tis High-Dutch," said a third.

"'Tis Mohawk," said a fourth, and each one had a different opinion.

"Let me see," cried Ariel, who just at the moment entered with a

face as red as fire. He pulled out his specs, rubbed them carefully, placed them across his little snub of a nose, and planting himself in his usual determined position, with his short, sturdy drumsticks extended almost at right angles, began to pore over the mystery. He could make nothing of it.

"Colonel," cried he to Sydenham, who had rather affected to be deeply engaged with Catalina—"Colonel, here, d—n it, you understand Hindoo and all that sort of thing; interpret for us."

The rest joined in the entreaty, and the book being handed to the colonel, he proceeded with great gravity to study it upside down.

"Why, d—n it, Colonel," shouted Ariel, "you're holding the book upside down. Here, take my spectacles; I see your eyes begin to fail you as well as mine."

The colonel would rather have marched up to a loaded cannon, or stopped a red-hot ball, than use spectacles in the presence of any living soul but his valet, in whose discretion he placed unbounded reliance. In his solicitude to remedy the blunder so unceremoniously proclaimed by Ariel, he unluckily placed the cover of the book towards him, while he rejected the spectacles with a smile and a bow, both indicating he had no occasion for them.

"Why, d—n it, Colonel," shouted Ariel again, and breaking into an explosion of laughter; "why, zounds, you've got the book with the back side towards you this time. I insist on your taking my spectacles—I'm sure they will suit you exactly—you and I are just about of an age." And he continued to press the colonel to accept of them till the good gentleman could hardly command his faithful auxiliaries, the smile and the bow. It was, however, a maxim with him, from which he had never swerved for more than a score of years, never to show either anger or mortification in company. He contented himself with quietly handing the book to Sybrandt, saying he must acknowledge his ignorance of the passage, which, by-the-way, he had not been able to distinguish, from the failure of his eyes. But this was a secret he kept to himself, preferring rather to be thought ignorant than blind. The whole company gave him credit for affecting to be unable to see merely to disguise his not being able to interpret the passage, which, as Sybrandt announced, was nothing more than an English proverb, printed in Greek characters, as we have seen practiced, in the way of a grave quiz, in some of the old specimens of

printing. There were few or no blue-stockings in those days we are now describing; but in no age of the world, and no class of mankind, was it ever the case that learning and knowledge did not attract respect. They are independent of the changing fashions of place and time—so intrinsically useful and respectable as to maintain their dignity at all periods, and among all classes of people; since it is impossible for the mind not to feel the obligation of being made wiser than it was before. This little incident raised Sybrandt in the scale of comparison with the colonel, especially in the estimation of Catalina, who inherited from her mother that decent respect for useful acquirements, which is one of the best evidences of good sense.

The colonel's spirits seemed to flag not a little after the adventure of the book, while those of poor Sybrandt gained a corresponding elevation; for it is the characteristic of such sensitive beings as he to be about as unreasonably inflated as they are unreasonably mortified by trifles which to others seem perfectly insignificant. A pause in the storm without and the conversation within, was interrupted by the loud sound of voices in the direction of the kitchen, a detached building about fifty yards in the rear of the house, with which it was connected by a covered way. The voices seemed to be engaged in hot contention; and presently Ariel came bouncing into the room—his face in a blaze—exclaiming, "The old wooly-headed fool!—she knows no more about cooking than a Mohawk Indian." The whole company expressed anxiety to know the cause of this violent eruption; and Ariel accordingly proceeded to explain.

## CHAPTER VII

### AN INVASION OF STATE RIGHTS

THERE reigned in the kitchen of Mr. Vancour an African queen, whose authority, by virtue of long and vigorous assertion, was paramount to that of the mistress of the establishment and all other persons. Her complexion was of the highest order of perfection, according to the standard of Guinea; for nothing in the human shape or divine, not even the personification of Madam Night, was so irresistibly black as the skin of Aunt Nauntje, as she was called by the family, young and old. She was the mother of three generations of blacks—I beg pardon—of people

of color—who all appertained to the establishment. The boys at the time of their birth were given to some one of the young white members of the family, to whom they continued especially attached all their lives; and the girls were in like manner considered the property of the young ladies, who attended strictly to their conduct, and taught them to be useful, as well as virtuous. They were all treated kindly, and as a part of the family; and there was something in the connection of mutual services, mutual good will, and mutual protection, thus established, that made the relation of master and slave, in those simple, honest times, one of the most endearing and respectable of all those which subsist between man and man. The slaves did not study metaphysics, nor stultify themselves with dissertations on the relative claims of the two rival colors of the present day; but they were far more happy, virtuous, and useful both to themselves and society, than the wretched victims of a rash and miscalculating philanthropy we see every day at the police and the quarter-sessions. Their labors were not more heavy than those of the owners of themselves and of the soil which they cultivated; they worked in the same fields, or at the same employments; and when they had given to their master the fruits of their youth and manhood, they found at his kitchen fireside a refuge for the evening of their days. They neither spent it in the poorhouse nor the penitentiary.

It was gratifying in those days to see the interest which these old and faithful retainers took in the affairs of their master, and the manner in which they as it were identified their own characters and consequence with his. The master and mistress were not afraid to go a journey, and leave the house in charge of one of these; for they knew it would be even more carefully attended to than if they were at home. These poor people did not then, as they do now, consider themselves in the light of a wronged and injured race, whose right, nay, whose duty it was to resist, to run away, to defraud, to rob, or to murder their masters, if it were necessary, in the pursuit of freedom. The idea of a separation of interests between them and their masters never entered their heads; and if it had, their hearts would have rejected the suggestion. But to return to our narrative.

Aunt Nauntje was despotic in that region which among the enlightened of the present day is considered as the terrestrial paradise, in so far as it pours forth the choicest of the blessings of this life. Need I mention that I mean the kitchen? Where she acquired her art I know

not, but tradition says that the dishes she concocted had a rich and triumphant relish, a rare *je ne sais quoi*, which tickled the palate mightily, and seduced the worthy Ariel into occasional imprudent feats of the trencher. Nay, we record on the same venerable authority, that Sir Henry Moore, his Britannic majesty's governor, captain-general, and *locum tenens* in the province of New York, being on a visit to the mansion-house, did incontinently luxuriate so lustily in the delights of a certain nondescript dish, the art of making which is lost in these degenerate days, that he fell asleep before the dessert.

The active Ariel, among his other accomplishments, such as grafting apple trees, bleeding horses, and ringing pigs' noses, was an amateur in the noble art of cookery. He never could keep out of the kitchen when there was a feast in preparation; and many is the time Aunt Nauntje did violently expel him, by dint of flourishing the gridiron, the toasting-fork, or some such formidable weapon. Indeed, something like a feud raged between them, ever since Ariel had denounced her publicly, as "a stupid old fool of a Guinea nigger," for having committed the enormity of roasting wild pigeons without any stuffing.

When Ariel heard Colonel Sydenham describe the famous East India dish of boiled chickens and rice, which he did with a commendable minuteness, he pricked up his ears, and thought to himself he would go and make interest with Aunt Nauntje to surprise the colonel with a facsimile. Accordingly, as I have before noted, he disappeared as soon as the colonel had finished his detail, and sallied forth for the empire of queen Nauntje, who was busily engaged in cooking a jolly, old-fashioned meal, for a company of healthy, hearty folks, who had dined at one o'clock, and could therefore afford to eat supper. The inroad was by no means agreeable to her majesty, but respect for the brother of her good master always kept her within bounds, except on the spur of some immediate cause of irritation.

"Aunt Nauntje, my good soul," said Ariel, "I want you to try your hand at a famous dish I have just heard of from Colonel Sydenham."

"Ah," said Nauntje, "Massa *Auriel* always some crinkum-crankum in he head, 'bout new dishes. Well, what is he?"

"Why, a dish of boiled fowl and rice, dressed with curry. You know the colonel gave you a bottle the other day."

Nauntje began to spit. "Curry—eh!—stuff just fit for a hog or an Indian."

"Well, but you know, Nauntje," said Ariel, coaxingly. "You know, d—n it, you are not obliged to eat it. Now do, my dear soul, try, for the sake of the colonel, will you?"

"Colonel, ah!—wish him a hundred miles off, wid all he crew of red coats; eat massa out of house an hum bum-by."

"Well, but your mistress will be pleased with it—come now, you clever old soul, and the next time I go to Albany, I'll bring you a new pipe, a paper of tobacco, and a row of pins."

To please her mistress, and get the reward promised by Ariel, Aunt Nauntje at length consented to try her skill at the outlandish dish, and Ariel was delighted beyond measure. He was in and out of the kitchen every five minutes, giving directions and finding fault, until it was with great difficulty she refrained from having resort to the gridiron or the toasting-fork. As it was, she almost broiled with indignation at this attempt to overrule and insult her in her own proper dominion. At length the great attempt was nearly brought to a crisis, and Ariel solicited and obtained permission to taste the eminent concoction. But what pen can depict his indignation, when he discovered that in spite of all his cautions and injunctions Aunt Nauntje, who had a passion for onions, had poisoned the whole affair by a most powerful predominating infusion of that ungentle vegetable production. Ariel was confounded, thunderstruck, and indignant. He ejected the villanous compound into the fire, exclaiming:

"I'll be shot if the stupid old fool hasn't put onions in it!"

Whereupon Aunt Nauntje forgot the new pipe, the paper of tobacco and the row of pins. She seized the mortal gridiron, pursued Ariel with a speed which seemed almost supernatural when contrasted with her appearance of extreme old age, and drove him, as we have before related, triumphantly before her into the parlor; at the door of which she stopped for a moment brandishing the gridiron, and then retired grumbling to her stronghold again. It is due to the reputation and the memory of Aunt Nauntje to state, that the dish was brought up with the rest of the supper, and pronounced by the colonel to be equal to anything of the kind he had ever tasted in India; by which righteous decision he forever established himself in the good graces of that high-seasoned and high-

seasoning divinity. The supper went off gaily, in spite of the discomfiture of uncle Ariel, who soon recovered his good humor, for he was not one of those impracticable churls who quarrel with the good things of this life and retain their anger at the same time they are gratifying their appetites. He threw out broad hints concerning the colonel and Catalina, every now and then favoring that young lady with a significant wink or *ahem!*—worried poor Sybrandt out of the little self-possession he had been able to collect together, by recollecting everything the youth wished to be forgotten; shouted, laughed, and finally talked himself fast asleep in the old high-backed, well stuffed chair, which with its fellows had been heirlooms in the family for almost a century. The worthy Dominie Stettinius was heart-struck the next day, when he learned that the party had prolonged its sober revels until the clock actually struck the half-hour between eleven and the very witching time of midnight.

A little incident, apparently of no consequence, which occurred this evening had a material, nay, a controlling influence on the future life of Sybrandt Westbrook. As the party separated for the night the gallant colonel besought Catalina to bestow on him a little bunch of violets she wore in her bosom. In the gaiety of her heart, or perhaps influenced by that little mischievous imp, demon, or godhead who is forever found nestling in woman's heart, she bestowed the violets on Sydenham, with a most gracious and seducing smile, wishing him at the same time "pleasant dreams." The gift, the smile, and the wish were each one a dagger of ice planted in the bosom of Sybrandt, poisoning his rest and agonizing his feelings. The wakeful tortures of that livelong night gave birth to a fixed determination, which he carried into execution without delay.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

*(To be continued.)*





## NOTES AND QUERIES

### THE FIRST LINCOLN ASSASSINATION PLOT

Dr. Lawson A. Long died April 30, at Holyoke, Mass. He was the first man to expose a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln in Baltimore in 1861, while on his way from Springfield, Ill., to Washington to be inaugurated, and it is also said that he was the first physician to give to the world the fact that cholera and yellow fever were due to filth. He left Holyoke in the early '50s, going to New York City. Ill health caused him to go to Hot Springs to recuperate. While there he overheard a plot to assassinate President Lincoln, and got the information to the State Department. Lincoln left Springfield by another train, and the plot was frustrated. The Secessionists learned that Dr. Long had given away their plans, and he had a narrow escape from being murdered.

### WHERE JOHN BROWN WAS HANGED

It is strange that almost all recent writers on John Brown, when referring to the place of his execution, call it "Charleston." Even your correspondent's letter from Topeka, Kan., printed in last Sunday's *Sun* shows that the inscription on the monument erected on the Isawatomie battleground in honor of the famous or infamous raider, according to the point of view, contains the same error; for part of it runs thus: "Who died and conquered on the scaffold at Charleston, Virginia, December 2, 1859."

Charleston is in Kanawha county, while Charlestown, the place at which

Brown was hanged, is in Jefferson county, near Harpers Ferry. Charleston and Charles-Town (as the latter is now spelled to prevent this very error) are more than one hundred miles apart.

I was living at Harpers Ferry at the time of John Brown's raid and his execution at Charles-Town; consequently the confounding of the two places appears to me, at least, very strange.

HARPERS FERRIAN.

*Sun*, NEW YORK.

### ISAAC VAN WART'S GRAVE

I am wholly at a loss to understand the motive of a recent correspondent of the *Sun* who disputes my statement that the grave of Isaac Van Wart at Elmsford, New York, is neglected, and describes the place as well cared for. On Saturday, June 10, I again visited Elmsford to see if any change had been made. I found the grave as I have already described it in my former letter to you, in a neglected little square, enclosed with an iron fence, the plot overgrown with weeds and brush, and rubbish from the other parts of the yard thrown upon it.

This is the condition in which I found it Sunday, May 28, and again on Saturday, June 10. The situation is so contrary to what it ought to be that I have to-day requested the authorities in the Dutch Reformed Church, in whose cemetery the grave is situated, to allow me at my own expense to put the place in proper condition and to hold a patriotic service there on the Fourth of July.

W. F. P. FERGUSON.

*Sun*, NEW YORK.

## BOOK REVIEWS

HALF CENTURY AT THE BAY, 1636-1686: HEREDITY AND EARLY ENVIRONMENT OF JOHN WILLIAMS, *The Redeemed Captive*. By GEORGE SHELDON. 12mo. pp. 149+X., Boston. W. B. CLARKE Co., 26 and 28 Tremont St. 1905.

Around the early life of the Rev. John Williams, the author presents a most fascinating picture of Colonial life and Puritan culture as it existed in the Massachusetts Bay Colony during the first half century. The story introduces the policy of Dudley, Eliot, Willard, Danforth, Sewall, Wise, Shepard, Leverett, Weld, Mather, and their contemporaries, as influencing and moulding the life and character of the distinguished founder of Old Deerfield, Mass.

The scene of the story is laid in Roxbury, the parish of the great Apostle to the Indians, and the baptisms, marriages, funerals, whippings, executions, fasts, superstitions, sports, wars, schools, and curious customs of that time both in New England and in Old England are ingeniously interwoven with the story of the early life of the hero.

Written in a charming style, clear and unpretentious, the book is a delightfully vivid picture of Colonial life. Brief but accurate original records are quoted.

As a model of good book-making the volume is meritorious, and as a delightful portrayal of early New England life must prove invaluable to general readers.

A good index is found.

AMERICA'S AID TO GERMANY IN 1870-71. An Abstract From the Official Correspondence of E. B. Washburne, U. S. Ambassador to Paris. The English Text, with a German Translation and Prefaced. By ADOLPH HEPNER. 12mo. 463 pp. 27 Nicholson Place, St. Louis, Mo., 1905. Cloth, \$1.50.

One hundred and fifty-eight extracts from the official correspondence of the American Ambassador to Paris during the Franco-Prussian War, showing how 30,000 Germans in Paris were treated, are here reproduced in convenient and accessible form. Attractively published, the work will promote good feeling between America and Germany. As a contribution to our political history and literature it cannot fail to promote good citizenship in Americans and Germans alike. The value of the book is enhanced by the discussion of important international questions. The diplomatic skill of the American Ambassador appears in a manner not to be forgotten by every lover of the Fatherland.

A limited edition of this correspondence was published by Congress in 1878, under the title of "The Franco-German War," but we are told that only three copies of that edition were sent to Germany.

To render accessible to general readers an authoritative work showing America's attitude towards Germany at that critical time, this convenient volume has been brought out by Mr. Hepner.

As a contribution to our political history, the work deserves much praise.

**HISTORY OF THE MAUMEE RIVER BASIN, FROM THE EARLIEST ACCOUNT OF ITS ORGANIZATION INTO COUNTIES.** By CHARLES ELIHU SLOCUM, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. Ill. Map. 4to. VIII+638+XX Illust. Map, 4to, VIII+638+XX pp. Published by the Author, Defiance, Ohio, 1905.

This book was written to interest and inform the dwellers in the Maumee River Basin of its characteristics and history, that all who consult it may be better enabled to appreciate the interest and merit appertaining to this favored region. Situated in Northwestern Ohio, Northeastern Indiana, and the contiguous parts of Michigan, and extending from Detroit to Fort Wayne, this territory embraces over six thousand square miles.

Beginning with the geography and topography of the country, Dr. Slocum gives a most careful and critical description of the geologic and prehistoric conditions of the basin. The extinct animals, the stone implements, and the mounds are fully and accurately described. He devotes ten pages, beginning on page 64, to a vivid description

of the aborigines of the locality. Based upon the best authorities this possesses great lucidity and shows a masterly comprehension of the subject.

The French explorers and cartographers, the long and fierce struggle between the aborigines, the French, and the English are fully and authoritatively treated. The conspiracies of Pontiac and Tecumseh, the organization of the Northwest Territory, the campaigns of Generals Wayne and Wilkinson, the War of 1812, the work of the missionaries, the drainage system, the first American settlers, the organization into counties, the development of the basin, the utilization of the public lands and the founding of schools and libraries are comprehensively treated.

Well illustrated and with a good index, the work shows long continued study and careful preparation, and will be, doubtless, the authority on the Maumee River Basin for many years.

The author's treatment of prehistoric races, of Indian characteristics, and of the part that the Northwest Territory played in our history, renders it very serviceable to general readers.

## GENEALOGICAL

30a. ADAMS—Nathaniel Adams, b. at Westerly, Rhode Island, March 25, 1708-9; m. Jan. 23, 1731, Hannah Wheeler; settled in Groton, Ct., and was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

Wanted, a full record of his service. Did his son, Simeon, b. at Groton, Ct., Jan. 23, 1743, m. Sept. 17, 1769, Lydia Sparhawk, serve in the Revolutionary War?

b. WINN (Winne)—Nathaniel Winn

according to his family Bible, was born in Boston, Sept. 20, 1788. He m. at Schenectady, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1821, Charlotte, daughter of Benjamin and Maggie (Truax) Patterson of Schenectady. Later he removed to Rochester, N. Y., where he d. Aug. 12, 1852. The family now owns a cane said to have been made for him from part of the vessel on which he served in the War of 1812. Repeated efforts fail to locate him in or near Boston, Mass., but there is a

town in Erie Co., N. Y., called Boston which was set off from the town of Eden about 1817, Eden having been set off from Willink in 1812. Was this the Boston in which Nathaniel Winn was born, and did he serve on Lake Erie? He is known to have had at least three sons, Nathaniel, Chester, and Curtis.

c. STRATTON—Who was the widow Abigail Stratton, who married as second wife, Samuel Hale, a cooper, and lived in Holland, Mass., and afterwards in Dana, Mass., where both are buried?

Their eldest son, Barnard, according to his death record, was b. in 1792 in Holland, but the record of the marriage has not been found. Samuel d. in 1813 and she d. in 1818. Any information regarding the parents of either is desired.

d. HARRIS—Samuel Harris was published in Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 17, 1778, to Lucy Fulham of Fitchburg. Their second daughter, Sophia, b. in Fitchburg, March 15, 1787; m. about 1812, Amos Whitney of Royalston, Mass. Samuel Harris d. about 1841.

Where was he born and who were his parents?

e. GILMUR (Gilmore)—Susan Gilmur, b. Nov. 26, 1809, probably in Palmer, Mass., was a daughter of John Gillmur and his wife Polly Moore. The History of Palmer states that Jonathan Moore came from Newburyport, Mass., in 1770, and married Phoebe Parsons. Their third child Polly, b. April 5, 1774, married a Mr. Gilmur.

Can anyone trace the Gilmore family back from this John Gillmore who married Polly Moore?

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31a. WHITE—Henry White of Litchfield, N. H., m. Elizabeth ——— who m. (2) Capt. John McLaughlin of

New Boston, N. H. She d. in New Boston, in 1808, leaving a will in which her children James, William, and Henry White, Elizabeth Kennedy, and Jane Stone are named. Three of these are found from 1740 to 1752 recorded among the births in Litchfield.

Wanted, the maiden name and ancestry of Elizabeth.

b. HEALD—Ephraim<sup>4</sup> Heald (John,<sup>3</sup> John,<sup>2</sup> John<sup>1</sup>) b. in Concord, Mass., Feb. 19, 1710-11, had a son Ephraim,<sup>5</sup> b. Sept. 29, 1734, and other children, Peter, Eleanor, John, Mary, Joseph, and Amos. Eleanor, wife of Ephraim,<sup>4</sup> is said to have been b. Dec. 17, 1707. Can this be corroborated? If so, where was she born and what was her maiden name and parentage?

c. BROWN—Who were the parents of Horatio Gates Brown who lived in Lee, Mass., and d. there, May 10, 1828, *ae.* 49. Where did he come from?

d. HOPKINS—Charles Hopkins of Boston, b. about 1634, d. in Boston, July 25, 1691; m. before 1663, Margaret Henchman, sister of Major Thomas Henchman of Chelmsford, Mass. Their son John was b. in Boston, in 1663; other children were: Joseph, Benjamin, Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah, and Hannah. Is anything known of the ancestry of this Charles Hopkins?

e. KIMBALL—The above Hannah Hopkins was unmarried in Feb. 1705-6. She was probably the Hannah Hopkins who m. in Boston, July 28, 1709, Jonathan Kimball. Negative evidence only has thus far been gathered. Positive proof is desired.

f. CLARK-OLIVER—Timothy Clark and Abigail Oliver were m. in Boston, May 10, 1781. Parentage of either or both is desired.

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# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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## THE COMMONAGE SYSTEM OF RHODE ISLAND

### I

#### RHODE ISLAND AND NEW ENGLAND COMPARED

THE germs of our public-park system must be sought in the old Germanic idea of Commonages, or common lands, which were coeval with the Saxon conquest of England, and, in course of time, found expression in some form in the New England colonies, in moulding a land-tenure somewhat more democratic than that in the mother country. These public lands constituted the land-fund, so to speak, of the community from which the colonists drew certain portions—at stated intervals; hence termed also Stated Commons. But as long as these commons remained intact they supplied the inhabitants with building-materials; fuel for the fire; light for the household, in the shape of pine-knots; pasturage for their cattle and flocks and whatever else was not derived from private holdings. The colonist was even permitted to exchange his allotted portion of land for another piece of the Commons, if his first allotment was not satisfactory, provided the exchange did not infringe on the rights of others. But at the same time, no one was given an allotment unless he agreed to improve it. Such a thing as the holding of unimproved land was unknown in the early days of the Colony of Rhode Island. Absence from the colony for any length of time implied abandonment of the holding, and hence forfeiture to the town in which it lay. Thus a proprietor must not only improve but reside on his property. Absenteeism was never encouraged. All the principles upon which was based the division of the public lands, would have been approved by the most pronounced socialist of modern times. There was an entire absence of both landlord and rent for many years.

Here was abundance of land which belonged to the commonwealth. All the inhabitants under certain stipulated conditions might possess a portion, with a hope of more at every subsequent division. Strangers were granted portions of land on somewhat similar conditions.

It is not my purpose to present an elaborate argument touching the land tenure of Rhode Island, the right, title and claim which the colony had to the land thus divided. It is my present intention only to exhibit the manner in which the commons were divided and to set forth the principles on which such allotments were founded; for, notwithstanding the apparent generosity of the planters of the several towns of the Colony of Rhode Island, they were not reckless in their gifts. As land became more and more appropriated and the common fields more contracted in their dimensions, these allotments grew correspondingly smaller. Finally, what escaped further division was, either because of its insignificance, its undesirability or by accident, appropriated to public uses; and these remnants of land have formed the nucleus of our modern public-park systems.

From a consideration of these facts, it will be found that two factors may be noted in the various divisions of these public lands. In the settlement of the New England towns a portion of land was set apart for public purposes, such as a school-lot, town or minister's lot, etc. The rest remained common property until such time as some of it was reapportioned. The residuum went also by the name of Stated Commons, as has been observed above. In the settlement of the old towns of Rhode Island, however, no such practice was followed; and this departure from the general New England practice is one among other peculiarities of the settlement of the present State of Rhode Island. Individual, rather than public interests actuated the early settlers of Providence Plantations, which was from the outset a distinctively democratic commonwealth; and this fact, perhaps more than any other, contributed towards the ill odor in which this independent little democracy was held by the rest of New England.

Small as its territory ever was, Rhode Island has a history far more perplexing than any of the neighboring commonwealths by which it was frequently in danger of being swallowed. Its whole system of government was ever characterized by a most remarkable admixture of extreme conservatism and rank radicalism. One of the first to accept the principles of revolution, one of the last to subscribe to the Constitu-

tion of the United States, Rhode Island furnishes a field of peculiar interest to the student of history.

Possessing, then, such original ideas concerning self-government and clinging so fast, at the same time, to old usages long past their usefulness, Rhode Island offers a curious paradox in colonial history; and it would, indeed, have been surprising had there not been displayed some originality in the method of its land-tenure, which, as has been already shown, lay in giving greater, if not undue prominence to the individual element in the disposition of the lands. And, though in after years the town of Providence showed more forethought in setting apart a few of the remaining pieces of commons for public uses, the effect was of little or no benefit.

But the other towns of Rhode Island, and chiefly those which came under its jurisdiction in the middle of the eighteenth century and later (originally all Massachusetts towns) brought with them the results of a different land-policy. But the earliest of these accessions to the territory of the Colony had no influence whatever in changing the general policy in this connection; the later accessions were but exchanges for mutual benefit.

Sooner or later the commons were dissipated for individual interests; and what remained undivided descended without enlargement to the present generation. Though enjoying a longer lease of life, the public interests in much of this land finally succumbed to the private. Accordingly, we find with varying degrees of prominence, these two methods of apportioning the public lands; the one the New England mode; the other that of Rhode Island. And it will not be necessary to step outside the bounds of this State to note examples of the two varieties.

But ere we enlarge upon this subject, it may not be improper to point out some of the reasons of this peculiarity in the system of the Rhode Island government, which reacted more or less on the disposition of the commonages. To understand these more clearly a brief consideration of the great moral principle which underlay the founding of the Providence Plantations and to which they really owed their existence—an entirely new rôle played in the government of states—a dream of the past, a principle actuating the Founder which built up and moulded the colony and, in aftertimes, so directed public opinion as largely to shape the very Constitution to which Rhode Island was so slow to subscribe.

Of course, the principle here alluded to, is soul-liberty, or liberty of conscience, the corner-stone laid by Roger Williams of Providence Plantations.

The doctrine of religious toleration, thus emphatically enunciated by Williams in the New World for the first time, and the first time to be put into practice in the building of a State, would naturally be reflected upon secular affairs whenever individual thought showed its independence in matters of religion. But if the conscience was thus to be given free play as to its religious eccentricities, it was never the intention of Williams that the civil law should be interpreted in the same manner. Under a condition of things like the latter no stable government would be possible. So, if in the infant days of this colony Roger Williams was in some instances grievously misunderstood, this fact should be no palliation for the disorders of the time; neither do they excuse the other extreme in the other colonies—the bigotry and intolerance which made Rhode Island the asylum of all perturbed spirits who could find no rest elsewhere this side the grave. Rhode Island was, in short, the one bright oasis in the desert of bigotry and intolerance. For not until there had been some degree of religious toleration preached was there any hope of there being countenanced various forms of religious belief, which would naturally present wider and wider differences in all growing communities made up of diverse elements. Nor under such circumstances can uniformity of belief be secured without resorting to those coercive measures which Williams so strongly deprecated. Hence the alleged errors which Massachusetts and the other colonies condemned in the most emphatic manner and ascribed to a toleration equivalent to an unbridled license. It was even contemplated in the above-mentioned colony to declare a religious crusade against Rhode Island to put down certain irregularities which were due, if at all, to a too bold interpretation of Williams' doctrine. It was thought, that a strong governmental policy would be beneficial to that commonwealth.

Individuality being then the underlying principle of Williams' whole teaching, it would as a matter of course be accentuated in all the apportionments of land. The interests of the State thus came into conflict with individual wishes—and suffered accordingly. But this failure to recognize the public needs at an early period may be ascribed to a feeling of dislike to the ascendancy which was given in the other colonies to the government over the individual, and which had been subject to so much



abuse in the other direction. But the working out of all new principles is, at best, crude and unsatisfactory; and it remained for subsequent generations to soften rugosities and eliminate abuses so as to establish a just balance between what was due the public welfare and what would not curtail too much the rights of the individual. It was only in this way that the two could work in harmony.

Thus far by way of premise. Williams at once established his claims to originality by the purchase of his lands from the Indians as the aborigines and original proprietors of the soil—a claim which he had at one time put forth while an inhabitant of Massachusetts and now put into practice. It is unnecessary to go minutely into this transaction. Suffice it to say, that he accomplished a purchase which was afterwards divided into two classes, known as the Grand Purchase of Providence, and the Pawtuxet Purchase. All these lands were finally shared with his companions, who thus became the first Proprietors, allowing for future settlers. All these proprietors lived on terms of perfect equality—the realization of an ideal republic. All persons had an equal share of the commons; men and women alike were all eligible to an allotment of land, and also their heirs and assigns. “Lots,” says Judge Staples, “were set off to the persons under age and lone women who accompanied them. Those who succeeded them—and were admitted inhabitants—had their lots set off to them upon the one or the other extreme, thus extending the line as their strength increased.” “During the first years of the colony,” he continues, “it is not probable, that any of the powers of the community were exercised by or delegated to, any portion of its members. The original purchasers, with ‘such as they received into the same fellowship of vote,’ with them, met in town meeting, monthly, and there transacted all the business pertaining to their little commonwealth. It is a matter of regret that their records from month to month have not been preserved. It would be interesting to peruse the proceedings of a colony of civilized men, commencing a political existence with the principles of perfect equality, and to mark the growth and increase of difficulties which gradually and necessarily led them to the abandonment of their pure democracy, to the delegation of part of their powers, and to the institution of a representative government.”

The religious opinions held by the early settlers of Providence Plantations were so radically different from those professed elsewhere as to subject the people of that colony to the greatest odium and to

ostracize them, so to speak, from their fellow colonists; and this feeling was the more intensified as they left all religious concerns to individual choice, so that everyone might attend a religious meeting or not as he felt disposed. Nor need anyone contribute towards the support of a clergyman unless he was so inclined. Thus the people of these plantations would pay no church-rates, no minister's dues. This led ill-disposed persons to believe that the inhabitants of Providence Plantations and of the other towns were unprovided with religious consolation, they forgetting that these matters were left to individual predilection. No public land was donated, therefore, for a meeting-house or for a minister; and, unfortunately, none for a schoolhouse or public purpose. All these were maintained by voluntary subscription. The intolerant example set by the other colonies of New England made the people of Rhode Island go to the other extreme.

This religious spirit manifested in Rhode Island, was reflected upon the civil polity. Individualism found as strong advocates here as there. For this reason public spirit, in a modern sense, was seldom noticed. But in some of the towns of the colony there are presented some exceptions to this selfish policy. In the town of Newport for example, certain commons were set apart from settlement for the public uses. Nor was Williams' doctrine of religious toleration less emphasized there. As early then, as 1639, it was "agreed and ordered that the Plantation now begun at the Southeast end of the Island shall be called Newport, and that all the lands lying northward and eastward from the said town towards Pocassett [Portsmouth] for the space of five miles, and so to cross from sea to sea with all the lands southward and westward bounded with the main sea, together with the small Islands and the grass of Communegat, is appointed for the accommodation of the town." In the year following, the town of Newport granted a hundred acres of land in the north part of the town (now forming a part of the present town of Middletown), for a schoolhouse lot "for the encouragement of the poorer sort, to train up their youth in learning," and the use of it to be given to some deserving schoolmaster during his lifetime. This is one of the first public land-grants in any of the colonies of New England.

In 1663, another grant was made by the same town for a jail, schoolhouse and the like. In time, however, this grant became so attenuated by trespasses and encroachments of various kinds that in the year, 1702, a meeting of proprietors was summoned to consider the sub-

ject and to provide some proper way of "proportioning the Commons according to their intent of being laid out as to be a common attendant to all and the several farms and enclosures according to the record of 1639, and the commons all perpetuated unto them as by the sev'al acts appears, and that right for school land afterwards revoked." It was, therefore, ordered and voted, that the income accruing from the land, already granted to them and still unused, should be appropriated for a schoolhouse or for the maintenance of the poor of the town. During the same year it was also voted that the Commons should be redistributed, and that which remained undivided should be made then and there *public property*, to be put wholly to public uses. To this vote the city of Newport owes the Mall, now known as Washington Square, and a few other open spaces scattered about that city, and some corner lots, still a matter of disputed ownership. Easton's Beach was, by the vote of the town in 1641, "sequestered for a perpetual commonage"; but not until after a long course of litigation did it become town-property in 1788.

Nothing in all these acts or orders was compulsory. There was no obligation to maintain schools and teachers, nor ministers. Although the freemen of the town granted a hundred acres of land to a certain Robert Lenthal and his heirs, together with four additional acres for a houselot for himself, on the condition that he would open a school, he received no pay from the town. He remained, however, but a year or two when he returned to England. This grant is still known as "Lenthal Plains."

The town of Warwick furnishes another exception in the same connection. In 1663, the proprietors of this town voted a large lot of land for a public burying-ground, and another tract, adjoining, of eight acres for a schoolhouse site. These grants seem early to have been put to the use intended. Down to the year 1716 the school was in a great part maintained by private subscription, when the school-building was voted to be used as a townhall, "and the cost and charge to be paid by a rate levied upon the whole town," and "the sum of thirteen pound in money or pay equivalent" paid to those who built the schoolhouse as an indemnity for their pecuniary loss. This schoolhouse went into decay sometime during the latter part of the eighteenth century; and, until the dawning of the new régime in educational matters in the early part of the nineteenth century, education was conducted after the usual methods peculiar to Rhode Island.

Many years elapsed from its settlement ere Providence again passed any like order. In 1663, and again in 1696, certain pieces of land were set apart by the proprietors of the town, termed the "school lands of Providence." Little is known about them. A schoolmaster was in all probability appointed, for in 1747 and again in 1752, references are made to the subject. But education was never encouraged.

In 1700, an undesirable lot of land was set apart in the north end of the town "for a training field, burying-ground, and other public uses." This grant constitutes with certain additions, redemptions and alterations, the North Burying Ground. It was the first public grant of the kind in the town but did not escape the usual fate of much of such common land, though enough was preserved to satisfy the conditions.

Four years later an attempt was made on a comparatively large scale, to secure for the citizens of Providence for all time an unappropriated part of the Commonages, to be known as the Reservation. It comprised land lying on both sides of the Great Salt River (the Providence) and extending for a certain distance from each bank of the river, east and west, from where Crawford Street Bridge now stands as far north as the present Meeting Street, along the east bank. Weybosset Bridge and Market Square now occupy a portion of it. At a town meeting, held July 27, 1704, the Proprietors of the town of Providence passed the following resolution for that purpose:

"Whereas there is continual pressing upon the Towne by people for grants of warehouse lots by the salt water side, along the Towne Streete in our Towne of Providence, the purchasers and proprietors now meet together in this Quarter day, having taken this matter into consideration, how greatly detrimental it will prove and be unto the Towne if so there should be a grant of warehouse lotts, all along the Salt Water by the Towne Streete, by reason people thereby would be so much obstructed by Recourse to and from the water-side, as they have continual occation for etc., . . . Be it enacted and ordered by the Purchasers and Proprietors aforesaid, That from this day henceforward there shall not at any time be any land appropriated by any person, which lieth upon the side of the Salt Water by the Towne Streete, from the piece of land laid out for a Towne Wharfe to be, which is against the Southern part of the s'd Thomas Field, his home lot; Therefrom a bigg Rock upon the River, northward along the Towne Streete, unto the North side of

the now Thomas Olney, Senior, his home lott, the which was formerly his father's dwelling-place, . . . all the land lying and being betweene these two places, all along betweene the Salt water, and the west end of the Home lotts which belong unto people *shall be and continually remaine in common for the use and benefit of people as aforesaid*, and there may be a Recourse also, on Weybosset side, to the Salt Water for passage or what improve else may be made."

In addition to this grant there was a narrow strip of land situated on the west side of the Providence River and called Weybosset Neck, "which shall perpetually lye and be in Common, and shall not be in any part of it appropriated to any person whatsoever, at any time. Neither shall there be any grant made thereof, nor any part thereof for warehouse lots, nor portion of land under what denomination soever, unto any person or persons, But that the said Neck of land and every part thereof, shall be and Remaine continually in Common, for the use and Benefit of people aforesaid."

But this was all that was done. Had this document not been preserved we should never have been aware of the good intentions of our ancestors. Encroachments of trade and temptations to sell at an advantage reduced this extensive tract of land to the diminutive area now occupied by Market Square on which still stands the old Market House. And this space, as it was, was only saved through the exertions of a committee who had been appointed by the town to "revise" old highways and lay out new. Since then Providence has depended for its parks and open spaces upon the generosity of private citizens or the complaisance of taxpayers in later times. After this attempt to reserve some of the unused land for public purposes, the town had nothing to give. The remissness of past generations is now made good by the condemnation of property which could have once been obtained at a trifling expense. Land speculators and other interested persons generally contrive to make the City of Providence pay very dear for such modern improvements.

Portsmouth, the last on the list of the original towns of the colony, will detain us but a moment. Though settled in 1638, the town does not seem to have made any other disposition of its undivided lands than that followed by the rest of the towns. In 1716 the town set apart in its southerly portion some unoccupied lands, for the site of a school-

house. Nothing more of a public nature was attempted till many a year afterward.

In reviewing the second method of disposing of the public lands, in the towns of strictly Rhode Island origin, no one can fail to remark two circumstances which differentiated the policy followed here from that of the rest of New England. The first gives the individual, the latter the State, prominence in all such apportionments. In the former instance whatever legislation there was had the interests of the individual in view, first and last. This fact the preamble of almost every town order sets forth in unmistakable language. And there is everywhere discerned an indisposition, an impatience to submit to a central authority which was not responsible for any of its acts. This was the more objectionable in that all authority depended on the consent of the governed. The authority did not exist separately from the individual. So when the inhabitants of the towns bestowed any of the public lands for the general benefit, such grants were for the use of the colonist in his personal character.

Another circumstance, worthy of note, lay in the very absence of that which distinguished this colony from the rest of New England. In all its timid attempts to encourage education and the relief of the poor, there is not a word referring to the subject of religion, except that each one might follow whatever belief he chose. Hence neither land nor money was appropriated by any town for a meetinghouse or a minister's lot. It was left to the individual to do that. Writing a hundred years after the settlement of the commonwealth of Rhode Island, in 1738, the Rev. John Callender says: "Indulgence to tender consciences might be a reproach to the Colony a hundred years ago, but a better way of thinking prevails in the Protestant part of the Christian world at present. It is now a glory to the Colony to have avowed such sentiments so long ago, while blindness on this article happened in other places, and to have led the way as an example to others, and to have put the theory into practice."

Hence it must be apparent that the principle of religious liberty, first enunciated in the New World by Williams, entered into the policies of the other three original towns of Rhode Island, whatever may have been the motives of their settlement. In adopting the change of circumstances to the broadening horizon of thought, each town followed the tentative method and never lost sight of the great underlying prin-

ciple. Even when the four towns delegated certain of their inherent rights to a General Assembly, the several towns forming that body never merged into it their autonomy. Each retained enough self-government to insure its individuality, so much had the doctrine of religious free-thought shaped their political affairs.

The second factor to be now considered was foreign to the Rhode Island policy and may be illustrated in those towns which were admitted into the Colony up to the middle of the eighteenth century. Each of these towns will be taken chronologically in the order of its admission, so as to show this element in its different stages of development—the original condition of things before admission, and what changes the new influences may have wrought in each one of them.

The first of these towns is Block Island, named for Adrian Block, a Dutch navigator. Until 1664 it was under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, when it became a part of the Colony of Rhode Island. In 1672 it was incorporated as the town of New Shoreham. The island was originally settled by certain persons from the Colony of Plymouth; and of course the influence of that colony was early manifested there. The proprietors on its settlement voted, "That there should be a quantity of land laid out for the help and maintenance of a minister and so continue for that use forever." This tract was called the "Minister's Land" or "Lott"; or again, "Lot No. 15." It was situated in the north end of the island. From 1691 until there was an organized church there, the town had the supervision of the lot. A survey of it had been made in 1661. According to Callender, there was, in 1728, a meeting-house erected on the island and supplied with a regular preacher. But, notwithstanding, the conditions of the grant were never fulfilled; the property dwindled to meager proportions; some passing into private ownership. The remaining portion was rented by the town, and the income first applied to the use of the town and afterwards, when much reduced, divided between the two religious organizations established on the island. This tract of land has always been a fruitful source of litigation.

Another similar instance may be found in the town of South Kingstown. In 1657 an association of five persons, afterwards increased to seven, originally from Boston, bought a tract of land of the Narragansett Indians in that part of the town known in the Indian parlance, as Pet-tiquamscut. It then formed a part of the town of Kingstown. This

part of the Narragansett Country, as it was termed, was claimed by the neighboring Colony of Connecticut; and this claim was not finally settled till 1726. The colonies of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth seem also to have set up a similar claim to this land. A good deal of friction between the several colonies was the result of these counter-claims; and it was not till many years afterwards that Rhode Island satisfactorily established her own claim to the property.

Ten years after this purchase (1668) all but one of the original purchasers, in the absence of the other, passed the following order among others: "That a tract of 300 acres of the best land, and in a convenient place, be laid out, and forever set apart as an encouragement, the income or improvement thereof wholly for an orthodox person, that shall be obtained to preach God's word to the inhabitants." There seems to have been no particular tract of land defined; and no more formal legal instrument was ever made. The lot, however, must have been laid out before the year 1702, for up to 1769 it gradually came into the possession of private persons and a part let out by the town until such land was demanded by some orthodox (Presbyterian) minister—a Mr. Torrey, in 1732. Then it was that was begun a series of lawsuits about the land which were not settled until 1752, in favor of Mr. Torrey.

According to Updike, this land was surveyed and platted and entered on a draft under the name of the "lands of the ministry." "This estate," he continues, writing in 1847, "so long in controversy, remained in the possession of the Presbyterian or Congregational Society, yielding but a trifling income until a few years since, when it was sold." The proceeds of this sale were converted into a permanent fund for that organization. As may be remarked, this piece of ecclesiastical property shared the fate of the Minister's Lot on Block Island. Religious bequests in those early days did not thrive in Rhode Island.

Attention will now be directed to the consideration of a number of towns, interesting to us from the fact that they all were founded, nurtured and arrived at full maturity before they came under the jurisdiction of Rhode Island. It has already been shown how Connecticut had been compelled to relinquish her pretensions to the southerly part of the Colony of Rhode Island. Long ere this Massachusetts had decided to abandon a similar claim. Thus from the Pawcatuck River on the west, to the farther shore of Narragansett Bay, together with the Pawtucket,



or Blackstone River, on the east, Rhode Island was left in undisputed possession of the territory. But these boundaries were not settled in chronological order; for, long before the western boundary had been adjusted satisfactorily, Rhode Island had obtained by royal commission an extension of her eastern borders somewhat beyond the line allowed by Massachusetts in 1658. This additional territory, which Rhode Island had always claimed as belonging to her jurisdiction, not only enlarged her somewhat limited area but corrected certain irregularities of contour on the Massachusetts side, which any map of the Colony for that period will show. It is of these towns, which remedied the geometrical defects of the State, that it is now our intention to speak.

And first of those towns which came under the jurisdiction of Rhode Island by royal commission in 1746, while still in its colonial existence. These were Cumberland on the northeast; Bristol and Warren (including Barrington) on the east and southeast; and Little Compton and Tiverton on the extreme southeast, on the other shore of the Bay. Of these Bristol was the most flourishing and very early obtained a prominent position among the towns of Plymouth Colony, both from its situation and the enterprise of its inhabitants. After the death of Philip of Pokanoket, the Sachem, the Mount Hope lands fell into the hands of the English; and the neighboring colonies, especially those of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay and Rhode Island, regarded the prize with longing eyes. It was finally awarded to Plymouth by the Crown in 1680; and during that year the property was sold by that Colony to four persons of unusual ability and exceptional enterprise, who were known as the Four Proprietors of Bristol. Founded under such flattering auspices, the infant settlement soon rose to prominence and attracted to it settlers from every side. But the Puritanism, or rather Pilgrimage, of Plymouth, was not of that austere type found in Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut. But enough was remaining to give a Puritan tone to the community and in large measure its management of public affairs was like that of the Bay Colony.

Accordingly, Bristol offers for our inspection a typical example of the settlement of a Puritan town and, at the same time, an admirable illustration of a municipality laid out on so liberal a scale as to meet the requirements of the community for a long period to come. Says Munro, in his History of that place, "That Bristol is now one of the most beautiful towns in the United States, is due almost entirely to the wise policy

which its first inhabitants pursued." This passage was written by one of its citizens two hundred years after its settlement.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the purchase of this settlement, was that the four original proprietors, before they entered upon their newly acquired territory, "drew up and signed what are known as the Grand Articles." Among other terms it was agreed, that 500 acres of land should be divided into a number of small farms, and another 600 to constitute the Commons for the benefit of the proprietors in common. The minister was not forgotten; and an allotment made, and other accommodations "as shall be deemed necessary, which shall forever remain and be for the use of the ministry for the time being." Furthermore, a quantity of land was to be granted "for the encouragement of the first minister" as the proprietors considered required. Lands were to be set apart for a Meeting house, Burying ground, Town house, Market-house and School house. Everyone must give bonds to assure the proprietors of his intention to settle there and "improve" his property—by building a house of a certain construction within a year after the purchase of land. Fine or forfeiture was the penalty for neglect to comply with the town orders. Every settler was to contribute "toward the building of the Minister's House and a Meeting house."

The town was laid out in squares of eight acres each, with highways or streets intersecting each other at right angles, which gave the town a geometrical regularity. The Commons were "mainly laid out between the Back Road on the east, Wood Street on the west, Crooked Lane on the north and Sandford Lane on the south." Sandford Lane was one of the driftways extending to the sea, the perpetual use of which is guaranteed in the deed. The eight-acre tract which now forms the Common, was given by the four proprietors, for "the public use, benefit and improvement," or, in the language of the original deed, "for a Meeting House, Town House, and for any other edifice for the town's use, for a market place, burying place, training field, or any other public use, with the approbation of the major part of the inhabitants."

In addition to these grants, other lots were appropriated to the use of a minister, other land for the "encouragement and use of an able schoolmaster." Thus the public weal, the cause of religion and of education were all provided for from the very birth of this town.

Were it within the scope of the present article, it might be interesting to show with his increasing "needs," the salary of the minister grew with time until so much dissatisfaction was felt by the inhabitants at its amount that the clergyman settled the question himself by a compromise; how religious and educational subjects were discussed and voted on, minister and school rates levied in town meeting; how, in course of time, a new element appeared in the Episcopal Church, which demurred at being forced to pay school-rates for the support of the town school to which the Episcopalians did not send any of their children (probably a case of "conscience"), and demanded the exemption of such "Church" from paying the said school-rates provided their children were not sent to a town school; and how, with the admission of Bristol County into Rhode Island, religious matters left the precincts of the town meeting, school-rates were abolished together with minister's rates, and the town of Bristol followed the example in all concerns of the other towns of that Colony. Thus we see that the "school question" very early made its appearance in the politics of Rhode Island; still a vexed question, each denomination wanting a division of the school funds for "religious" reasons, so incompatible with the principles on which the State of Rhode Island was founded.

Now returning to the Commonages of Bristol: Upon these the cattle, sheep, geese (for which this town was ever famous), and horses of the towns-people roamed and grazed without "let or hindrance" till 1692, at which time a Town Shepherd was appointed, when no person was permitted to graze his flocks "on the Commons or unfenced lands within the precincts, or bounds aforesaid, other than such as shall be put into the hands or custody of the Town Shepherd, to be kept and fed with the general, or Town flock of sheep, under the penalty of Impounding and paying three pence per Sheep for every one so found upon the Commons, and the Shepherd, Hayward, or any other person may take the benefit of the penalty, as the Law in like Cases directs." And, in 1705, it was "Voted, that no Geese shall henceforth go upon the Commons, Streets, Lanes, or Highways within this Town," and "no Horse, nor Horsekind shall go upon the Common without being fettered;" this law to take effect the following April of that year. In 1707, it was again "Voted, that no Swine of any sort after the tenth of April next, shall be or Run at large on the Commons, or Highways within this town of Bristol, upon the penalty of paying twelve pence per head for every Swine that shall be found and taken up, for the first year, and two

shillings per head for the future, to be paid by the owner of such Swine to any person that shall so take them up, or Impound them." The illusory style of much of the wording in these ancient town orders must often have led to some misunderstanding in regard to their enforcement. But as their spirit rather than their letter was considered, the offender did not often escape the penalty of the law through some lack of legal technicality or by some legal quibble. The machinery of the law may have been somewhat clumsy, but its operation was none the less effective.

Of the other towns, which gained admission into Rhode Island with Bristol, little can be adduced. Barrington laid out a public burying-ground; Warren did the same, with the addition of a small green, or common, not more than a hundred feet square; Little Compton, a "perpetual Common." East Providence, which once formed a part of the town of Rehoboth and then known as Seekonk, and the town, now the City of Pawtucket (with various accessions) came to the State in 1862. These towns brought with them but little to show their Puritan ancestry and mainly served to smooth rugosities and add to the narrow and hungry area of the State. The town of East Providence gave the State an ancient "minister's lot" under the name of the "Ox Pastor" (pasture).

It must, therefore, be obvious to anyone, that the picture here presented of the Commonages of Rhode Island, is not of the same complexion throughout, but differs much in tone and color, though at the same time not like that observed elsewhere. It will further be remarked that the several towns admitted into its jurisdiction by royal grant, in 1746, did not in their policies totally disregard some freedom to the individual, did not merge his personality into the State so much as the towns under the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay colony.

Bristol was of all towns thus admitted, perhaps more than others influenced by its near neighborhood to Rhode Island. For, on a close examination of its early laws and orders, the individual in all its grants was not entirely merged into the community. In making appropriations of land or money for the minister, the town did not intend a permanent maintenance of the ministry as did most of the towns of New England. All the town meetings of Bristol breathe a spirit of freedom that is refreshing to contemplate; and the language of the town orders anticipates portions of the Declaration of Independence.

FRANKLIN C. CLARK, M.D.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(To be Continued.)

## THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

*(Conclusion.)*

**I**N the meantime they landed three or four thousand troops on John's Island, and about half a mile distant. A small inlet about sixty yards wide lay between us. A serious and perhaps a bloody battle was inevitable, and various opinions as to the result of our regiment against such odds was entertained.

Gen. Lee had come on and taken command, but up to this time had kept in the city. The report was soon circulated, and we understood it was his opinion, that the islands could not be defended; but the troops on the islands were to be sacrificed to gain time in which to finish the defenses at the city; but our own immediate commanders and the men pledged each other to defend our position to the last extremity. Every exertion was made to finish the fort (Moultrie), and we threw up a small breastwork of sand at the eastern point of the island, opposite the island where the British troops had been landed, and in this had been placed an eighteen pounder and a few field pieces with a few artillery men. But our principal reliance was on our trusty rifles and our own skilled use of them. The odds appeared fearful—three or four thousand against three or four hundred, and very few of the latter had, at that time, ever burned powder in battle. But they were all marksmen and could shoot to the center at a hundred yards' match.

Every day seemed to bring us nearer the critical moment which would put our military skill and bravery to the test, when on the 26th of June, early in the morning, we saw a rocket high in the air from the Admiral's ship. This we had no doubt was a signal to the troops on land to cross the inlet and attack us. We stood prepared at the water's edge, looking at the main body, apparently preparing for action; when from behind an oyster bank a little to our left and about sixty yards distant, three or four hundred British rose and fired on us. This was a complete surprise, for we had not the least suspicion of the party being there. But what surprised us equally as much, not one man of us was touched, not a single shot took effect; but (of) a small party of Indians a little to our left, every man fell, and at the time we had no doubt were

every one killed. But we had the pleasing satisfaction shortly afterwards to see every man jump up, run away and place themselves at a safe distance behind us unhurt.

Not such was our fire at the British. Our rifles were in prime order, well proved and well charged; every man took deliberate aim at his object, and it really appeared as if every ball took effect, and every man would have been killed at the first fire; but it so happened that sometimes several men aimed at the same person; but the proportion that fell never to rise again was great. This fire taught the enemy to lie close behind their oystershells, and only show themselves when they rose up to fire. But in every case they were cut down, for ours was a certain and deadly aim with rifles. No man thought of pulling a trigger without having a sight on an object. Although they were reinforced, their numbers diminished very fast until the few who were left ceased firing and fled.

Another thing to our advantage; the enemy discovered that the narrow channel of water between us was too deep to wade, and they did not have boats to cross more than two hundred and fifty at a time, and such numbers would, in all reasonable probability, be cut off before other reinforcements could cross to their aid, and their muskets were of too short range to be serviceable across the channel.

Another reason no doubt had its weight in preventing them from attempting to cross—they could see reinforcements coming up in our rear; but, we, at the time, knew nothing of them. The firing having ceased in our front and the enemy having withdrawn to the main body, we had nothing to do but stand and view the engagement at the fort.

While we had been engaged with our immediate adversary for over an hour, seven or eight of the British ships of war had taken position immediately in front of the fort, until now unnoticed by us, and commenced a furious cannonade. The brave and deliberate Moultrie, who commanded the garrison, directed his engineers to take sure and certain aim and not throw away a shot, and sink every ship in its place, if possible. Had Gen. Lee entrusted them with sufficient ammunition at first, I verily believe the order would have been literally complied with, and not a ship would have been able to retire from under the fire of the fort.

In about two hours after the bombardment began, we observed

the fire on our side greatly slacken. We were apprehensive that a parley for the surrender was about to take place. But a fresh supply of powder was received from Charleston, when the firing was renewed and continued with great effect until sundown. One or two of the ships were blown up and sunk and the remainder drew off in a very shattered condition. Their loss was heavy both on land and sea."

Here this personal narrative of Morgan Brown suddenly ends. All the blank pages of his Bible had been filled. Whether the story was continued elsewhere, we are not informed. The chances that his history would be preserved if left on the pages of the Bible were infinitely better when thus recorded than if written in any other form. The Bible was the one book of the pioneer's home which would be most likely to be preserved.

The writer does not know of any other private personal record from the hand of a participant in the Mecklenburg revolution. The story has the contemporary freshness and unconventionality which flavor our ancient history with the zest of real life. Where else could we find such an everyday record of this transition era of our national history? In those days of the judges when there was no king over this western Israel, when the old had passed away and the new had not yet developed; when men indeed knew not if a new order was to be established at all; when Whigs and Tories were contending for mastery; when the Colonial Congress had, as yet, no thought of independence, but only planned to right their wrongs by forceful appeal to England's great Bill of Rights: at this time, singly and alone, this pigmy republic of the backwoods started into life and organic existence. Unlike the city republics of Greece and Italy—this wilderness government started with a *general* and an *equal* citizenry. It had no oligarchy, no patrician class, no hereditary nobility. More quietly, more successfully than France, these foresters deposed the royal government without an anarchy of blood and destruction.

Their "Committee of Public Safety," though clothing itself with autocratic powers, was trusted implicitly by the patriots, nor ever regarded as tyrannical by the people. A boy sheriff of seventeen was their chief agent for executing their decrees, and arbitration was the chief instrumentality for settling disputes among themselves. Only Anglo-Saxons, schooled to due regard for mutual rights and to self-restraint,

could have safely passed through this transition period from royalty deposed, through no law, to constitutional government. An anomalous condition was presented for the next thirteen and a half months after the Mecklenburg Declaration. The other colonies were still subject, by their own admission, to the British Crown. Rights of Englishmen under an English Parliament and English law, they were contending for. Mecklenburg, on the other hand, was a new nation just born, independent of all the rest. For a year this new-fledged republic was fighting along with English colonies, for rights: the latter, for representation along with taxation; but Mecklenburg for *independence*. Had England yielded to Colonial demands and a reconciliation been effected with the other colonists, what of Mecklenburg's position? What would have been the fate of that Committee with its laws, its magistrates, bailiffs, military officials, and—what we are interested in—of its boy-sheriff? The Mecklenburgers, like Menon's troops in the army of the Ten Thousand, took the initiative in daring, but with confident expectation that the rest would follow, and the other colonies did follow a year later. Yet singular to relate, while North Carolina dared first the consequences of a real rebellion, not of a mere insurrection, she suffered perhaps less than any other of the larger colonies. While on either side Virginia and South Carolina were in the throes of British thralldom, North Carolina was comparatively free from the enemy. In 1781 Greene and Cornwallis crossed the State in rapid flight and pursuit, but this was hardly an occupancy by the enemy. Otherwise, the State's experiences of the war were chiefly with the British fleet on the coast, or with hasty cavalry raiders into the interior. But the Mecklenburg Revolution had no small part in shaping the future of the Great Republic about to be born into the family of nations.

H. A. SCOMP.

ALDERSON, W. VA.



## THE MECKLENBURG MYTH

THE periodic revival of discussion of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is once more upon us, and the zeal of the advocates on either side of the question has been quickened by the appearance of a clever forgery, somewhat stupidly put upon the market, and therefore denounced before disposed of at a high price. In his book Dr. Graham † claims to present new evidence in favor of a Declaration. This evidence is (1) a poem, dated 1777, called the "Mecklenburg Censor," in which mention is made of a "rabble";

In congress, they, the very first,  
Their independence to declare;

(2) a child born twelve years after the alleged Declaration and called "my Independence Boy"; (3) deeds for land which date from 1775 and not from 1776 as the year of independence; (4) a schoolboy's declamation in 1809, mentioning the Declaration, and (5) a discussion of how Martin and Gardner obtained their information of the paper. Dr. Graham believes that the resolves dated May 31, which have been accepted by historians, were adopted May 20, and were additional and supplementary to a true Declaration of Independence.

However interesting as a discussion of authorities this plea in favor of a Declaration may be, it does not carry conviction. Because Martin and Gardner associated with men who were present at a convention in Mecklenburg in May, is no reason why they should have discussed the matter with them or obtained original material. The resolves of May 31 suspended all royal commissions as null and void, and placed all legislation and executive powers in the Provincial Congress. This was in some decree a declaration of independence, and the reference in the "Censor" and in the schoolboy's oration could apply as easily to these sections as to a separate and distinct Declaration. Further, the school-

† *The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence*, May 20, 1775, and lives of its Signers. By George W. Graham. New York: Neale Publishing Co. 1906.

boy was a pupil of the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, who married the daughter of John McKnitt Alexander, secretary to the meeting, and had thus been under the influence of one interested in maintaining the existence of a Declaration. The fact that the resolves of May 31 were widely copied, while the more noticeable Declaration has left no trace in contemporary newspapers, is a difficult point against the passage of the latter, and is not to be lightly solved by general assertions. Nor does Dr. Graham's mode of treatment inspire confidence, for under his hands a supposition soon becomes a certainty. Martin, at the end of his chapter on the Declaration, gives as his authorities, "Records, magazines, gazettes." Martin told Dr. Hawks he had found a copy of the Declaration in the western part of the State prior to 1800. To this statement Dr. Graham adds: "Whether it was a manuscript or newspaper copy is not stated, but probably the latter." A few pages later, our author states positively that Martin had read the *Cape Fear Mercury* of June, 1775!

This *Cape Fear Mercury* is not known to exist in any collection; but it is entirely gratuitous to suppose that a copy was abstracted from the British records by Andrew Stevenson, when minister plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James. There is nothing in his official correspondence to show that he had made any discovery on so important a question, and to justify belief that in 1837 the followers of Jefferson were so jealous of his fame that they would employ Stevenson to destroy evidence of an early Mecklenburg Declaration. It would be much more to the point to discuss contemporary records, which have not yet been entirely exhausted.

For instance, why did it require only twelve days for the news of Lexington to reach Williamsburg, Virginia, and nearly twenty-one days to go further south and west to Mecklenburg, North Carolina? Yet the news is said to have reached Mecklenburg while the convention was sitting, and led to the framing of the Declaration. Then, too, the supporters of the Declaration say that four copies of this important paper were sent by special messenger to the Continental Congress, and the receipt was acknowledged and encouragement given by Hancock and by a joint letter of the Carolina delegates. Yet the letter-book of John Hancock does not show any such letter, the joint letter has never been traced, and the two men in Congress most interested in obtaining every support for independence, Adams and Jefferson, had never seen or heard of the Declaration until it was first printed in 1819. Jefferson

believed it to be a forgery, and in an unpublished letter to him Adams echoed his opinion:

"It appeared to me utterly incredible that they should be genuine; but there were so many circumstances calculated to impose on the public that I thought it my duty to take measures for the detection of the imposture. For this purpose I instantly inclosed the *Essex Register* to you, knowing that if you had either seen or heard of these resolutions, you would have informed me of it. As they are unknown to you, they must have been unknown to all mankind. . . . But who can be the Demon to invent such a machine after five and forty years, and what could be his motive? Was it to bring a charge of Plagiarism against the Congress in '76, or against you, the undoubted acknowledged draughtsman of the Declaration of Independence? Or could it be the mere vanity of producing a *jeu d'esprit*, to set the world agasp and afford a topic of conversation in this piping time of Peace? Had such Resolutions appeared in June, '75, they would have flown through the Universe like wildfire; they would have elevated the heads of the inhabitants of Boston, and of all New England, above the stars, and they would have rung a peal in Congress to the utter confusion of Toryism and timidity, for a full year before they were discomfited [discomfited?]."

And a few days later he again wrote:

"If these resolutions were genuine, they ought to be published in every Gazette in the world. If they are one of those tricks which our fashionable men in England call hoaxes and boares, they ought to be printed in all American journals, exposed to public resentment, and the author of them hunted to his dark Cavern. For although you and I should as easily believe that a flaming Brand might be thrust into a Magazine of Powder without producing an explosion, as that those Resolutions could have passed in 1775, and not been known to any Member of Congress in 1776; and if they were not known to you, as I am very sure they were not, it is impossible they could have been known to any other Member."

The absence of any record in the journals of the Congress of their receipt is not conclusive, as Thomson had not yet perfected his method of noting papers and reports coming to the Congress. We may therefore accept the tradition that Captain Jack was sent to Philadelphia. It

does not follow, however, that he was the bearer of a Declaration or even of the resolutions of May 31, and it is surprising that attention has not been called to an entry in the Journals of June 26, of resolutions on the State of North Carolina, recommending the good people of the colony to associate, establish a militia, and support the "American Association." In the original Journal the entry does not show that it was on North Carolina, and the corrected Journal supplies that information. This action must have been suggested from North Carolina; and as Congress had been for days sitting as a committee of the whole on the state of America, the delay in adopting the resolves has no significance.

Could not Jack have brought this suggestion, and in after time his journey have become associated with the alleged Declaration? Could not Jack have taken back to North Carolina the joint letter, dated June 19, of the delegates of that colony in the Continental Congress, urging the people to greater exertions and to embody a militia? And would not Hancock have transmitted the Congress resolves of the 26th in a letter? These are quite as reasonable suppositions as those put forward by Dr. Graham, and answer to known dates and circumstances more definitely and satisfactorily.

*Evening Post.* N. Y.



## SACRED STONES AND STONE WORSHIP

**T**HE Nappechamak Indians who in colonial times occupied the present site of Yonkers (N. Y.), worshiped a great rock. This was the Amackassin, "the great, sacred, copper-colored rock." It was looked upon as a divinity. The Indians have vanished, but the rock stands as it stood when an unknown and mysterious spell was cast upon it by an Indian magician, which is forever potent. The rock is in a cove, near Greystone station, and is half-hidden by tall rushes and willows. It is a large boulder of gabbro, brought down by the ice-sheet in glacial times from near Peekskill. On the northern face a strange writing is graven in the rock, but the meaning of this character is lost. Petroglyphs resembling it are found on burial caves in Southern Utah.

The Thunder-Bird rock of the Dakota Indians is on a hill near Brown's Valley, Minnesota. To this day the Indians regard the rock with such awe that they fear to approach it. It is a flat granite stone with grooved impressions which are like the footprints of a large bird; and according to the legend it was on this rock that the Thunder-Bird alighted to rest. The true origin of the marks is unknown, as the igneous nature of the rock precludes the possibility of their being fossil tracks, and it is probable that the grooves are some ancient picture-writing of a race prior to the Dakotas.

In a former copy of this magazine \* is an interesting reference to a rock on the Columbia River which was worshiped by the Oregon Indians.

This veneration of stones was also very prevalent among the Indians of Virginia, where there are many sacred boulders. Indeed, there is no doubt that it existed among all or nearly all the North American Indians, and it extended down through Mexico.

We may trace this stone worship around the world.

Throughout Africa the favorite charms and fetishes with which the Witch Doctor casts his spells are stones. This belief in the power of stones for good or evil, in the practice of Obi charms and witchcraft

\* September, 1905.

has spread through the West Indies and wherever the negroes have settled.

In Europe and the British Isles there are many sacred stone relics. Ireland abounds with them. In Celtic Europe they are very striking. This stone worship continued in Europe as late as A. D. 567, when at a council at Tours excommunication was threatened by the Church to crush it. Similar edicts were passed by the English kings in the seventh, tenth, and eleventh centuries.

Pausanias writes that in ancient times all the Greeks worshiped stones and gave to them the names of natural forces. And among the Romans we read of the *lapides uncti*.

In Asia Mohammedanism centers around a sacred stone. The most sacred object is the black stone fixed in the southeast corner of the ancient temple—the Kaaba. To this day the first duty of the pilgrim to Mecca is the worship of this stone. In other Arabian temples other stones are worshiped.

The worship of stones in Asia is not confined to the Mohammedans. The Mongolian Buriats worship the Shaman stone, which is on a peninsula in Lake Baikal.

This cult is found on the most widely separated islands. In the Fijis basaltic columns are worshiped, and the early inhabitants of the Canary Islands took their most solemn oaths on a rocky crest from which they sometimes cast themselves as a sacrifice.

Sacred stones are of three classes:

Meteoric stones.

Mountain crests and summits.

Particular fetishes (boulders, columns or small stones).

Stones falling from the sky were naturally of a mysterious character and many examples might be given of their worship. The most striking is that of the Mecca stone which first shone brightly but soon turned black because of the sinfulness of men.

Mountain crests are worshiped by the Abyssinians and Mount Olympus, the home of the gods, was a sacred summit.

Under particular fetishes we may group the *lapides uncti* of the ancients, the columns of rock of Europe, the large bowlders of the American Indians and smaller stones considered so potent in African witchcraft.

In conclusion, it is evident that stone worship has existed the world over. Often it has arisen independently. It is a natural expression of primitive religious sentiment. What, then, is its meaning? The worship of trees, serpents, and other animate objects is the worship of life in various phases—so with fire which is life-giving. But all these are transient. A rock alone is apparently unchanging and enduring. In all nature there is no better symbol of the Eternal. This poetic symbolism is retained in Christianity where many instances might be cited, but none grander than the saying of Moses in Deuteronomy, "He is the rock."

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#### THE LAST WRITING OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Mr. Halleck died on November 19, 1867.

The day previous he wrote on the back of an old envelope the following lines, the characters showing no indication of feebleness:

Count de Narbonne says of Napoleon—page 529—"His capacity in every respect is above all that can be imagined within the limits of possibility."



## EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

*Continued from May.*

**I**N Chancery proceedings, 1693, is a record of this suit:—"Young *versus* Halley":—Richard Young a merchant of London, complains that he has not been paid his expenditure & outlay incurred in administering the various estates of Edmund Halley, deceased, as follows: Whereas, Edmund Halley of London, Gent., died in or about the year 1663, suddenly and intestate and the affairs of said deceased being thereby thrown partly into confusion & withal likely to bring in dispute as to the relative value or proportion of claim feasible to each of the two next of kin then living, to wit, the wyfe of deceased, Joan Halley, widow or relict, and the only son, Edmund Halley, after some delay it was arranged by these two each to choose or nominate one person to represent & figure as Administrators to gather in all debts due to & pay debts owing by the deceased Edmund, & whereas Edmund Halley, the son, did appoint Sir John Buckworth of London, Knight (since deceased); and your Petitioner was by Joan Halley appointed, grant of administration with consent was made in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury accordingly, the ..... day of July [? 30 June], 1684. But while matters were so proceeding in regulating & settling affairs, the son Edmund has by letter of Attorney & advantaging by the decease of Sir John Buckworth obtained a large amount of income accruing from the rentals, & other sources, of the estates, leaving bare enough debts to collect to satisfy the cost of administering the outlays on your Petitioner's  $\text{£}$ s annexed. Complains also that Joan got married again to one Robert Cleator, gent., of London, & they have taken up the rentals of the property at Winchester Street (& in Cannon Street) equal to  $\text{£}950$ . The account shows amongst other items:—Interest paid on Lottery Bonds  $\text{£}248\ 12/6d.$ ; small rents of Mr. Ingram & Mr. Leake  $\text{£}7$ ; taxes & imposts  $\text{£}424$ . Funeral expenses,  $\text{£}90$ . Paid  $3\frac{3}{4}$  years annuity of Mrs. Susan Sandwith in full till her death. Paid a small legacy of  $\text{£}5$  due to Elizabeth Partridge from the Will



of Humphrey Halley deceased; paid taxes on the Dog Tavern, Billingsgate. Received  $3\frac{1}{4}$  years Rental Richard Smith & Rent of Dog Tavern, £350; from its Tenant, Mr. Bryan Edwards.

The answer made to the above by Edmund Halley is: his father died in April, 1684, not 1683, & that he was favoured by a letter of Attorney, from his nominee Sir John Buckworth at decease of that gentleman, in order to manage the estate & draw from same to maintain himself & that with the consent of his [*step-*]mother, Joan, *etc.*, *etc.* These bills and answers are very bulky.

Query: Who was Humphrey Halley? Was he a brother or the father of Edmund Halley deceased, 1684? Is it possible that Humphrey Halley had a daughter who married a Pyke, and that their son was the Richard Pyke of Fanchurch Street? This Chancery suit makes it very clear that Edmund Halley had one only son, Edmund, living in 1693; this might not exclude a daughter or daughters, but considering that, in the reply, the son Edmund corrects his opponent in date of father's death, it seems likely that the statement that he was the only son is correct, for if there had been any other children, it would have been an excellent opportunity to assert the fact, as a claim for maintenance out of the funds.

The first mention of Halley in Scotland list of Inheritance service is said to be the item next below:—

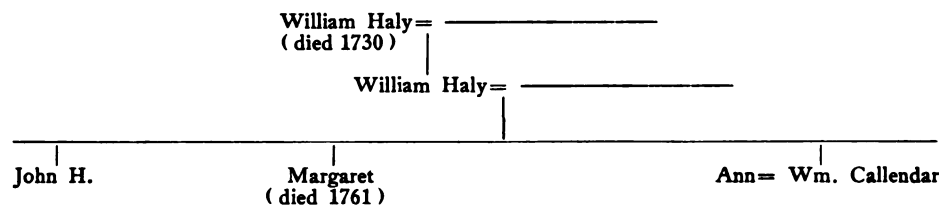
1730; Wm. Haly, heir to his father William of Nether Kenneder.

1739; John Haly, heir to his mother, Margaret McAra wife of Thomas Haly of Cultmalindy.

1752; George Hally, heir to his father George Hally (Muir of Culross).

1761; Ann Halley (wife of W. Callandar, Merchant, Edinburgh) heiress to her sister Margaret Halley, daughter of William Halley of Kinneddar; also heiress to her brother John Halley son of said Wm. H.

Hence, we deduce this family-tree:



The wills in Scottish print Registers (at Edinburgh Registry) show :  
 1761; Wm. Haly of Kenneder, Lothian Co.  
 1762; John Haly of Kenneder, Lothian Co.

The Scots' Magazine, vol. 1 (for 1739) page 282, says: Major Haley promoted Lieut.-Col. of Lord James Cavendish Regiment, foot.

In the Westminster Abbey Registers, published by the Harleian Society, London, 1876, page 416, note 4, is this item: Gavin Drummond, Esq., buried Feb. 22, 1773. His will, as of Park Prospect, St. Margaret's, Westminster, dated 18 Dec. 1771, proved 19 June, 1773, gives bequests to Anna-Helena *Stuart*, dau. of his late half-sister *Catharine*; to the children of his late half-sister *Margaret*; and to his Kinswoman Anna Callendar, formerly *Hally*. [The four names in italics represent an odd series of coincidences, if nothing more.]

Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis buried in Westminster Abbey, Nov. 10, 1762. Her will, as of Cork Street, St. James, Westminster, spinster, dated 17 May, 1760, proved 9 Nov., 1762. She bequeathed all her estates in Carmarthenshire, to her nephew, Henry Price, son of her sister Frances, wife of Mr. Henry Price. (See Westminster Abbey Registers, Harleian Soc., London, 1876, "burials," page 401, note 8).

Henry Price was the name of the second husband of Dr. Edmond Halley's younger surviving daughter, Catharine. (See *London Notes and Queries*, 10th series, vol. 3, pp. 6-7.)

A curious intermingling of the surnames Entwisle, Halley, Millikin, Price and Smith, in a single document, occurs in the will of Catharine Price quoted in the *London Notes and Queries*, 10th ser., 3: 6-7, just cited. The surname Entwisle is said to be strictly English and possibly of Lancashire origin. The English "Who's Who" for 1906 gives the

name of John Bertie Norreys Entwisle, J. P., D. L. (born 1856), address Kilworth House, Rugby, England. His father was named John Smith Entwisle.

From the wills in Scottish print Registers (at Edinburgh Registry) have been obtained these notes:

- 1710; Janet Millikine, heiress to her father, Robert Dunlop, meal merchant in Glasgow [? an ancestor of Dunlop Bros., grain merchants in Glasgow, 1906.]
- 1730; Alex<sup>r</sup>. Millikine, of Auchmillane, Mauchline, Ayrshire, heir to his great-grandfather, John Millikine, there deceased.
- 1745; Janet Fulton, wife of James Millikine, soldier, heir to her father Robert Fulton, coppersmith, Glasgów.
- 1752; George Hally, heir to his father, George Hally, Muir of Culross.
- 1791; John Hally, heir to his father, James Hally, Blacksmith, in Crieff.
- 1762; Alex<sup>r</sup>. Milliken (son of James Milliken), heir to his brother James, of Milliken Renfrew.
- 1765; Jane Milliken (Mrs. Wm. Napier, of Culcrench), heir to her brother, Alex<sup>r</sup>. M. (Kirklands, Kilbarchan, Renfrew).
- 1777; Elizabeth Price, heiress to her father, Cromwell Price, son of Brigadier Price of Holymount.
- 1785; Hiram Price (cutler, Portsburgh), heir to his great-grandfather, John Price, weaver, Leith.
- 1788; Lady Jane Price, wife of Sir Charles Price, a Baronet, heir to her father, Stephen Child of Richmond, Surrey.

There is said to be a nice estate called Milliken Park, situated about ten miles from Glasgow.

In the wills shown in printed list of Prerogative Court of Canterbury, are these two:

- 1595; Daniel Haly, citizen and haberdasher, Ludgate, London.

1598; John Haley, citizen and haberdasher, London.

The Appendix to the 26th report of the deputy keeper of the Public Records in Ireland (page 378)—an Index to . . . wills . . . of Diocese of Dublin,—gives “Halley, John; Dublin, gentleman, will, 1670.” This is said to be the only Halley will in that series.

In the index to Chancery Proceedings, Reynardson's Division (British Record Society, vol. xxix, p. 196), is an entry: Halley *versus* Barber, 1694—453-37. The plaintiff was one Robert Halley, clothier, of Cranbrook, Kent, the year being 1694.

A London correspondent writes: “I was at the Guildhall library and made an attempt to locate Golden Lion Court (where Dr. E. Halley once resided), but was unable to find the place marked in any old map, and am inclined to think that ‘Golden Mine Court,’ near Falcon Street, was Halley's actual place of residence. The rate-books of the parish of St. Botolph, Aldersgate Street, if extant (*circa* 1682-1700) or the parish registers might contain some data on the Halley family.”

A discussion as to the origin of the surnames Pike (or Pyke) and McPike, took place in the *Scottish Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. 6, pages 93, 126, 142, 174; vol. 7, page 135. In the same periodical are many notes on these families and on the Halley and Stewart families. An antiquary in London says that the name McPike must be a modern combination (since 1760), as he cannot find it in any records. An unusual spelling is Peycke (of Los Angeles, California).

“J. Mountain, from New Jersey—English, about 1554. Children were: Joseph, John, Richard, Martha; also half-brother, George Grinup. Joseph Mountain married Miss E. Drake; one child, Joanna. Martha Mountain married Captain James McPike” (? *circa* 1789). *Extract* from original manuscript dictated by the late Judge John Mountain McPike (1795-1876), which is now preserved in the Museum of The Newberry Library, Chicago; case No. II., 31.2; catalogue No. 89030.

The same manuscript gives the names of the ten children of James McPike and Martha Mountain, his wife, in the order following: Joseph,

Richard, Elizabeth, Nancy, Sarah, John, Haley, George, Martha, James. Other reliable evidence shows that the full name of the third son was John Mountain McPike; hence it is safe to infer that he was named after his maternal grandfather, described above as "J. Mountain," though it is possible that he was, instead (and like his brothers Joseph and Richard) named after a maternal uncle. Be this as it may, these facts seem to assign the given name James exclusively to the McPike family as such. The name of James McPike's father is unknown; perhaps, it, also, was James. He is said to have been a linen-merchant, presumably in Edinburgh or London, *circa* 1750.

The date 1554 above given, is obviously wrong: the year 1654 might be more nearly correct as representing, approximately, the period of emigration of one Mountain from England to New Jersey.

Captain James McPike's second son, Richard, bestowed the name of Zebulon upon one of his sons, probably because of an admiration for Zebulon Montgomery Pike. The latter's father, Zebulon Pike, was born in New Jersey, in 1751, and died in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, to which point Richard McPike's brother, John Mountain McPike, removed shortly before 1825. There is nothing to indicate relationship between these two families except similarity of some given names.

An account of the Pike family claiming Zebulon Montgomery Pike as a member is given in "Contributions to the Early History of Perth Amboy, New Jersey," by William A. Whitehead, pages 360-363, 389, 402; New York, 1856. A marriage license was issued July 11, 1775 to Zebulon Pike and Isabella Brown; *see* "Names of Persons for whom marriage licenses were issued" (New York State), page 301; Albany, 1860.

EUGENE FAIRFIELD MCPIKE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## THE *CHESAPEAKE* AND *SHANNON* LIST OF CASUALTIES

(Though the story of the capture of the *Chesapeake* has often been told, we are not aware that the full list of her killed and wounded has been published since its original appearance in the *U. S. Gazette*, of Philadelphia, in which it was printed, apparently as a letter from Boston, on June 30, 1813. To find a list of the casualties of a naval action of that day, with the names of the common sailors given, is a rarity. This list would seem to contradict the oft-repeated statement that the *Chesapeake* did not have many native Americans in her crew—for the greater part of the names given will be recognized as of pure American stock; and either the rest of her crew was of the same race, or the Americans furnished all the fighters aboard the ship.—Ed.)

### LATEST FROM HALIFAX

YESTERDAY arrived at this port (Boston), ship *Henry*, Capt. Gardner, from Halifax. In this ship came passenger Mr. Chew, late Purser of the frigate *CHESAPEAKE*. Mr. C. is the bearer of the official account of the capture of the U. S. frigate *CHESAPEAKE*, from the senior officer (Lieut. Budd). Mr. Chew informs us that Lieut. Ludlow died of his wounds the 13th, and was buried with military honours: also that the *CHESAPEAKE* had 48 men killed and 97 wounded (13 of whom have since died) Peter Adams, boatswain, among the number; that the officers of the *Shannon* acknowledged that they had 3 officers and 28 men killed and 58 wounded, 20 of which had since died—that the explosion aboard the *CHESAPEAKE* was the arms-chest, which blew up, occasioned by a hand-grenade threw from on board the *Shannon*; and that the loss of the *CHESAPEAKE* was in consequence of every officer being killed or wounded.

He also informs us that the *Shannon* had part of the crew of the *Tenedos*, and her total on board was 376. She was so much injured from the fire of the *CHESAPEAKE* that it was with difficulty they could get her into port by baling and pumping. The *Frederick Augusta* was to sail for Newport, with all the surviving officers of the *CHESAPEAKE*, excepting Lieut. Budd and three midshipmen, who had to remain with the crew.

Mr. Chew is decidedly of the opinion that had not the *CHESAPEAKE*

got foul of the *Shannon* the latter, from her very shattered state, must soon have surrendered—and even then, if the officers had not all been killed or wounded, the *Shannon* could not have succeeded in boarding.

Killed on board the CHESAPEAKE, June 1, 1813:

Edward J. Ballard, Acting Lieutenant.	Ebenezer Day, Ordinary Seaman.
William A. White, Sailing Master.	Forbes Dela(no?), Quarter Gunner
Pollard Hopewell, Midshipman.	(since dead).
John Evans, Midshipman.	Noah Dearborn, Ordinary Seaman.
Courtland Livingston, Midshipman.	John Devo(e?), Ordinary Seaman
Harris Ball, Ordinary Seaman.	(since dead).
Robert Bates, Seaman.	John De Zink, Seaman.
James Betton, Seaman.	Matthias Douglass, Ordinary Seaman.
David Bias, Seaman.	James Durfee, Ordinary Seaman.
Daniel Burnham, Quartermaster.	Thomas Flanagan, Ordinary Seaman.
Abraham Cox, Ordinary Seaman.	Francis Franklin, Ordinary Seaman.
John Carter, Boatswain's Mate.	William Gardner, Seaman.
Sterling Clark, Seaman.	Alexander Grant, Ordinary Seaman.
John Crabb, Seaman.	Jefferson Griffith, Quartermaster.
George Crayton, Boy.	Enoch Hacket, Ordinary Seaman.
John W. Duggin, Ordinary Seaman.	Lewis Hanscom, Ordinary Seaman
Benjamin Esday, Ordinary Seaman.	(since dead).
Thomas Evans, Ordinary Seaman.	John Hodgman, Ordinary Seaman
Christopher Houston, Seaman,	(since dead).
John Jones, Seaman.	William Hubans, Seaman.
Joseph Judith, Seaman.	John Hunt, Ordinary Seaman.
Michael Kelley, Quarter Gunner.	Henry Hyde, Ordinary Seaman.
Alexander Marino, Ordinary Seaman.	Peter John, Seaman.
Daniel Martin, Seaman.	John Johnson, Ordinary Seaman.
John Miller, Seaman.	Thomas Jones, 2d, Seaman.
Samuel Mullin, Ordinary Seaman.	John Kegan, Seaman.
Henry Munroe, Seaman.	Darby Lee, Ordinary Seaman (since
Samuel M. Perkins, Ordinary Seaman.	dead).
John Philips, Seaman.	James A. Lewis, Quartermaster.
John Read, 2d, Seaman.	Marcus Mansel, Seaman (since dead).
Michael Sawyer, Ordinary Seaman.	Robert May, Ordinary Seaman.
William Russell, Seaman.	Andrew Mercer, Ordinary Seaman.
Josiah Shatfield, Seaman.	William Metcalf, Seaman.
Joseph Simonds, Seaman.	William McCafferty, Seaman.
Andrew Williams, Seaman.	John McNeal, Seaman (since dead).
James Woodbury, Second Master.	Asa Newhall, Seaman.

James Broome, First Lieutenant Marines.	James Parker, Ordinary Seaman.
Redmond Barry, Private of Marines.	Rola (Rollo?) Peters, Ordinary Sea- man.
Philip Bryant, Private.	John Peterson, Ordinary Seaman.
John German, Private.	William Peterson, Seaman.
John Huntress, Private.	John Peterswirg, Seaman.
Benjamin Morrison, Private.	Peter Quintin, Ordinary Seaman.
John Mulligan, Private.	Abraham Richardson, Ordinary Seaman.
Jacob Preston, Private.	John Rollins, Ordinary Seaman.
Robert Standley, Private.	Charles Sargeant, Ordinary Seaman.
James Trainor, Private.	Jehu Smith, Seaman.
Delaney Ward, Private.	Thomas Sterling, Ordinary Seaman.
Thomas Wheaton, Private.	Sylvester Stacey, Ordinary Seaman.
	William Stewart, Seaman.
WOUNDED	James Sprout, Ordinary Seaman.
James, Lawrence, Captain (since dead).	Benjamin Sumner, Seaman.
George Budd, Lieutenant.	Francis Symonds, Seaman (since dead).
Augustus C. Ludlow, Lieutenant (since dead).	John Tallman, Ordinary Seaman.
William Cox, Acting Lieutenant.	Charles Thompson, Seaman.
Samuel Livermore, Acting Chaplain.	Andrew Vandeman, Ordinary Seaman.
Walter Abbott, Midshipman.	Joseph Vaughan, Ordinary Seaman.
William Berry, Midshipman.	Joseph Weyland, Ordinary Seaman.
Francis Nichols, Midshipman.	John Twiss, Sergeant of Marines.
Edmund M. Russell, Midshipman.	John Brady, Private of Marines.
William A. Weaver, Midshipman.	James Brown, Private of Marines.
Peter Adams, Boatswain's Mate (since dead).	John Crippin, Private of Marines.
Samuel Hutson, Sailing Master's Mate.	George Clyne, Private of Marines.
Thomas Finnagan, Gunner's Yeoman.	Joseph Crane, Private of Marines.
John Giles, Second Gunner.	William Dixon, Corporal (since dead).
Thomas Rouse, Quarter Gunner.	Warren Fogg, Private.
Thomas Smith, Second Quarter Gunner.	Richard Hoffman, Private.
John Veazey, Second Quarter Gunner.	Samuel Jackson, Private.
Thomas Jackson, Second Quartermaster.	John Johnson, Private.
John Appleton, Ordinary Seaman.	Thomas Johnson, Private.
John Brice, Seaman.	William Harris, Sergeant.
Alexander Brown, Seaman.	William Lewis, Sergeant.
Eliphalet Car(r?), Seaman.	John Livu, Sergeant.
John Caldwell, Seaman.	Miles Morris, Sergeant.
Giles Cone, Ordinary Seaman (since dead).	Joseph Twiss, Private.
John Crutchell, Seaman.	George Upham, Private.
	Matthew Woodbury, Private.
	John Wright, Private.



[The *Shannon* was broken up some years after the war of 1812. The *Chesapeake* met a far different fate. After her capture by the *Shannon* (June 1, 1813), she was taken to England, and in 1820 her timbers were sold to John Prior, miller, of Wickham, Hampshire. Mr. Prior pulled down his old mill and erected a new one from the *Chesapeake's* timbers, which he found admirably adapted for the purpose. The deck-beams were thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, and were placed, unaltered, horizontally in the mill. The purlins of the deck were about twelve feet long, and served, without alteration, for joists. Many of these timbers still bear the marks of the *Shannon's* grapeshot, and in some places the shot are to be seen deeply embedded in the pitch-pine. The metamorphosis of a sanguinary man-of-war into a peaceful flour-mill is perhaps as near an approach to the Scriptural that spears and swords shall be beaten into plowshares and pruning-hooks as the conditions of modern civilization will allow. The Rev. Dr. Brighton, in his *Memoirs* of Sir Philip B. V. Booke, captain of the *Shannon*, gives the following account of a visit to this mill in 1864:

"Nothing ship-like or of the sea was discernible from without the mill (which is called the Chesapeake Mill). A large cigar-box, constructed from the polished pine of the old ship, and bearing the inscription *Chesapeake* in small brass nails, stood upon a table. The beams were pock-marked in many places with grapeshot. The mill was merrily going, but as I stood in the midst of this peaceful scene I remembered that, beyond all reasonable doubt, on one of these planks Lawrence fell, in the writhing anguish of his mortal wound, on another, if not the same, Watt's\* head was carried away by a shot; (from his own ship) and on others Booke lay ensanguined, and his assailants dead, while nearby Ludlow† must have poured out his life's blood: Thus pondering I stood and still the busy hum went on."

MACLAY: *History of the U. S. Navy*. Vol. I.]

\* George T. L. Watt, first lieutenant of the *Shannon*.

† Augustus C. Ludlow, third lieutenant of the *Chesapeake*.



## REMINISCENCES OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS

**T**HERE lives in this city Mr. David Parish Barhydt, whose reminiscences are a treasure house of interesting historical information. He is now ninety years old, and he has played many important parts in the life of his time and has been associated with many men whose names are part of the history of the United States. In 1840 he was appointed treasurer of the Republic of Texas, and he helped to found the city of Austin. He was one of the men who built the first street-car line in the world, in this city. He was a director for forty years and president for fifteen years of the first railroad west of Lake Erie, and was associated with the construction of the earliest railroad in Texas. He was the first to establish a system of bonded warehouses for the benefit of the commercial interests of this country.

“When I was in Florida in 1838,” said Mr. Barhydt, “I heard that there was a lack of building material in the Republic of Texas, so I chartered a schooner, loaded her with lumber, and took her there. After I sold my cargo I had the good fortune to secure an appointment which led to my becoming treasurer of Texas and a friend of Gen. Sam Houston—a friendship the memory of which I have always prized highly.

The Texan Congress had decided to change its capital from Houston to a point where Austin now stands, and the new city was to be called after Stephen Austin, the man who first built up the country. A commission composed of Judge Waller, Col. Hockley, and Col. Cook (secretary of war and the navy) was appointed, and I was made secretary of the commission. The duty of the commission was to fix on the exact site for the new capital.

We traveled on horseback, with wagons and surveyors, and in May, 1839, we reached the place which is now Austin and laid out the plan of the town. At that time there was one log cabin there. After the lots had been laid out, they were sold at auction, and buildings were hastily run up for the offices of the Government. All these buildings were merely rough log cabins, except the Treasury and the President's house,

which were clapboarded. The government in Texas in those days was not conducted in luxurious style.

Nevertheless, we gave a banquet to President Lamar and his cabinet when they came to the new capital. There was no place fit for a banqueting hall, so we spread boards on trestles under the trees.

Subsequently, I became clerk in the Treasury for a short time, and then President Lamar sent for me and asked me to take up the office of treasurer. I still have some of the notes of the Republic of Texas issued with my signature. A nephew of Washington Irving, by the way, filled them out.

After holding the office for some time, I left Texas and came to New York to see my family. Before I left Austin I got together all I possessed and bought a cargo of cotton, which I consigned from Galveston to New York, hoping to realize a good profit on the investment. But the bark Cuba on which the cotton was sent did not arrive. All that was seen of her again was an empty water cask which floated up on the Dry Tortugas. So that I was stranded in New York with no result from my Southern experience, except my recollections.

When I was at Austin I lived in a room next to that occupied by Sam Houston in 'Bullock's Hotel,' which was simply a row of log cabins. I think Gen. Houston was the most remarkable man I have met, and I have known many famous men. He was always talking into the night, and many a time he 'murdered sleep' as I lay on my bed in the next room.

We became well acquainted during that winter, and he would keep me up all night telling stories. I never knew a man with more good anecdotes. We went on a horseback tour together through the country. He would stop at every log cabin to chat with the settlers, with whom he was very popular.

Gen. Houston had wonderful good sense and long-sighted views. I remember his saying to me one evening, as we lay rolled up in our blankets side by side:

'Barhydt, I'm going to bring up my son as a surveyor.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Because some day a line will have to be drawn from the Gulf to

the Pacific Ocean to include northern Mexico in the territory of the United States, and I would like my boy to draw that line.'

At that time it seemed a dream, but the Mexican war made it come true.

Houston showed the same far-sightedness at the time of the Civil War. He was very anxious that Texas should not join the Confederacy, and a mutual friend told me that when she did it broke Sam Houston's heart. He had worked hard to bring Texas into the Union. He had too great a soul to wish her to remain independent, with himself at her head.

He died in 1863, after suffering a great deal from the many wounds he had received in action years before. Two or three years before his death, as he lay in bed sick and feeble, his boy Sammy came into the room wearing a cockade in his hat.

'What's that, Sammy?' asked Houston.

'That's my cockade, father. Don't you know I've organized a company to join the South?'

Houston smiled grimly. 'Well, Sammy,' he said, 'you've got it in the wrong place. You'd better take it out of your hat and pin it to your coat-tails.'

Houston had bitter enemies in Texas when I was there. Once, he was denounced in unmeasured terms by one of them in the Texan Congress. He got up and replied calmly:

'The gentleman who has just spoken has seen fit to characterize me in uncompromising language, but I harbor no animosity towards him for his difference of opinion. So far from taking a club to him, as some men might do, I would not even lay a feather on his back, unless there was plenty of tar to make it stick.' "

*Evening Post, N. Y.*

## THE HISTORICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

### I: IN RHODE ISLAND.

[The popular conception of the aim of the two patriotic societies of "Daughters," is undoubtedly that they are chiefly devoted to social "functions"—and mutual admiration amongst their members.

In order to set before our public a full and exact account of what has been done by them in actual, permanent, historical work, we have asked and received from a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution in each of the original thirteen states, a promise to furnish such a detailed summary as shall clearly show the immense amount of such work done by the Society. When these various papers shall have been printed, the public will have for the first time, an official statement of this work—work which we risk little in saying would not have been done at all but for these patriotic ladies.

The first paper to reach us is that printed herewith, devoted to the story of Rhode Island. Others will appear in their order as received, until the series is complete, and we have no doubt our readers will find them, as we have in those already received, what Horace Greeley used to describe as "mighty interestin' readin'."—Ed.]

THE marking of historic spots is but one of several objects of patriotic effort. The Rhode Island Chapters of this Society have chosen, from the first, to devote their time and means chiefly to the promotion of patriotic education, or in the language of the constitution of the National Society, "affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens." It is necessary, in fairness to the Rhode Island Chapters, to state this in an article dealing only with the work of erecting monuments and identifying historic spots, lest a false impression should be gained of the activity of these Chapters.

Nearly every such Chapter gives an annual prize to some school or college, for essays in American history; either to the successful candidate in the local high or grammar school, or in the case of the Gaspee Chapter, of Providence, to the successful competitor in the graduating class of the Woman's College in Brown University. This Chapter established the "Gaspee Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution Prize" in 1895, and raised a fund of one thousand dollars, the income of which is awarded yearly to that student who shall present the best essay upon some topic in American History. The subjects of the essays and the judges who shall award the prize are chosen yearly by a committee of five, two from the

Brown faculty, and three elected by the Chapter from its membership. The subjects are such as to require original research.

This Chapter has also, every year for the past five years, given courses of free illustrated stereopticon lectures, in their own languages, to the foreign population of the city of Providence. As the Chapter purchases its own lantern slides and pays for the translation and delivery of the lectures, this work proves expensive, and leaves little for erecting tablets and monuments. This Chapter was among the very first to undertake this work of teaching our foreign-born citizens the true meaning of American institutions. During its history, it has also contributed largely to the restoration of Mount Vernon (Virginia), and Pohick church, by the hand of one of its founders (who was also Vice-Regent for Rhode Island of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association), the late Mrs. William Ames. It has also given over six hundred dollars toward the Rhode Island column in Memorial Continental Hall at Washington. (All the Rhode Island Chapters have contributed to these last named objects.)

The Pawtucket Chapter gave five hundred dollars to the building of Pembroke Hall, the home of the Woman's College in Brown University.

The Chapters have also, either alone or in coöperation with the Rhode Island Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, marked hundreds of graves of Revolutionary soldiers in various places in the State.

The Narragansett Chapter of Kingston has purchased for a nominal sum, at the request of the owner, an old family burying ground, and will mark the graves of two soldiers interred there.

Returning to the chief subject of this article, the marking of historic spots, which has been done in Rhode Island chiefly by other organizations than the Daughters, we will take up in chronological order such work as they have done.

The Gaspee Chapter chose as its first important work, the erection of a beacon on "Gaspee Point" (formerly called Namquit Point), the long, low spit upon which the British revenue vessel *Gaspee* ran aground when chasing the sloop *Hannah*, and where she met her fate, blown up by a party of patriotic citizens of Providence on the night of June 9-10, 1772. The Chapter was organized in the room where the conspirators met and melted the lead for their bullets. This room, a part of the old Richard J. Arnold house, was saved when the old house was torn down, and built on to the

residence of Mrs. William R. Talbot, daughter of Mr. Arnold. Permission was obtained from the National Government, but the whole plan had to be abandoned, as the owners of the Point would neither give or sell the land, nor permit the beacon to be erected.

Disappointed in this, the Chapter gladly accepted an invitation from the Rhode Island Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, to unite with them in placing a commemorative tablet upon the old Market House in Market Square, to mark the spot where the citizens of Providence, on the night of March 2, 1775, made a bonfire of British taxed tea.

The tablet is of solid bronze, costing three hundred dollars. It was placed upon the Market House by permission of the City Council, on condition that it should become the property of the city. It was unveiled March 2, 1894, with elaborate public ceremonies. Miss Mary Anne Greene, one of the committee from the Gaspee Chapter, in presenting the tablet on behalf of the two Societies said, in part, "On the night of March 2, 1775, near the spot where we now stand, the citizens made a bonfire of tea, an article taxed by the British government. This was the Providence Tea Party of the Revolution. They did not sink the proscribed luxury beneath the waters of the bay, but in one great holocaust whose flames reddened the sky for miles around, they proclaimed to all who might see, their determined resistance to royal oppression. The women who brought their canisters of tea and poured upon the flames their precious store are not less to be honored than the men."

The tablet is about four feet high. It bears the seal of the State of Rhode Island, and this inscription:\*

*Near this Spot the Men and Women of Providence Showed  
their resistance to Unjust Taxation by Burning British Taxed  
Tea in the Night of March 2nd 1775. Erected by the Rhode  
Island Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution and  
the Daughters of the American Revolution, 1894.*

The Market House, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1773, was the first Town Hall of Providence. In the winter of 1905-6, the Pro-

\* The inscription is not quite correct, since there is no such society as the Rhode Island Daughters of the American Revolution; hence the Gaspee Chapter, which should be commemorated, has given the credit to all the Rhode Island Daughters, while it alone, with the Sons, paid the bills and did the work. The error was not discovered till the casting was made.

vidence Board of Trade, which leases the first floor of the building, petitioned the city for its demolition and the erection of a modern office building on the site. This has drawn forth strong protests, and the Gaspee Chapter has memorialized the City Council, calling its attention to the fact that the city accepted this Tea Tablet "to be forever preserved as a precious trust," and stating that the permission given to place the tablet on the Market House warranted the Chapter in believing that the building standing at the time of the historic event commemorated on the tablet, would itself also be cherished and preserved, as of historic value; adding a petition requesting the city to refrain from demolishing the building. The Sons of the American Revolution have also taken similar steps. The matter is not yet decided.

On the nineteenth of June, 1897, the Woonsocket Chapter unveiled a tablet, marking the site of the beacon maintained on Beacon-Pole Hill during the Revolutionary War. This hill, in the northern part of the State, is one of its highest points, and is so situated that there is but little high land between it and Providence, and the waters of Narragansett Bay. It was therefore an excellent site for a beacon. It is about four miles from Woonsocket to the top of the hill. The tablet, of iron, bronze-finished, is sunk in the face of the granite boulder on the spot where tradition locates the ancient beacon. It is rectangular in shape, about ten by twelve inches in size, and is inscribed:

*The Woonsocket Chapter of the  
Daughters of the American  
Revolution  
Commemorates by this Tablet  
the Spot  
Whereon a Beacon was Maintained  
during the  
Revolutionary War.  
Erected 1897.*

MARY ANNE GREENE,

*Honorary State Regent for R. I., National Society D. A. R., and  
Regent of the Gaspee Chapter.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(To be continued.)



## MINOR TOPICS

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### A LITERARY FORGERY

[Had the editor of the journal referred to by the N. Y. *Evening Post*, from which we clip the following paragraph, taken pains to ask the editor of this MAGAZINE about "Miller," he would not have been placed in the position of having published a forgery respecting that famous historical "Declaration" about which the old *Magazine of American History* had much to say at various times.\*—ED.]

Last July a weekly journal of reputable standing and wide circulation printed in facsimile, with an accompanying article, a part of a *Cape Fear Mercury* of June 3, 1775, containing resolutions purporting to be those adopted by a convention held in Mecklenburg County, N. C., on May 20, declaring independence of the Crown of Great Britain. At first sight the article, written by one unknown among writers on history, S. Millington Miller, seemed a bit of midsummer madness, intended to amuse by an historical fiction. The tone of it, however, and the number of documents reproduced, carried weight, and aroused much interest in the South, where the tradition of such a convention and declaration has persisted for a century. The *Mercury* was sought by many, and large sums were offered for it if proof of its being genuine could be furnished. Finally, the Historical Commission asked Mr. Worthington C. Ford, head of the manuscript division in the Library of Congress, to study the newspaper held by Miller. His report was that the document was a forgery, a very clever one in its general manufacture, and that the evidence presented in support of it by Miller could not bear examination. It is hardly possible that a sale will now be made, but it is unfortunate that some steps cannot be taken to impound such a forgery and punish the forger.

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### DEATH OF A MODERN SACHEM

Chauncey Abrams, sachem of the Snipe clan of the Seneca Indians, died recently on the Tonawanda, N. Y. Reservation, and was buried with the rites of the tribe. "Nis-Nya-Net"—Falling Day—was his Indian name, and as Falling Day he should be known in death, for he died a pagan. A man of education, well read, living and dressing after the man-

\* See *Am. Hist. Review*, April.



“ ‘You and your people shall have these lands of the white man forever. None shall take them from you unless he conquers the white man. As long as the waters run and the beavers build, as long as the leaves fall and the eagle flies, as long as the grass grows and the rabbits live, so long shall these lands belong to the Senecas.’ ”

When he was young Falling Day went to a mission school and was educated. He resisted conversion, but the learning he kept, and he was fond of reading, especially history. He could write an intelligent and interesting letter, and though he had an Indian's reserve, he talked delightfully when the shell was broken. In later years he became sachem of the Snipe clan by election of the women, for woman suffrage prevails among the Senecas to a degree which would have delighted Susan B. Anthony. The women elect the sachem. It is true that the council of men has the right of veto and can force the women to make a second choice, but rarely does.

Falling Day was buried. No news came out of the reservation about it, but it must have been a simple ceremony, because the ceremonial of a Seneca death is not at the grave, but at the death feast, ten days later. The chief is laid away in his war regalia and with very little ceremony. A hole is drilled in the grave from the body to the surface, for souls do strange things sometimes, and the soul of the dead may wish to revisit the body.

The great ceremonial observance is the “Adia-Kow-Ha,” on the tenth day after death. For those ten days the soul is hovering about the earth, lingering near its old haunts, watching everything, listening to everything. But on the tenth day it departs, and in the feast the tribe bids it farewell. For two or three days before this feast runners of the Snipe clan will go to every part of the reservation, inviting the people of the Wolf, the Deer, the Turtle, the Heron, the Beaver and the Hawk. They will assemble in the Long House of the Snipe people. Everything will be done according to ancient ceremonial. The women will enter from one door, the men from another. They will eat corn bread whereof the meal is beaten out as their mothers beat it—in wooden mortars.

For although the Senecas live in modern fashion, they go back to the old customs at their ceremonial feasts. The people wear any bits of the old dress which they own, and the women of the clan work all the day before with the pestles. The mortars are hollowed from the trunks of trees. The bread of meal and beans is boiled up in kettles and baked over the fire. They make, too, a soup of meal and beans.

ner of the whites, he clung to the god of his fathers. Most of the Senecas have listened to the missionaries of one tribe or another, but never Falling Day, who died of a broken heart. Lately his wife died, and Falling Day wept himself into the grave. He retired to his own house and mourned, and presently he took to his bed. It was a fortnight after when that white man known to the Indians as Gyantwaka—"The Planter"—a full member of the tribe, went up to the reservation on a visit. He heard that Falling Day was sick and went to visit him. The other pagan Indians of the tribe were squatted about the room, watching, and on a chair near the bed were Falling Day's leggings, his bead belt, his war club, his headdress, with the eagle feather at its crest, all the paraphernalia of a Snipe sachem. To the eyes of a Seneca this showed two things. First, the old chief expected death, and second, he was going to die in the faith. For when a chief of the Senecas dies he faces it in war regalia and on his feet.

It was a Monday morning when the white physician who had attended him instead of a medicine man, told the watchers that the end had come. His two oldest friends were waiting. They clasped on his legs the leggings of old time Government broadcloth, which had been his father's; slipped his moccasins on his feet, his war-bonnet on his head; about his waist they put the belt with beads woven in the woof, and to it they hung his war club. So they put his arms over their shoulders and lifted him to his feet. A weary while they waited, for he was a long time dying; but at last he drew a long breath and his head fell on his breast. He had faced death like a chieftain.

For a sachem, his life was a peaceable one. He was just a farmer, a power among his people, and a good Indian. The traders said that he was honest and straight, and the mission people admitted it reluctantly, for he rejected Christianity. He was a grandson of Chief Blacksmith, who saw Washington on behalf of the Senecas and to whom Washington promised a perpetual reservation for the Senecas—a promise which stands out among promises to the Indians in that it was kept. Falling Day, as a boy, used to sit on the knee of Blacksmith and hear the tale of the visit to Washington. He has often repeated it to Planter as his grandfather, an Indian of the old school, told it in his grandiloquent Indian speech—

"He was a tall man and strong, with the look of a chief. He stood before us. His heart was good and his words were straight. And he said:

“ ‘ You and your people shall have these lands of the white man forever. None shall take them from you unless he conquers the white man. As long as the waters run and the beavers build, as long as the leaves fall and the eagle flies, as long as the grass grows and the rabbit runs, so long shall these lands belong to the Senecas.”

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All this is ready when the guests arrive and seat themselves about the Long House.

The last great death feast was held in November, 1904, for Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, a white woman and an adopted member of the tribe. She also was of the Snipe clan. She had died a year before. If anything prevents the feast on the tenth day it is held one year after the death, because the soul comes back once a year.

On this occasion the food was distributed among the mourners, and then Chester Lay, a head man of the Wolf clan and a friend of the dead, spoke her eulogy, and the Senecas wept, for they are a people of soft hearts. Crow, the "preacher" of his tribe, expounded the doctrine of Ga-Nia-Deio, the Seneca prophet and teacher, and others who had known her followed in the Seneca tongue. At the end the Snipe clan gave presents to the runners, the chief mourners, the friends of the dead and the women who had prepared the feast.

Something like this will be the death feast of Falling Day, known to the whites as Chauncey Abrams, and to his own people as Nis-Nya-Net, the sachem, and the faithful follower of the old ways. Then the Snipe women will meet and choose a man, the council of men will approve him and there will be a new sachem.

*Sun*, NEW YORK.

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#### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN MUSICAL COMPOSERS

[Mr. S. G. Pratt is overlooked by Mr. Liebling, but no other name occurs to us of an American composer who has improved his opportunity in this direction.—ED.]

That American composers have not, on the whole, given sufficient attention to American subjects as pictorial backgrounds of their works cannot be denied. Descanting on this theme in the *Musical Courier*, Mr. Leonard Liebling remarks:

We are aware that a few dozen American composers have written odes, hymns, and cantatas sacred to the memory of Christopher Columbus. But is that all the native composer can find as a source of inspiration in our four hundred odd years of picturesque existence? If "1812" was an inspiration to Tchaikovsky, why is not "1776" an inspiration to American composers? And is not Pocahontas as vivid a figure as Pan; Lincoln as potent a personage as Libissa, and Washington a fitter subject for American worship than Woder? And will not the American heart beat higher at the mention of Ticonderoga than of Troy, and of General Jackson than of Juno? Is there no inspiration in the exploits of "Mad

Anthony" Wayne—a Colonial Till Eulenspiegel; in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, where Custer met his death; in the fierce and passionate Mexican war; in King Philip, of virtuous fame; in the voyage and the landing of the "Mayflower"; in the internecine struggles preceding the Revolution; in the Civil War, with a perspective of forty years to lend it romance and dramatic proportion; and in the glorious deeds of our early naval heroes?

## NEW YORK SOLDIERS' LANDS

The following document is of interest as giving the names of the members of the First and Second New York Regiments, to whom military lands were given by the State of New York, in recompense of their services. The figures after their several names are the numbers of the lots or tracts given to these men, *i.e.*, the first received Lot 59, Township 10. The last column gives the date of the transaction.

*Carteret.*

Philip Burch.....10-59.....15 Decem <sup>r</sup> . 83	1 <sup>st</sup> New York Reg <sup>t</sup> : Sold to Edward Cumpston
John Barnhart.....12-81.....24 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83	
Christian Rynder.....19-62.....28 Oct <sup>r</sup> . 83	
Jeremiah Skehan.....1-3.....18 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83	
John Cronk.....1-60.....27 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83	
Solomon Meeker.....1-47.....5 Jan <sup>y</sup> 84	
Samuel Gardinier.....13-83.....12 Nov <sup>r</sup> 83	
Thomas Rankin.....2-24.....24 Nov <sup>r</sup> 83	
Peter W. Ostrander.....23-76.....19 Decem <sup>r</sup> 83	
John Able.....17-32.....4 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83	
John Obrian.....1-45.....9 Feb <sup>y</sup> 84	
Richard Robinson.....8-98.....17 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83	
Hugh M <sup>c</sup> . Cally.....16-49.....5 Jan <sup>y</sup> 84	
John M <sup>c</sup> Intosh.....25-25.....5 D.....	
Robert Wright.....23-25.....26 May 83	
Lodewick Sherriner.....16-36.....29 Nov. 83	
Stephen Durham.....2-51.....29 Jan <sup>y</sup> 84	
Benjamin Banks.....14-47.....30 Oct <sup>r</sup> 83	
John Smith.....24-100.....4 July 83	
Samuel Crawson.....4-69.....31 Jan <sup>y</sup> 84	1 <sup>st</sup> N York Reg <sup>t</sup> sold to J W Wendell in trust for Edw <sup>d</sup> Cumpston.
James Bouse.....1-15.....29 Nov <sup>r</sup> 83	
James Jones.....23-41.....2 Feb <sup>y</sup> 84	
Joseph Havens.....2-88.....2 O.....	
Nicholas Sliter.....20-40.....10 Decem <sup>r</sup> 84	1 <sup>st</sup> N York Reg <sup>t</sup> . the property of J. V. Renss <sup>r</sup> .
John Allen.....2-07.....28 Nov. 83 <sup>r</sup>	

Peter Woodcock.....23-92.....27 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83}	1 <sup>st</sup> N York Reg <sup>t</sup> .
Peter De Valtz.....15-68.....13 Nov <sup>r</sup> .	Sold to
John Wells.....10-9.....11 Decem <sup>r</sup>	Edward Cumpston
Godfrid Bayard.....5 Nov <sup>r</sup> .	the property of
John Shirlock.....18-90.....3 Feb <sup>y</sup> 84	Isaac Melcher &
Isaac Osterhoudt.....18-83.....19 Decem <sup>r</sup> 83}	Ja V. Rensslaer
Peter Barrit.....6-96.....29 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83}	
Samuel Pettit.....22-54.....2 Feby 84	2 <sup>d</sup> N York sold to J <sup>a</sup> W
Jacob Lommis.....23-50.....2 Feby	Wendell in trust for
Charles Bennit.....1 <sup>st</sup> N York.....2 Feby 25-24}	Edward Cumpston
Michael Fowler.....23 Decem <sup>r</sup> 83}	
Arthur Broughton.....1-13.....13 Nov <sup>r</sup>	
Andrew Gardinier.....25-76.....18 Nov <sup>r</sup>	
Nicholas Avery.....10 Decem <sup>r</sup>	
Nicholas Cook.....14-39.....10 Decem <sup>r</sup>	
John Palmetier.....13-30.....12 Jan <sup>y</sup> 84	2 <sup>d</sup> N York Reg <sup>t</sup>
Elias Larebey.....23-49.....23 Decem <sup>r</sup> 83}	Sold to
Abraham Willson.....9-94.....1 Decem <sup>r</sup>	Edward Cumpston.
Phanton Horne.....25-60.....26 March 84	
Robert Robinson.....27 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83	
Jacob Baccus.....15-98.....6 Nov <sup>r</sup> .	
Samuel Jones.....12-64.....19 Aug <sup>t</sup>	
Edward Walker.....9-93.....12 Nov <sup>r</sup>	
Jonathan Spiers 1 <sup>st</sup> N York.....30 Ap <sup>r</sup> . 83 2. 54}	
Donold M. Donold. Invalied.....17 Jany. 84	
John Ross Sapper & Miner.....28 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 83	
Ebenezer Hastings—Lambs Artill <sup>y</sup> .....1 Decem <sup>r</sup>	Sold
John Cook 1 <sup>st</sup> N York Invalied.....19 Decem <sup>r</sup>	to
W <sup>m</sup> Henderson.....D*.....9 Decem <sup>r</sup>	Edward Cumpston.
William Fagan Living <sup>n</sup> Invalied.....18 Decem <sup>r</sup>	
John Hankey. 1 N York.....D.....26 Jan <sup>y</sup> 84	
Anibale Rubinij.....*.....3 Feb <sup>y</sup> 84}	
Sam <sup>l</sup> . Walker.....1-7.....24 Nov <sup>r</sup> . 84}	
James Wood.....23-40.....8 Decm <sup>r</sup>	
Math <sup>w</sup> . Bell.....19-96.....13 Nov <sup>r</sup> .	
James Connolly.....10 Nov <sup>r</sup> .	2 <sup>d</sup> New York
John Cornelius.....23-36.....17 Jan <sup>y</sup> 84}	for
John Crum.....16 Jan <sup>y</sup>	Henry Hart
Peter Turner.....23-18.....3 Jan <sup>y</sup>	
William Demond.....19 May 83	
Henry Peckink.....Spring.....18 Feb <sup>y</sup> 84 1-96}	

CARTERET



## ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

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### LETTER OF PHILIP LIVINGSTON TO HIS DAUGHTER

[Letter of Philip Livingston (the signer of the Declaration of Independence) to his daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, at Albany. Written soon after Lexington and Concord.]

NEW YORK, the 5th. May, 1775.

MY DR KATEY:

You have no Doubt been very uneasy at the melancholy News from Boston, which has occasioned the greatest confusion and anxiety here; the Town is however now pretty quiet, how long that will continue God only knows.

We are in the greatest State of Uncertainty whether any Troops are coming here from England or not, if they do I am very fearful it will occasion Disturbances of a very serious Nature.

People here are determined not to Submit to the oppressive acts of Parliament, and to give New England all the assistance they can. I shall leave this Place for Philadelphia next Monday to attend the continental Congress, where it is very probable Steps will be taken from the Necessity of the Times, that every good Man wou'd wish could be avoided.

But in Such Times the strictest Union of Councils is necessary and I believe and doubt not but the Congress will unite like one Man in every Measure necessary for the common Safety. The Boston Delegates came to Town this Afternoon, the Account of that Battle is much as we heard it; the King's Troops began first—they lost 112 Men & 167 wounded, the Provincials lost 37 Men— Boston is surrounded by about 16.000 Men who are in high Spirits and think themselves an Overmatch for all the Troops that General Gage has there and expects to have— God grant them Success.

Send Stephen down that he may be at School, Elizabeth Town is safe enough. I see you have let the Island— You must agree with the Tenants to pay Taxes—not to plant more than 30 acres of Corn in one

year, nor nearer together than common, and not two years following in one Place. To keep at least 30 Acres in mowing Ground—(&c &c)

I remain, dear Katey,

Your Affet. Father

PHIL: LIVINGSTON.

I sent last week to the care of Mr. Dirck Ten Broeck, 6 Trunks, which you will please send for and keep at your House. I cou'd wish that few people knew that they belonged to me.

P. L.

For Mrs. Catharine Van Rensselaer,

at the Mills, Albany.

---

LETTER OF JOHN G. WHITTIER TO HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

[Letter of John G. Whittier, addressed to his sister, Miss Elizabeth H. Whittier, Amesbury, Mass.]

PHILAD<sup>a</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> Mo. 1838

MY DEAR SISTER:

I write thee a hasty line by a friend who goes to Boston to day. I have had a letter from Franklin dated at Detroit Mich. on the 20<sup>th</sup> ult. He was to start next day for Thomas Chandler's—I am very desirous of hearing from him on his arrival. The weather here has been hot, without intermission or respite. Thermometer at an average of ninety degrees for the last five weeks, without rain—shower or storm—a continual glare of sunshine. My health is middling—better than I could expect—but I have suffered a great deal. I have been out into the country frequently

What I want of thee is (if thee can do it) to send me by mail a copy of "The Fratricide" & "Character of the Pharisee." An edition of my poetry is publishing & I want them very much.

I wrote thee a letter sometime ago to be sent with some pamphlets to Amesbury. Whether thee received it or not is uncertain. I was very much pleased to hear from you all by the ingenious device of Master Griffin. Tell him that twenty times since I have been on the point of writing him but have procrastinated as usual. My paper is beginning to attract attention & I shouldn't think strange if it got prettily essentially mobbed before the Summer is out. The Colonizationists are raving mad and they can set on the dogs of the mob just when they choose. I wish I could escape from the duties of an editor for a month or so. My health needs it—I may go out into the country awhile if I can get anybody to supply my place

Last evening I had a delightful walk about one mile and a half out

of the city to the Fairmont Water Works, with a company of young friends. It is a beautiful place—nature has done much but art infinitely more—fountains are made to gush up from the rocks of the cliffs which overhang the Schuylkill—through the mouths of images carved out of marble. The view of the river winding down to the city is very fine.

Elisha Bates is here lecturing against Friends to great audiences. He is said to be a powerful speaker. Friend Hastings the bearer of this is just starting. Good bye, Love to mother and all.

P. S.—Send on the two “poetries” as soon as possible.

Thine Truly,

J. G. WHITTIER.

---

LETTER OF GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR TO WM. E. ROBINSON

[Letter of General Zachary Taylor to Wm. E. Robinson, of New York. This was written just before he was elected President, and less than two years before his death. It is marked “Private, and not to be published.”]

BATON ROUGE, October 23, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your communication of the 23d ultimo has duly reached me, through the kindness of the Hon. Mr. Clayton. I have carefully considered the suggestions contained in it, and cordially thank you for the friendly feelings towards me which prompted you to offer them. But I am disposed to believe that if I were to publish, at this advanced stage of the presidential canvass, such a statement as the one suggested by you, it would be received by the public with such distrust that it would be far from producing on the general result the effect which you desire. I therefore think it injudicious to accede to your request.

To many communications upon the subject of your letter, I have uniformly replied that I am not identified in any way with the Native American party and accepted nominations for the Presidency from portions of that party upon precisely the same terms as those upon which I accepted the nominations of other political parties. I have made a practice through life to treat the naturalized citizen and the native born citizen in all respects alike, and I have often seen the honor and interests of the country as well sustained in the character and services of men of foreign birth as any American citizen could desire.

I am, Sir,

Very respectfully

Your obd't Serv't.

Z. TAYLOR.

## THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

### CHAPTER VIII

OUR HERO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, COMES TO A DETERMINATION

**T**HE life of jealousy, mortification, and self-reproach he had led almost ever since the return of Catalina from the boarding-school gradually undermined the natural strength and vigor of Sybrandt's intellect, and produced that alternation of pride, anger, and self-reproach which is the parent of a thousand inconsistencies. The resolution taken under the dominion of pride or anger is abandoned under that of self-reproach; and thus the life of such a being is little else than a series of offences and atonements. No permanent resolution can ever result from such a state of mind. Tossed about in the tempest of conflicting passions, the unhappy man remains a vessel without rudder or pilot, until finally some one acquires the mastery, and a settled determination is indicated by a hidden air of quiet and repose.

It was thus with Sybrandt. The little incident of the violets put an end to the struggle which he had sustained for some months past, and his resolution was irrevocably taken. In the days of which we are speaking, the young men bordering on the frontiers were accustomed almost universally to commence the business of this world with a trading voyage among the savages of the borders. Previous to assuming the port and character of manhood, it was considered an almost indispensable obligation to undertake and complete some enterprise of this kind, replete with privations and dangers. The youth went out a boy and returned a man, qualified to take his place among men, and to aspire to the possession of the object of his early love. It was in this way that the character of the patriarchs of this country was formed; and by these means that it exhibited a union of homely simplicity, manly frankness, and daring enterprise, which at length found their reward in the achievement and possession of liberty.

Without consulting any human being, the morning after the supper we have just recorded, he abruptly requested of Mr. Dennis Vancour the

permission and the means to make an adventure among the Indians of the northwest. Mr. Dennis was not astonished, for he was a genuine Dutchman; but he was much surprised at this abrupt application.

"Why, hang it, boy," said the good man, "what is the use of it? You know you will have enough when I am gone—and while I live you can want nothing. You had better stay at home and study with the Dominic."

"But I cannot study now—I——" and here Sybrandt faltered and was silent.

"What, you are tired boy, hey? well, I don't much wonder at it. I always had a great respect for learning, but somehow or other I could never get over the awe with which it inspired me; I always kept at a distance from it. But are you determined? won't you flinch, boy, when it comes to the point?"

"Never fear me, uncle,"—and he clenched his fingers involuntarily—"never fear me!"

"Well, then, you shall have what you ask of me. I like thy spirit, boy. It was so I began life, and so shall you. Fifty years ago I took a canoe and fifty dollars' worth of goods, and old Tjerck, then but a lad; and away I went right into the woods, where at that time, I believe, no white man had ever been before me, and returned alive. The Indians were not such good hands at making bargains as they are now, and I returned with five hundred dollars' worth of furs. I repeated the like every year, increasing my capital each voyage, until I grew rich for the times. I might have been happy, too, perhaps," continued the old man, "but I must needs go to New York, where I fell in company with the king's officers, and what was worse, fell in love with your mother—spent my fortune—ruined my hopes—was first fool and then misanthrope—returned to my father's house a disappointed prodigal—inherited a portion of my father's estate, and finally found in the son an object for that love which the mother had rejected."

Mr. Dennis Vancour had never been equally communicative with Sybrandt before. Perhaps the idea of parting with the boy of his adoption had opened his heart, and for a moment overcome his long habit of silence.

"But who shall go with you?" resumed the good man, after a

pause, which each had employed in calling up recollections of the same dear object. "I have it—old Tjerck is the very man."

"I am afraid he is too old, sir."

"Not he, not he, boy—he is as tough as hickory—he'll tire you out, and starve you out, any time, I warrant you. Besides he speaks the Mohawk language." So it was settled that old Tjerck should be the squire of our new errand of the woods and wilds.

A few days sufficed for preparations for this toilsome and perilous voyage and journey. As many Indian goods as could be conveniently stowed in a light bark canoe, a small quantity of provisions, two rifles, or perhaps muskets, with the necessary ammunition, and two stout hearts constituted the outfit for this wayfaring in the wilderness. My readers, if they belong to the "better sort," will think this but a peddling affair for the hero of a story; but let them recollect that it was a dangerous enterprise, and that courage and daring ennoble every honest undertaking.

From the moment Sybrandt formed the resolution, and commenced the preparations aforesaid, he seemed to be a new man. He had something to do, and something to suffer worthy of a man. He had action, enterprise, excitement, to call his attention from his own selfish and petty vexations, and now he walked erect with spirit in his step, determination in his eye. In short, he presented an example of the indissoluble union between the man and his purposes. The one is fashioned by the other; and nothing is more certain than the contamination of eternal trifling. All this time he went not near Catalina; and it was only when thinking of her—which he did pretty often—that he relapsed into his old habitual inconsistencies, and felt himself, as it were, becalmed between two conflicting objects. He certainly had a great curiosity to know what she said or thought of his going away; wondered whether she would not regret his absence; and secretly tried to persuade himself that she would understand—what he had taken all possible pains to keep from her—his motives for acting as he did. He thought to himself, that if she would only pine away a little in his absence, he would forgive her on his return. At one time he determined to depart without seeing her; at another he determined to take leave of her with the most sovereign indifference; and finally, he came to no determination at all. In this state he was found by Ariel, who was highly out of humor at having had nothing to do in the equipment of Sybrandt. It was the first pie that had been made in the neighborhood for many a year, in which he had not had a finger.

"D—I take it," quoth he, "why didn't you ask my advice; why, I would have shown you how to paddle your canoe—to cook venison without salt—sleep with your mouth shut, to keep out the gnats and mosquitoes—and shoot an Indian. But it's too late now; I've a great mind to go with you on purpose, only I've promised the officers to show them how to ring pigs' noses." So saying, he dragged him away half-willing, half-reluctant, to the mansion-house.

When Catalina heard of the contemplated adventure of our hero, she mused in silence on the subject for hours, without being able to decide whether to be angry or sorry. She never dreamed that her own conduct had influenced his determination, and therefore ascribed his omission to apprise her of what was going forward to neglect and indifference. Under this impression she determined to treat him accordingly; to meet him if he came at all without any appearance of surprise or regret at his sudden resolution. She received him without expressing either, or betraying a single spark of curiosity or solicitude about the length of his stay or the course of his voyage. She even jested on the subject, and begged him to exercise his scholarship on teaching the Indians Greek and Latin; and stung him to the very soul, by observing, with as pretty a sneer as ever enthroned itself on the lip of beauty, "that his sojourning among the savages could not fail of having the most favorable influence on their manners."

The interview became exceedingly painful to Sybrandt. He would have given the world to be out of the room, yet was riveted to the spot by that mysterious fascination which awkwardness and pride and sensibility exercise over the power of motion. He sat chained to his chair, by the withering spell of mortified pride and despised affection. At last, however, with a desperate effort, he arose and muttered his farewell. At that moment Catalina remembered that she owed her life to him, and that he was going whence he might never return.

"Sybrandt," said she, in a voice which these recollections had softened into kindness, "what shall I give you to remember me by in the woods?" After a moment's pause, she drew from her pocket—we beg our fashionable readers to bear in mind, that this was almost a hundred years ago—she drew from her pocket a golden coin—we believe it was a Dutch ducat—and continued, with a tone and look of saddened vivacity, "Take this: you can make a hole in it, and tie it round your neck as a talisman against Indian witchcraft. Farewell, cousin Sybrandt, and re-

member—that—that Dominie Stettinius will regret your absence." Sybrandt took the piece of gold, but he could not say "farewell" for the soul of him. He thanked her, however, with a look so full of meaning and sensibility, that she remembered and wondered at it a long time afterward. Sybrandt made a hole in the ducat, and tying it with a riband, wore it from that moment next his heart.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE WILDERNESS

EARLY next morning, ere the tints of the bright morning reddened the eastern sky, or the birds had left their perches among the clustering foliage, all thing being ready, Sybrandt launched his light canoe on the smooth mirror of the Hudson, and assisted by the dusky Charon, old Tjerck, paddled away upward, towards the sources of that majestic river. The first day they occasionally saw, along its low, luxuriant borders, some scattered indications of the footsteps of the white man, and heard amid the high, towering forests at a distance in the uplands the axe of the first settler, the crash of the falling tree, the barking of the deep-mouthed hound, and the report of a solitary, distant gun, repeated over and over by the echoes, never perhaps awakened thus before. A rude hut, the first essay towards improvement upon the Indian wigwam, appeared here and there at far intervals along the shores, the image of desertion and desolation, but teeming with life and living souls. As they passed along, the little half-clothed, white-haired urchins poured forth by dozens, gazing and shouting at the passing strangers. Gradually these evidences of progress of that roving, adventurous race, which is sending forth its travelers, its merchants, its scholars, its warriors, and its missionaries, armed with the sword and the Bible, into every region of the peopled earth, ceased altogether. Nature displayed herself naked before them, and the innocent earth exhibited her beauties in all the careless, unstudied simplicity of our first parents, ere the sense of guilt taught them to blush and be ashamed. There was silence on the earth, on the waters, and in the air, save when the voice of nature spoke in the whirlwind, the thunder and the raging of the river, when the full charged clouds poured their deluge into its placid bosom.

Night, which in the crowded haunts of men is the season of silence



and repose, was here far more noisy than the day. It was then that the prowling freebooters of the woods issued from their recesses to seek their prey and hymn their shrill or growling vespers to the changeful moon or the everlasting stars, those silent witnesses of what mortals wish to hide. As they toiled upward in the moonlight evenings against the current, which every day became more rapid as they proceeded towards the falls, they were hailed from the shore at intervals by the howl of the wolves, the growling of the bears, and the cold, cheerless quaverings of the solitary screech-owl. When, tired with the labors of the day, they drew their canoe to the shore and lay by for the night, their only safety was in lighting a fire and keeping it burning all the time. This simple expedient furnishes the only security against the ferocious hunger of these midnight marauders, who never approach within a certain distance, where they stand and howl, and glare with their eyes, a mark for the woodman, who takes his never-failing aim directly between these two balls of living fire.

But the labors of our hero's voyage were far greater than the dangers. He and his trusty squire had to breast the swift current from morning until night, and win every foot of their way by skill and exertion combined. Sometimes the current swept through a long, narrow reach, between ledges of rocks that crowded it into increasing depth and velocity—at others it wound its devious way by sudden, abrupt turnings, bristling on every side with sharp projections either just above or just below the surface; and at others they were obliged to unlade their light canoe, and carry its lading fairly round some impassable obstruction. In this manner they proceeded, winning their way inch by inch—watching with an attention, an anxiety never to be relaxed for a moment without the danger, nay, the certainty, of the shipwreck of their frail canoe, the loss of their cargo, and the disgrace of an unsuccessful voyage. This last was what every young man feared beyond all the dangers and privations of his enterprise. It was a death-blow to his reputation, as well as his future prospects; for not a rural damsel would condescend to waste a smile upon a youthful admirer who had failed in his first adventure. The two qualities most valued among these good people were courage and prudence; and it argued a want of both of these when he lost his boat and his cargo, or stopped short of a good market among the men of the woods.

At length, after enduring what would demolish a regiment of well-dressed dandies in these degenerate times, on the fourth day, towards

evening, they were warned by a distant, dull, monotonous, heavy sound of their approach to the falls of Fort Edward, as they were then called—at that time a frontier post.

"Hark! massa Sybrandt," said Tjerck, as he paused from plying his ceaseless paddle: "hark! I hear him."

"Hear what?" relied the other.

"The falls, massa. Maybe we find some Indians dere to trade wid."

Sybrandt listened and could plainly distinguish the leaden plunge of the river gradually becoming more distinct as the canoe made its way up the stream, which now began to whirl about in boiling eddies, each crowned in its center with a cap of snow-white foam. Turning a projecting point, they met the full force of the current; which, in spite of all their efforts, jerked the bow of the light canoe completely round, and shot her, like an arrow from a bow, out into the middle of the river. Finding it impossible to proceed any farther in this way, they landed and commenced the laborious task of unlading and carrying their merchandise and canoe round the falls to meet the placid current above. While thus occupied, they encountered a party of Mohawks, who had come thither to fish headed by a chief called Paskingoe, or the one-eyed. He was a tall, athletic savage, six feet high of a ferocious appearance and indifferent character. He had lost an eye in some drunken brawl; and having mixed a good deal with the white men, exhibited the usual effects of such an intercourse, in a combination of the vices of both races. Cunning, avaricious, and revengeful, he still had sufficient mastery over his feelings to disguise them when occasion required, except under the influence of intoxication; then his bad passions became ungovernable, and his rage without discrimination or control. It was said he had killed his own son in one of these bloody paroxysms, under pretence that he was undermining his influence with the tribe. He was sitting with his party of four Indians besides himself under the shade of a clump of pines that nodded over the foaming torrent, when Sybrandt and Tjerck, suddenly and unexpectedly to themselves, came full upon them. The Indians had seen them coming up the river afar off, with a keenness of vision they possess perhaps beyond even the animals of the forest.

"Welcome, brother," said the chief to Sybrandt.

"Ah! Paskingoe, how you do?" said Tjerck, who had known him before. "I no tink to see you here; and I no glad neither," added he aside to himself.

There was little ceremony practiced in these interviews between the traders and the Indians. Sybrandt inquired for furs, and the chief asked what he had to exchange for them. Finding that Sybrandt had brought with him two or three kegs of that poison which has swept away the race of the red men, and seems almost on the eve of doing the same to the whites, Paskingoe became very earnest with him to go to the junction of the Hudson with the Sacondaga, where he said he had plenty of people who would exchange commodities with him.

Tjerck shook his head, and Sybrandt paused.

"What, is my brother afraid?" said Paskingoe. "Is not the Mohawk the friend of the white man? Men that are afraid should stay at home with their wives," added he contemptuously.

"I am not afraid; but——"

"Huh!" said Paskingoe; "when I go to the fort, I will tell them I met a white man who dared not go to the Sacondaga, because he heard an old owl screech;" alluding to the shrugs and motions of old Tjerck. "My brother will get no beavers unless he goes to Sacondaga. He will go home as he came, and the young women will laugh at him."

Sybrandt thought of Catalina, and determined to go with the chief. The Indians assisted him in carrying his canoe and merchandise round the portages at Fort Edward and Glens Falls; and though they cast many a longing look at the kegs of rum, throwing out many shrewd hints at the same time, they neither stole nor took any of it by violence. At length, after a toilsome voyage, they reached the junction of the two rivers, where neither was a hundred yards wide. The mighty Hudson was here a little pastoral stream, giving no promise of his majestic after-course, or of the riches he was destined to bear in future times upon his broad bosom. Near the place of their uniting there were vast tracts of low and wild meadows without trees, coursed by the devious windings of the various branches of the Sacondaga, which at that time abounded with the finest trout. It was a wild, solitary region, entirely out of the usual route of travelers, who either followed the course of the Mohawk river, or left the Hudson at Fort Edward, and struck across the high hills

to the end of Lake George in the way to Canada. The nearest settlement was at Johnstown, towards the south, where Sir William Johnson resided, and exercised that sway over the tribes of Indians far and near which still remains, and will remain forever, a subject of admiration and wonder.

There were neither Indians nor beaver-skins at the station, as promised by Paskingoe, who, by closely examining the grass, ascertained, as he said, that the party had gone away a day or two before towards the fishing-house. This was a small lodge built on a little rocky elevation, just on the edge of the vast meadows, and at the head of one of the branches of the Sacondaga, by Sir William Johnson, who sometimes came there from Johnstown to hunt and fish. Paskingoe assured Sybrandt he would find them not far from the lodge, which, being unoccupied great part of the time, the Indians occasionally slept in when the weather was bad. If any idea of danger crossed the mind of Sybrandt, it was coupled with the conviction that if Paskingoe had any bad designs he could execute them just as well where he was as at the place where he wished him to go. He therefore consented to accompany him, notwithstanding all the eloquence of old Tjerck, who, by signs and looks, attempted to dissuade him. Accordingly, early the next morning, they embarked on the sluggish Sacondaga, the Indians in their canoe, and Sybrandt with his trusty squire in his, and paddled their way along the devious windings of the lazy solitary stream, that seemed a vast serpent asleep in the high grass that skirted its banks. After proceeding some miles they became, as it were, lost in the pathless monotony of the vast meadows, which presented in the hazy obscurity of a cloudy day no distinct outline or boundary. The silence all around them was as the silence of a winter's night, when the wind is hushed to a freezing calm, save that the dipping of the paddles, at measured intervals, was heard, and scarcely heard, like the clicking of the death-watch when all else is still. Sometimes at rare intervals a solitary heron would raise his long neck above the grass along the stream, and make a strange discordant noise, which was echoed by the Indians in mockery; but otherwise it was a dead pause of nature; the world of sound was still, and the world of sight presented nothing but a landscape of drear melancholy sameness, a sky of one dim unvarying shade of motionless clouds.

Sybrandt felt his solitary situation, which became gradually more disagreeable from his seeing, or imagining he saw, certain looks of equivocal

cal meaning pass between Paskingoe and his Indians. On one occasion, turning suddenly round, he observed the one-eyed chief shake his head in answer to an inquiring look of one of his companions, and point in the direction where, peering above the dead level of the meadow, stood the little rustic fishing-house. Towards evening they approached the head of the navigation of the stream, close by which stood the building. For some time before the dull flashes of the lightning, followed at lazy intervals by the distant chit-chat thunders, rumbling and muttering, had indicated the approach of a storm. Gradually the Indians plied their paddles at quicker and quicker intervals, and so did Sybrandt and his squire, in order to keep pace with them. At length, just as they arrived at a little rude landing-place, where Sir William Johnson launched his canoe when going on a fishing-match, the distant waving of the pine forest, which here bordered in majestic gloom and grandeur on the edge of the wide meadow, and the pattering drops of rain, announced that the crisis was approaching rapidly. There was only time for Sybrandt to cover his merchandise carefully, ere it came in torrents on the wings of a wind that laid flat the rank high grass, and made the forest groan. The party, both Sybrandt, Tjerck, and the Indians, made the best of their way to the fishing-house, the door of which was opened without ceremony, there being no one in it, and no furniture requiring a guard.

*(To be continued.)*



## NOTES AND QUERIES

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### MONUMENT TO CHAMPLAIN.

A monument to mark the discovery of Mount Desert Island by the French explorer Samuel de Champlain on September 5, 1604, was dedicated at Bar Harbor, Maine, July 18.

Among those who participated in the dedication were Assistant Bishop Mackay-Smith of Pennsylvania, Bishop Doane of Albany, Ex-Mayor Low of New York, and Daniel C. Gilman, president of the Carnegie Institute, Washington.

The monument is a moss covered boulder placed just east of Seal Harbor, facing the open Atlantic. On one side of the stone is a bronze tablet with the following inscription:

"In honor of Samuel de Champlain, born in France 1567, died at Quebec 1635; soldier, sailor, explorer and administrator, who gave this island its name."

On the reverse of the stone the inscription, which is an extract from Champlain's diary, reads:

"The same day we passed also near an island about four or five leagues long. It is very high, notched in places, so as to appear from the sea like a range of seven or eight mountains close together. The summits of most of them are bare of trees, for they are nothing but rock. I named it the Island of the Desert Mountains."

### REMOVING A KANSAS WAR RELIC.

The old stone schoolhouse at Mound City, the county seat of Linn county, is to be razed and the materials in its walls used to improve the public highways. The building was erected about the beginning of the Rebellion, probably in 1861. The only conflict between regular Federal and Confederate troops fought on Kansas soil and called a battle occurred on Mine Creek, near Mound City, October 25, 1864. The schoolhouse to be dismantled was used as a hospital at the time of the battle, ambulances from Mine Creek carrying both Union and Confederate wounded soldiers to the shelter of its walls for care and treatment, a number of them dying in the building.

### AN HISTORIC HOUSE SAVED.

The historic structure, known as Fort Johnson, at Akin, N. Y., and the grounds surrounding it have passed into the possession of the Montgomery County Historical Society. The Curator of the Society, Mr. W. Max Reid, went recently to Tivoli, to the home of General J. Watts de Peyster, bearing the necessary papers transferring the property from the Akin estate to General de Peyster, and upon his return brought with him a deed of the property from General de Peyster to the Mont-

gomery County Historical Society and a cheque for \$5,900 for the Akin estate.

The Historical Society is to be congratulated upon securing this most valuable historical structure. It is proposed to make the place present as near as possible the appearance it did when occupied by Sir William Johnson himself.

CAPTAIN HENRY MOWATT

It is curious that Captain Henry Mowatt, the destroyer of Portland, Me., should have been buried in Virginia. His tombstone is in Elizabeth City County, Va.:

In memory of  
Henry M \* \* t Esq.  
Late Captain of  
his Brittannick Magistyes  
Ship the Assistance  
who having served his country  
forty four years  
died on the 11th day of April  
1798 Aged 63 years  
Universally lamented

Captain Henry Mowatt, R. N., on October 18, 1775, set on fire and destroyed a great portion of Portland, Me. He continued on the American coast throughout the war, became a post captain October 26, 1782, and was in Nova Scotia in 1796.

The following letter is on file at the State House, Boston:

Milford, 2d Decr. 1776  
Sir.

Having been made acquainted that you are the agent empowered to receive American Prisoners, and to treat for an equal number of the Kings

faithful subjects that you have or hereafter may have within the District of your authority, I do in consequence thereof, and conformable to the power in me vested, send from on board His Majesty's Ship under my Command, the Number of Men with their Qualities in their own writings: as expressed in the List which you will receive under cover with this Letter: an equal Number of the same Rank as there assumed I expect will be returned to Halifax by the first Cartel that Leaves New England.

I am Sir  
Your Most Obedient  
Humble Servant  
H. Mowat.

Mr. Nathl. Tracy  
Agent for the Exchange  
of American Prisoners  
Newburyport

(Nathaniel Tracy was born in Newburyport, August 11, 1751, died September 19, 1796; Harvard College, 1769. He was the principal owner of twenty-four cruising ships, carrying 340 guns, and navigated by 2800 men. They captured 120 vessels, which with their cargoes, sold for nearly four million dollars, and with these 2225 men were made prisoners of war.) A. A. FOLSOM.

TO RESTORE THE "CONSTITUTION"

The Navy Department has been advised by Constructor Hall at the Boston Navy Yard that he has succeeded in finding the original plans of the famous old frigate *Constitution*, for the restoration of which Congress at the recent session appropriated \$10,000. The section of

the naval appropriation bill authorizing the work directed that the ship should be fitted up as nearly as possible in accordance with its original construction.

The Bureau of Construction and Repair has been having some difficulty in carrying out this provision, owing to the fact that the original plans of the ship could not be found. Constructor Hall, however, in going through the East India Marine Museum, in Salem, was rewarded for his search by finding the plans, so that now the *Constitution* will be restored to her original form.

#### A LONELY GRAVE

In the forest, about a mile from the shore of Lake Pleasant, in the Adirondack region of New York, and not far from the little post office known as Speculator, in Hamilton County, are three graves, marked respectively:

"Colonel Loring Peck, a patriot of the Revolution"; who died in 1833, aged 90; his wife, aged 80; and the third his son, Loring Jr., who died 187... , aged 70.

The name of Loring Peck does not appear in any list of New York Revolutionary soldiers. Who knows anything about him?  
EDITOR.

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NORTHERN NOTES AND QUERIES: A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ANTIQUITIES OF NORTHUMBERLAND, CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, AND DURHAM. Edited by HENRY REGINALD LEIGHTON. Annual subscription 6s. Vol. I., No. 2, April, 1906. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: M. S. DODDS, 61 and 63 Quay-side.

This magazine gives genealogical data and pedigrees from the localities named in its title.





VOL. III

No. 6

THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

*Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto*

JUNE, 1906

WILLIAM ABBATT  
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